THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS MARCH 1966 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE®

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A SPORT TURNS BRUTAL: Basketball's Clyde Lovellette Exposes a Dangerous Game

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Male Call

Congratulations on publishing Shipler's piece on prostitution in the November TRUE.

When are we going to take our heads out of the sand and quit knocking a profession that has more going for it than against it? I suspect it's a hard-core, pseudo-do-gooders group that has reduced prostitution to what it is today; probably a lot of females who wish to use sex as a weapon against men.

You know what you ought to do—you ought to run a contest and see which side the men of America are really on. If they don't have to reveal their identity, I bet that they all will vote in the affirmative for legalized prostitution—even the married men. How about it?

—J. C. Saunders
New York, N. Y.

Well, men, how about it?

If the perverted parents of Beatty, Nevada (or anywhere else for that matter), hadn't encouraged their sons to "sow their wild oats" by condoning fornication and adultery, then perhaps they wouldn't be so concerned about the safety of their daughters now that the brothels are being shut down "one by one."

These townspeople set up and tolerated a situation for their weak-willed men. A genuine man can control his strong impulses, so raise them from the cradle to be real men.

—Mrs. Stanley Jaje
Groveland, Florida

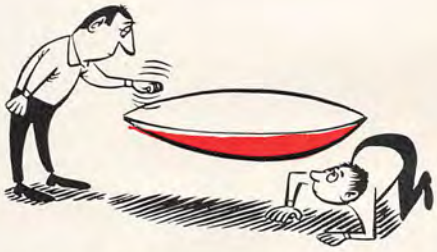
Galactic Glue

Re the UFO article in January TRUE.

Major Keyhoe does not do justice to what is appalling ignorance on the part of science as to even the nature of gravity. Except for brute energy to overcome gravity (muscle power, aircraft, etc.), we have never in any manner been able to affect a gravitational field. Experiments are now under way to test the veracity of new theories that there are gravity waves, but so extraordinarily slow (one cycle per hour) that they defy measurement. Both the United States and France, to say nothing of the USSR where gravity research is getting a tremendous push, are engaged in trying to measure (through high altitude balloon flights and orbiting satellites) such waves.

Part of the problem arises from the fact that gravitational forces (attractive forces) literally make up the "glue" that binds galactic structures together, and at the same time the gravitational forces are extraordinarily weak. Gravity keeps the solar system neatly in order, but a toy magnet can overcome the gravitational attraction of the earth. Scientists have attempted to measure gravitational energy on a familiar basis, and were somewhat stunned to learn that on familiar measurement bases the gravitational energy of the entire solar system is only one half horsepower. It's going to be a doozy to straighten out the thick fog through which we're groping. . . .

—Martin Caidin
Cocoa Beach, Fla.



When, oh when, are the UFO "experts" going to let us ordinary mortals see, first-hand, one of their amazing flying saucers. I don't ask too much—just to walk up to one, rap my knuckles on it, kick its tires, if any; and watch it do a few simple maneuvers—a couple of lazy 8's, an inside loop, and a vertical takeoff. (Is it safe to stand underneath?)

After years of "sightings," thousands of "actual photos" and hundreds of books by authorities like Major Keyhoe, I feel that the American public deserves one (it can be a left over '65 or even an obsolete late '50 model) little old saucer we can all gape at.

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Strange that our astronauts haven't seen any; neither have the thousands of professional and amateur astronomers who scan the heavens daily.

—Jack Gibson
New York, N. Y.

Forest Preserve

If there were less people in the world, maybe the bears and the other animals would be left alone. What we need is Birth Control not Bear Control. Let's eliminate a few hundred thousand people each year, then maybe what is left of each species would have room to breathe without being afraid of stepping into a trap or being knocked down by an automobile. It is a sad fact that as the people increase, the animals decrease.

—R. Rammers
Lake George, N. Y.

After we've killed off the bear, let's put a $20 bounty on Xmas-tree hunters, careless campers, pine beetles and all other evil creatures preying on trees (not excluding man, the principal destroyer of our forests).

When and if the time comes that there is a bounty on bear slayers, drop me a line and I'll know where to pick up some quick money.

—Bill Turner
Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

Thanks for these and other suggestions for preserving our forests; we've passed them all on to Smokey the Bear.

Cat Comment

Are you aware that the margay on your January cover is the "Monte" mentioned in Dan Mannix's article in the same issue. It was quite a coincidence.

Two choices are open to anyone who is foolhardy enough to share living quarters with either an ocelot or margay. You can laugh or cut your throat. My laughter is frequently through gritted teeth, but after many years of living in an apartment that Monte and our two Persian cats have turned into Tobacco Road, I have adjusted.

What Mr. Mannix says about "retromicturate" is true. Among the many qualities developed by us nuts is a fast start in a sprint.

—Mrs. Si Merrill
New York, N. Y.

Our photographer reported no untoward incidents. He's fast on his feet, too.

Fashion Note

Your December issue with its cover design by Blake Hampton was well drawn and captured much of the atmosphere of Viet Nam. However, the slit dress is not worn by the Vietnamese girls or women. The traditional garb is the long dress, which is two-piece, and is worn with trousers underneath. There

[*Continued on page* 4]

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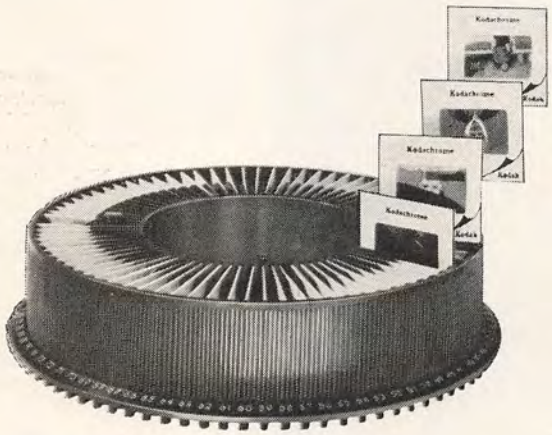

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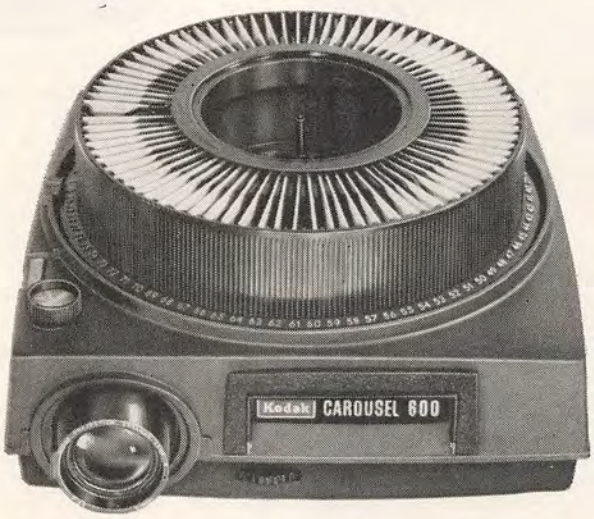

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[*Continued from page 3*]
are very few females who will dare to wear the slit dress, and those who wear them are, almost without exception, Chinese.

—S/Sgt. P. Callahan
Winchester, Mass.

Boys will be boys when girls are girls—no matter how they're dressed.

Hurrahs and Hmphs

Enjoyed your November issue treatise on our Vice-President, Hubert H. Humphrey. It was very informative, enlightening and well written; but one facet of his life you failed to bring out—that he is a member of America's oldest fraternal order of pure American teachings, The Improved Order of Redmen.

The precepts of this order are Freedom, Friendship and Charity, and anyone who is a member lives by these precepts.

This is, without a doubt, the reason for Mr. Humphrey's outlook on life, and the governing factor for his being what he is—"the most spontaneous, ebullient and bouncy individual to reach that high office in a long time."

—Alex J. Webster
Staten Island, N.Y.

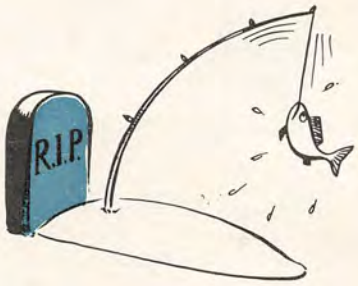
Apparently people prominent in the public eye in the U.S.A. are subject to the same exaggerated nonsense as is the case here in Canada. The silly guff about your Vice-President Humphrey who "is up at 5 a.m. . . . by 9 has gobbled six Eastern newspapers and one from Minnesota; at the end of a frenzied day he attends official functions and sometimes . . . works till 1:30 a.m., followed by a late stroll for exercise." I guess he changes into a Superman shirt about teatime.

We read the same piffle here. During one election campaign, Louis Saint Laurent, aged about 70, was reported to have "strode along an icy street in Ottawa, without gloves, hat or overcoat at −30°, while reporters were shivering in their heavy overcoats in their heated autos. . . ."

Whenever writers start their image building, they always come up with the description of some impossible being who, if the reports were true, would be dead in a week, or else out of his mind!

Adulation may be all right, but let's keep it in bounds, eh?

—H. B. Dickens
B. C., Canada



Fish Story

I have just finished reading the article in your January issue, *He Lured Fish and Fortune*. I strained my eyes looking at the picture accompanying this article, to see if my tackle box includes a lure that looks like the one shown invented by Elwood Buck Perry. That anyone alive could possibly catch "28 bass on 28 casts and that all of them weighed over five pounds each" just seems impossible to me.

—N. A. Williams
New York, N. Y.

Well, certainly no one *dead* could pull off such a stunt.

Hear, Hear

My congratulations on the fine pictures in the December issue of True, *To Keep the Vanishing West*.

—Joyce Turvey
Santa Barbara, Calif.

True TV Poll

I'm glad to see that True had the guts to challenge those crummy TV ratings (*Man's World*, January). It's about time someone thought of letting the viewing public pick the programs they want to see. How did the poll turn out?

—George Howard
New York, N. Y.

We're still compiling the results, which will appear in next month's issue. But, for a preliminary report, see page 26.

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55—Courtesy Vic Smith
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57—Left, courtesy Dick and Del Treuba

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE MARCH 1966

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

Mountain-climbing cover photographed by Bob and Ira Spring in the Canadian Rockies.

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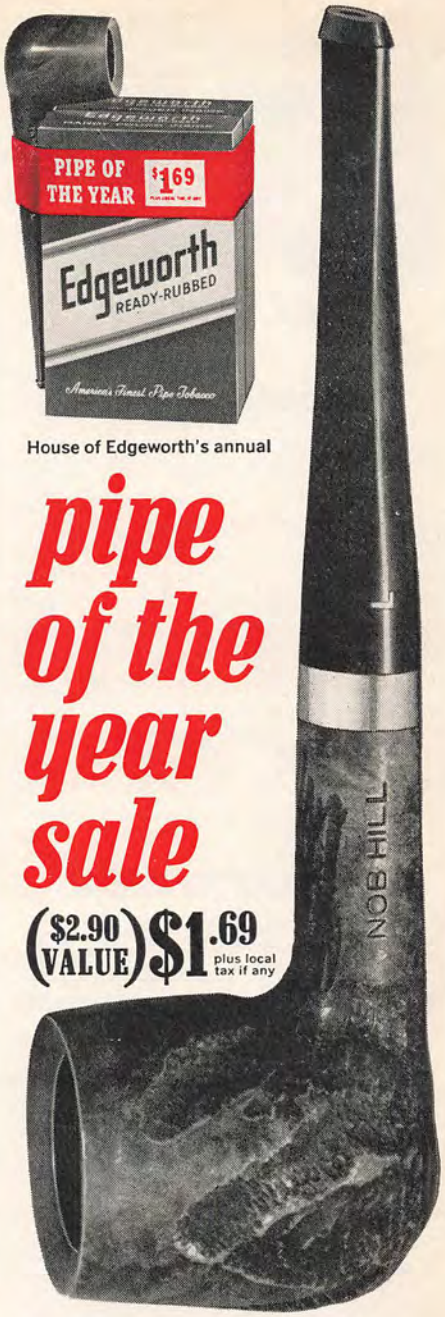

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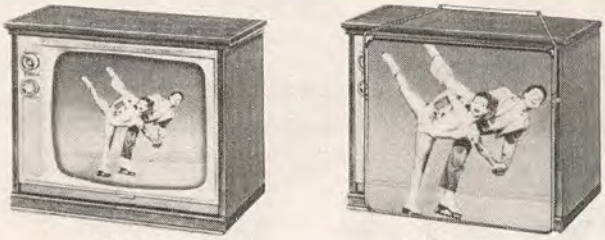

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ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING
Architectural Drawing & Designing
Architecture
Building Contractor
Building Estimator
Building Inspector
Building Maintenance
Carpenter-Builder
Carpentry & Millwork
House Planning, Int. Design
Mason
Painting Contractor
Reading Arch. Blueprints
Review in Arch. Design & Practice
Review of Mech. Systems in Buildings

ART
Amateur Artist
Commercial Art
Commercial Cartooning
Interior Decorating
Show Card & Sign Production
Show Card Writing
Sign Painting & Designing
Sketching & Painting
Oil Painting for Pleasure

AUTOMOTIVE
Automatic Transmission Specialist
Automobile Body Rebuilding & Refinishing
Automobile Electrical Technician
Automobile Engine Tune-Up
Automobile Technician
Automotive Mechanic
Diesel-Gas Motor Vehicle Engines

BUSINESS
Advertising
Basic Inventory Control
Business Administration
Business Management & Marketing
Business Management & Production
Canadian Business Courses
COBOL Programming
Condensed Business Practice
Direct Mail & Mail Order Advertising
Industrial Psychology
Magazine & Newspaper Advertising
Managing a Small Store
Marketing
Marketing Research
Modern Executive Mgt.
Office Automation
Office Management
Programming for Digital Computers
Programming the IBM 1401 Computer
Purchasing Agent
Retail Business Management
Retail & Local Advertising
Retail Merchandising
Retail Selling
Systems and Procedures Analysis

CHEMICAL
Analytical Chemistry
Chemical Engineering
Chemical Engineering Unit Operations
Chemical Laboratory Tech.
Chemical Process Operator
Elements of Nuclear Energy
General Chemistry
Instrumental Laboratory Analysis

CIVIL ENGINEERING
Civil Engineering
Construction Engineering
Highway Engineering
Principles of Surveying
Reading Highway Blueprints
Sanitary Engineering
Sewage Plant Operator
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Mapping
Water Works Operator

DRAFTING
Architectural Drafting
Design Drafting
Drafting Technology
Electrical Drafting
Electrical Engineering Drafting
Electronic Drafting
Intro. Mechanical Drafting
Mechanical Drafting
Pressure-Vessel and Tank Print Reading
Sheet Metal Layout for Air Conditioning
Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
Electric Motor Repairman
Electrical Appliance Servicing
Electrical Contractor
Electrical Engineering (Power option or Electronic option)
Electrical Engineering Tech.
Electrical Instrument Tech.
Industrial Electrical Tech.
Power Line Design and Construction
Power Plant Operator (Hydro or Steam Option)
Practical Electrician
Practical Lineman
Reading Electrical Blueprints

ENGINEERING (Professional)
Chemical Civil
Electrical Mechanical
Industrial Management for Engineers

ENGLISH AND WRITING
Better Business Writing
Free Lance Writing
Introductory Technical Writing
Modern Letter Writing
Practical English
Short Story Writing

HIGH SCHOOL
High School Business
High School (Canadian)
High School College Prep. (Arts)
High School College Prep. (Engineering & Science)
High School General
High School Mathematics
High School Secretarial
High School Vocational

LANGUAGES
(Edited by Berlitz)
French German
Italian Spanish

LEADERSHIP
Basic Supervision
Industrial Foremanship
Industrial Supervision
Personality Development
Personnel-Labor Relations

MATHEMATICS
Advanced Mathematics
Mathematics and Mechanics for Engineering
Mathematics and Physics for Engineering
Math & Physics for Technic'ns
Modern Elementary Statistics

MECHANICAL
Aircraft & Power Plant Mechanic
Industrial Engineering
Industrial Instrumentation
Machine Design
Mechanical Engineering
Quality Control
Safety Engineering Tech'l'gy
Tool Design
Value Analysis

PETROLEUM
Natural Gas Production & Transmission
Oil Field Technology
Petroleum Production
Petroleum Production Eng'r'g
Petroleum Refinery Operator
Pipeline Engineering

PLASTICS
Plastics Technician

PLUMBING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING
Air Conditioning
Air Conditioning Maintenance
Domestic Heating with Oil & Gas
Domestic Refrigeration
Heating
Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
Industrial Air Conditioning
Industrial Heating
Plumbing
Plumbing & Heating
Practical Plumbing
Refrigeration
Refrigeration & Air Conditioning
Steam Fitting

PULP AND PAPER
Paper Machine Operator
Paper Making
Pulp Making
Pulp & Paper Engineering
Pulp & Paper Making

SALESMANSHIP
Creative Salesmanship
Real Estate Salesmanship
Sales Management
Salesmanship

SECRETARIAL
Clerk-Typist
Commercial
Legal Secretary
Medical Secretary
Professional Secretary
Shorthand
Stenographic
Typewriting

SHOP PRACTICE
Drill Operator
Foundry Practice
Industrial Metallurgy
Lathe Operator
Machine Shop Inspection
Machine Shop Practice
Machine Shop Practice & Toolmaking
Metallurgical Engineering Technology
Milling Machine Operator
Multicraft Maintenance Mechanic
Practical Millwrighting
Reading Shop Prints
Rigging
Tool Engineering Technology
Tool Grinder
Toolmaking
Turret Lathe Operator
Welding Engineering Technology

STEAM AND DIESEL POWER
Boiler Inspector
Industrial Building Engineer
Power Plant Engineering
Stationary Diesel Engines
Stationary Fireman
Stationary Steam Engineering

TEXTILES
Carding
Carding and Spinning
Dyeing & Finishing
Loom Fixing
Spinning
Textile Designing
Textile Technology
Textile Mill Supervisor
Warping and Weaving

TRAFFIC
Motor Traffic Management
Railway Rate Clerk
Traffic Management

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS
Communications Technology
Electronic Fundamentals
Electronic Fundamentals (Programmed)
Electronic Fundamentals with Electronic Equipment Training
Electronic Instrumentation & Servo Fundamentals
Electronic Principles for Automation
Electronics and Applied Calculus
Electronics Technician
First Class Radiotelephone License
Fundamentals of Electronic Computers
General Electronics
General Electronics with Electronic Equip. Trng.
Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems Servicing
Industrial Electronics
Industrial Electronics Engineering
Industrial Electronics Engineering Technician
Practical Radio-TV Engineer'g
Practical Telephony
Principles of Radio-Electronic Telemetry
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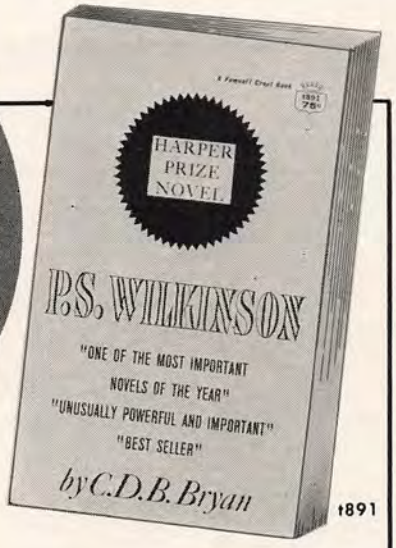

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P. S. WILKINSON

by C.D.B. Bryan

C.D.B. Bryan, a young author destined to rank alongside O'Hara, Fitzgerald and Marquand, tells of a young man who finds that his upper-crust world of old money, older families, success, pleasure, and sex is no longer enough. ..."Powerful." —*Denver Post*

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TRUEVIEWS

MOVIES

THUNDERBALL. James Bond saves the world again, this time foiling a SPECTRE plot to ransom a pair of nuclear bombs. Half of the action takes place under water, but even that doesn't stop Sean Connery from effecting a liaison with a bikini'd beauty five fathoms under—the ultimate in total immersion, you might say. Played mainly for laughs, it's the best Bond so far.

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE. And you are there, in glorious Technicolor and Cinerama. Given three hours in which to work, you'd think the movie's makers could have accommodated all the WW II cliches ever coined, but they actually miss one or two. Robert Shaw is fine as the Nazi tank commander who spearheads the German attack, and Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Robert Ryan and Telly Savalas are their usual capable selves. Take the kids, they'll love it. Better yet, just *send* them.

THE 10TH VICTIM. In the 21st century, there is no more war, but there is still killing—organized, legal and profitable, thanks to a game called The Great Hunt. So begins this science-fiction comedy-thriller, with Marcello Mastroianni as the hunted and Ursula Andress as the huntress. As satire it's okay and as comedy it's quite good, though the suspense is only moderate: Who would ever doubt that Ursula could get her man?

A THOUSAND CLOWNS. In a ritual older than time, the man takes the boy out at dawn to teach him his first lesson about life; standing on a street in midtown Manhattan, he heralds the "horrible sight": people going to work. So begins this hilarious, nutty comedy about a TV writer struggling to remain unemployed and all the people who keep trying to reform him, including his illegitimate 12-year-old nephew. Directed by Fred Coe in a razzle-dazzle, eclectic style, Jason Robards, Jr., Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Barry Gordon, William Daniels and Gene Saks deliver both laughs and pathos with ease.

THE SLENDER THREAD. A quietly effective melodrama, done in semidocumentary style, about a woman who takes an overdose of sleeping pills and then calls a "crisis clinic,"

where at last she might find someone who cares when she dies. Alternating between expository flashbacks and frantic attempts to find and save her, the film builds up tremendous tension. Sidney Poitier is the man on the other end of the telephone, trying to make it a lifeline, and he is brilliant, though Anne Bancroft runs a close race for the acting honors.

JUDITH. The military aspects of the founding of Israel in 1948 are intertwined with glimpses of life on a *kibbutz* and a manhunt for a Nazi general working for the Arabs, who can tell the Israelis where the border war will start when the British Army evacuates. The result is interesting, if not always exciting. Sophia Loren plays an unwilling pawn in the hands of Peter Finch, but she successfully breasts the tide of war.

LIFE AT THE TOP. *Son of Room at the Top* would be more appropriate. Laurence Harvey again plays Joe Lampton, the spongy heel, with as much vigor as a glass of warm milk, and Jean Simmons is his bitchy, twitchy wife. Learning, after 10 years, that Money Can't Buy Happiness, he flees to London to find fulfillment, but flops and returns to his mink-lined womb. This dreary exercise has but one bright spot: Honor Blackman is the "other woman," and she's the best reason for leaving your wife since Tahiti was discovered.

PROMISE HER ANYTHING. The title has as much to do with the plot as the plot has to do with real life, even by the standards of comedy: nothing. A witty little story about a widow looking for a husband and a kook who makes stag movies in Greenwich Village goes wildly astray, trying to be so far out it's in, ending up nowhere. Leslie Caron and Warren Beatty make hash out of the highly verbal script, each in his own way, and Bob Cummings wanders in and out looking befuddled, probably wondering why he let himself get roped into it.

BOOKS

THE MISSILE CRISIS by Elie Abel. A moment-to-moment reconstruction of the Cuban missile crisis, fuller and more detailed than previous accounts, with all the tension of a spy thriller. A host of characters crowds the book, but the author never loses track of who did what and where and when. Many of the revelations about public figures under pressure are interesting and, even if they're familiar, worth remembering. *Lippincott; $4.95.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

How to win this prize race horse

and a Kentucky Derby Vacation for 2 with $1,000 Spending Money

All you have to do is give him a name. But, before you start name-dropping, study the colt and his family tree. He's a bay-colored 2-year-old, has some distinguished ancestors.

His father is Globemaster, Orienne is his mother. Globemaster by the way, won $355,423.00 racing . . . finished first in the Wood Memorial and Arlington Classic. His son could win you a fortune too!

Orienne is the daughter of Bimelech and Golden Legend. Globemaster is, as they say at the track, out of No Strings by Heliopolis.

So much for the colt . . . now what if you win?

Your Kentucky Derby Vacation

Thousands of people will see you get your prize race horse at a special ceremony at Churchill Downs during Derby Week.

You'll get two box seats at the Kentucky Derby finish line.

You'll spend 4 days and 3 nights at a fine Louisville hotel.

You'll also win $1,000 for fun, entertainment and expenses.

And Kentucky Club will pay for feeding, boarding, training and insuring your colt until July 1, 1966.

660 Prizes for 2nd, 3rd and 4th

If yours is one of the 10 entries that finish 2nd, you'll win a GE Portable Color TV set that's only 24 lbs. light . . . goes with you wherever you go.

The 150 entries that come in 3rd will each win a complete Kodak Instamatic picture-taking outfit which includes camera, film, flashbulbs and batteries.

And even if you finish as far back as 661 you'll still win a handsome set of 4 full-color prints of famous thoroughbreds ready for framing.

Don't be Left at the Starting Gate

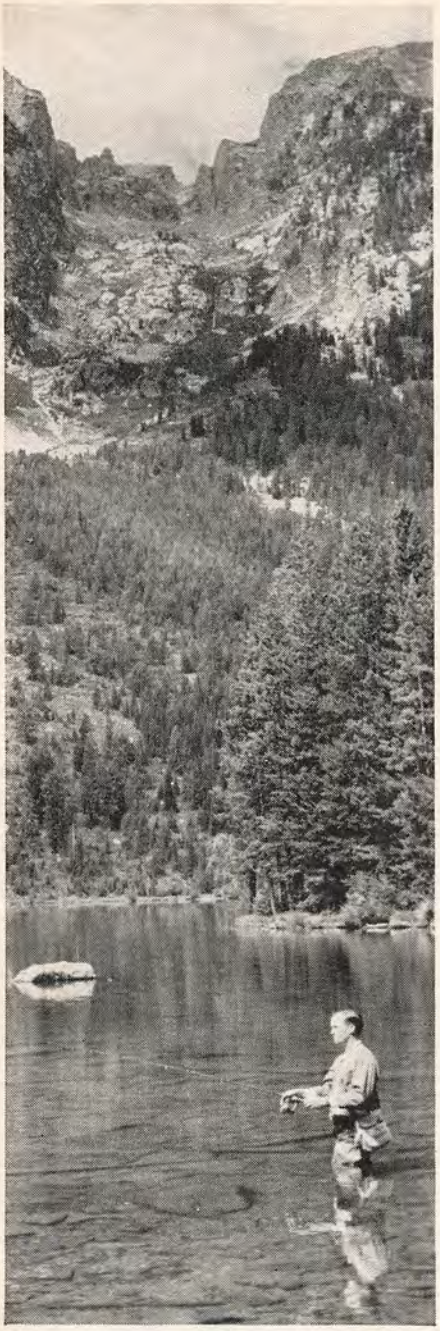
Race on down to your tobacco store . . . look for the Kentucky Club Derby Day display with entry blanks and complete rules.

Good Luck . . . see you at the finish line.

RULES TO FOLLOW

1. Names must be no longer than 16 letters—or 3 words—long. Count each space and punctuation as 1 letter.
2. Print the race horse's name and your name and address on plain paper or entry blank (available wherever Kentucky Club Pipe Tobaccos are sold).
3. Submit as many entries as you like. With each entry, send one boxtop from a package of Kentucky Club or Kentucky Club Mixture, or one cellophane zip-off top from the outer wrapper of any one of Kentucky Club's other fine pipe tobaccos.
4. Mail entries to Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest, P.O. Box 5K, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10559.
5. Contest subject to federal, state and local regulations. Contest closes midnight, April 4, 1966. Entries will be judged for appropriateness (specific reference to the characteristics and lineage of the horse), freshness (interest, creativeness, "sparkle"), and sincerity (believability).

Complete rules on entry blanks at leading tobacco counters everywhere.



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TRUEVIEWS

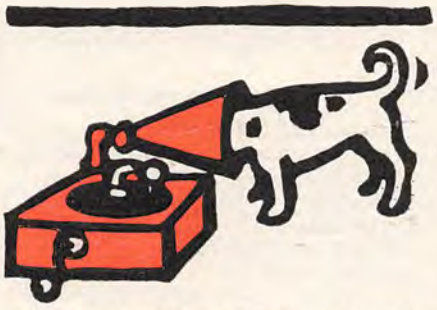
(*Continued from page* 13)

THE BALLAD OF DINGUS MAGEE by David Markson. Spoof is too mild a word for this riotously bawdy comic novel, which makes fun of every myth ever to come out of the Old West. Sheriff C. L. Hoke Birdsill couldn't hit a bull in the tail with a bass fiddle, Dingus Billy Magee fights his biggest duels between the sheets, Big Blouse Belle Nops is a madam with a heart of cold steel, and all the other denizens of Yerkey's Hole, New Mexico, are lawless, lecherous and lovable. One of the funniest novels in years. *Bobbs-Merrill; $4.00.*

VOICES FROM THE SKY by Arthur C. Clarke. One of the few people who can make science interesting and understandable to everybody, Clarke here turns his attention to the ins and outs of outer space. His essays range from Telstar to sports in space to the moral obligations of scientists and are distinguished by wit and sensibility. *Harper & Row; $3.95.*

THE SIEGE OF THE ALACAZAR by Cecil D. Eby. This story of the 10-week siege of a military academy that was turned into a fortress at the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War is history at its best, vividly written, carefully documented and continuously exciting as it details the sometimes comic, often tragic episode that strongly affected and prolonged the war. *Random House; $4.95.*

THE BILLION DOLLAR BRAIN by Len Deighton. A clever thriller about a British spy who meddles with a far-right-wing, private-enterprising privateer who's out to reestablish a monarchy behind the Iron Curtain, with the aid of a billion dollar computer and a sexy young blonde who's far too lethal for her age. The fast-moving plot and sharp dialogue make it a winner. *Putnam; $4.95.*



RECORDS

SINATRA: A MAN AND HIS MUSIC. An anthology of songs, on two records, featuring the highlights of Frank Sinatra's long and remarkable career, from the literate love songs of the forties, to the swinging wingdings of the fifties, to the excellent eclecticism of the sixties: "All or Nothing At All," "Night and Day," "Nancy," "Come Fly With Me," "Call Me Irresponsible," and a couple of dozen more, all newly recorded but with the good, old arrangements. *Reprise.*

SOUL BIRD: WHIFFENPOOF. Cal Tjader is one of the most accomplished musicians in the jazz world; he can play a dozen instruments—and well—he composes, he arranges, he innovates. Here he sticks to the vibes, shepherding a sextet through explorations of "soul" jazz, which cannot really be explained, but which, when you listen, can be understood—and enjoyed. *Verve.*

THE BAROQUE BEATLES BOOK. Joshua Rifkin, a very hip young man, has composed variations, fugues and arias on Beatles' tunes—and in the styles of Handel and Bach, yet. Compositions like "Cantata for the Third Saturday After Shea Stadium" and "The Epstein Variations" (a harpsichord solo by Murray The Klavierkitzler) may never make the discotheques, but they're enjoyable and funny. If you're a Baroquenik or Beatlemane or just plain music lover, you'll dig it. *Elektra.*

A NIGHT AT THE MOVIES. Theme songs, most of them from old movies, provide Erroll Garner with launching pads for brilliant jazz improvisations. The elfin giant of the piano was never in better form than here, stirring songs like "I'll Get By," "Sonny Boy" and "Charmaine" into brand-new concoctions. *MGM.*

BACH: BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS. The six *concerti grossi* composed by Johann Sebastian Bach for the Margrave of Brandenburg in 1721 have been performed in a wide variety of styles over the years, from dryly efficient to pallidly peaceful. But Pablo Casals, still vigorous at 89, knows better; here he conducts them with warmth and virility, echoing his comment that one must conduct Bach with passion: "After all, Johann Sebastian was a very healthy man who fathered 20 children." *Columbia.*

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET. Trumpeter Jonah Jones is obviously happy in his work; it shows in every number he plays. Here he has reached back in time and brought back a dozen swinging oldies: "Angry," "Anytime," and the title tune, which he also sings in a cheerful, gravelly way. *Decca.*

THE FERRANTE AND TEICHER CONCERT. Ferrante and Teicher are excellent pianists, and among the most indefatigable performers on the concert circuit. It's a shame that their musicianship and hard work is devoted to dispensing the kind of musical swill that Liberace used to be noted for: "Tiger Rag," a Stephen Foster medley, a little Tchaikowsky, a movie theme song; in short, something for everybody—except music lovers. *United Artists.*

MY NAME IS ALLAN. Success may not have spoiled Allan Sherman yet, but it has surely softened him. The lyrics he fashioned for the songs on this album are fairly funny, but they're about as satirical as an annual report; Peyton Place, the Drinking Man's Diet and Paul Revere are among the targets. *Warner Bros.*

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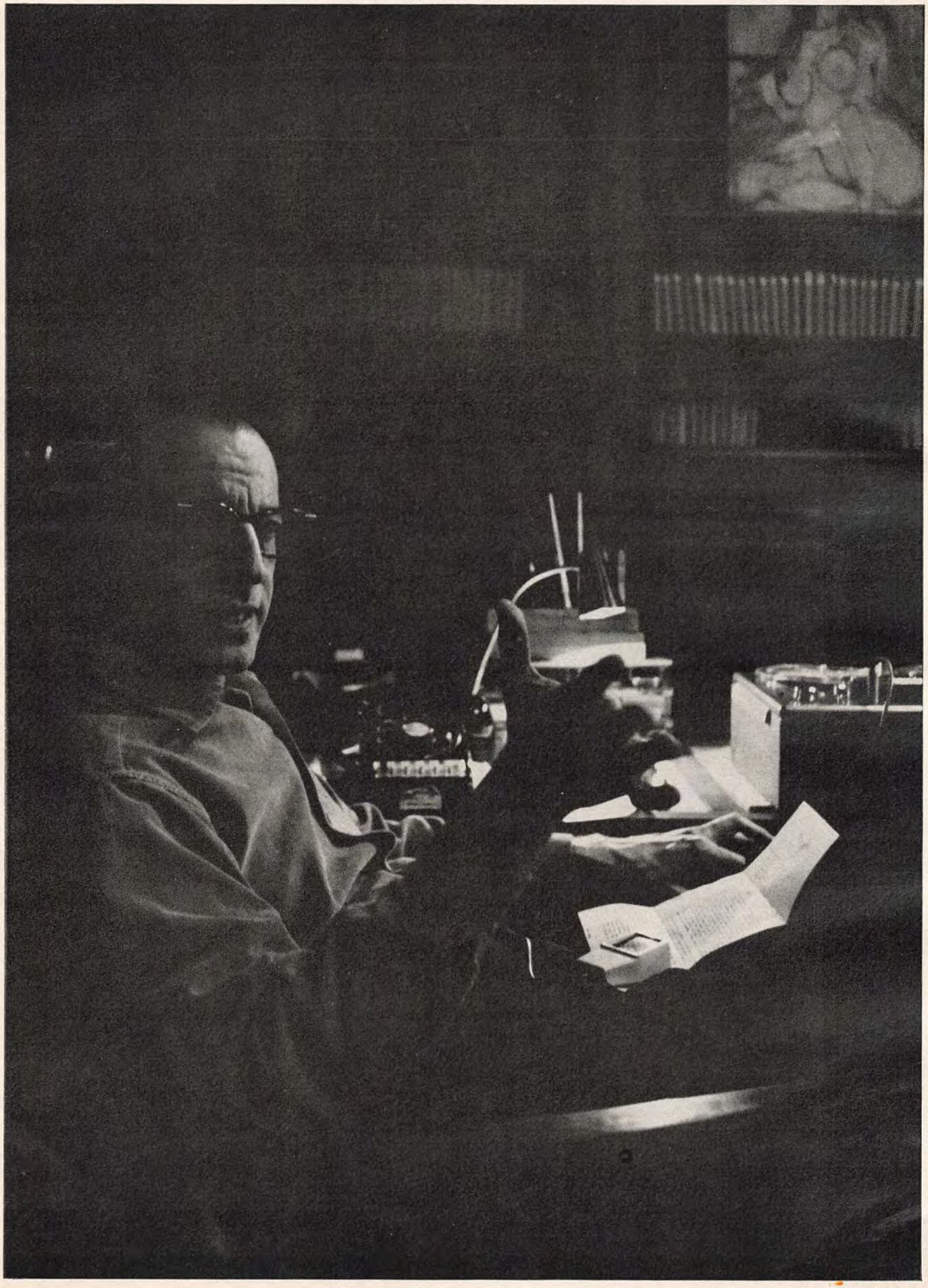

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY HOMER PAGE

BY ROBERT A. LISTON

To many he is a free-loving devil with a dirty vocabulary. To others he is a best-selling author, a lecturer and practicing psychologist. Above all, he is the great apostle of sexual freedom who says,

"FEAR NOT! DO IT!"

■ At his right sits a reproduction of Rodin's sensuous sculpture "The Kiss." Above it, on the wall, hangs a Jules Pascin portrait of a ravaged nude. To his left is a figure of woven wire clearly intended to suggest a fully accessible female form, as well as two oils of bulgy naked women and a most arresting pencil drawing of his second wife, unclothed to the waist.

Thumping out his freewheeling views in this libidinous setting is perhaps the most controversial man in America in the field of morals —Dr. Albert Ellis, clinical psychologist, marriage counselor, lecturer, author of several fantastically successful books, and the world's most celebrated advocate of sexual liberty.

In over a dozen books and 200 articles, Ellis encourages—indeed, even urges—young Americans to perpetrate almost any sexual act their cunning little minds can devise. In Ellis' view, a man is not only wise to engage in trial marriage, but insane if he doesn't. Above all, Ellis preaches against feeling guilty or remorseful. Peace of mind lies in promiscuity, salvation in sin, sanity in seduction.

Doctor Ellis practices what he preaches. It might be said that his personal life is below reproach. He has had two unsuccessful marriages, several affairs and uncounted loves.

Such a man might be labeled immoral and his ideas relegated to the absurd and the pornographic—except that he speaks from a platform of respectability. He has an IQ well in the genius group, a string of university degrees, an impeccable set of job references, memberships in a distinguished array of psychological organizations, and an awesomely busy and scrupulously correct practice in psychotherapy. This sturdy background of orthodox credits has resisted with complete success the most energetic efforts to have him professionally blacklisted.

By his own admission, Ellis is "the most hated man in the American Psychological Association." He describes himself with utter frankness as the "most notorious, infamous—and famous—prosexual spokesman in the United States and probably the entire world."

His status as a self-appointed apostle of promiscuity makes Ellis an anathema among religious groups. Actually, he is more often ignored than damned by the devout. Most clergymen do not even read, let alone admit to owning, any of his several books.

A host of Ellis' fellow "headshrinkers," whether psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers, sociologists or psychoanalysts, is arrayed against him. Some are simply jealous of his success. Freudians detest him because he is militantly anti-Freud. And there are many who are embarrassed by his abrasive methods. Dr. Harry Benjamin, even though a sexual liberal and a friend of and collaborator with Ellis, says of him, "My objection is not to his ideas, but to what he does. His language is terrible. He says things just to shock people."

Finally there is a group, including both clergy and professional brain tamers, which actively tries to counter him. "I believe his views are psychologically unsound and bad for emotional health," says New York psychiatrist Dr. Max Levin, who has published two articles attacking Ellis' ideas. Another critic is Dr. David Mace, executive director of the American Association of Marriage Counselors, to which Ellis belongs. Says Mace, "If Ellis' views prevail, we shall have an irretrievable deterioration of family life in America. I

HIS BOOKS SELL BY THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS

would have grave fears for America as a nation and as a civilization."

The less erudite are more direct. "Dr. Ellis, why don't you stick your head in the toilet?" asked a reader of one of his articles.

The man who bears up aggressively under these attacks is 52 years old, rail thin, a little under six feet tall. He is full of angles. His jaw, cheekbones and brow look as though they had been whacked out by a quarry worker, and his elbows and knuckles suggest that he was born with a few extra bones. But the overwhelming impression he gives is intensity. His eyes and his clipped movements convey it, but mostly it comes from his voice. It is raw, grinding, tinged with sarcasm.

He lives and works in an apartment at 45 East 65th Street, in Manhattan. It holds, in addition to his objets d'art, thousands of books and professional journals, a closet jammed with immensely expensive recording equipment, and only the barest comforts of basic life. His couch becomes his bed. He cooks on a hot plate. The rest is work.

And work he does. He sees patients from 9:45 a.m. to 11 p.m. with two 15-minute breaks—and that's on a six-day week. Counting his group sessions, he sees several dozen patients a week, most of whom are there, not because of sex problems, but for psychotherapy. He reads and he writes, but both reading and writing are related to his work. His diversions? Women. His hobby? Sex. What time does he have for it? His schedule is tight, but he squeezes in interludes two or three nights a week, very late, and on Sundays.

Interviews with Ellis for this article ran from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m. The routine was unvarying. He'd talk while heating up his dinner, usually chicken, artichoke and potatoes. He talked while eating and while washing his plate, knife and fork. He hardly lost a syllable, even when brushing his teeth. Then he'd usually sprawl on the couch, shoes off, and rattle on.

He is always direct in speech, even with his patients. When the phone rings, he snatches the receiver and says in a voice like an empty oil drum rolling on gravel, "Doctor Ellis." He listens a moment. "I can't help that. That's some more of the bull you keep telling yourself." He listens a moment more. "Crap. That's all it is, crap. It is just part of your sickness." Again he listens, but impatiently. "All right. I haven't time for this." He whips out an appointment book. "I'll see you Tuesday at 3." Bang, he hangs up.

Ellis has a series of practiced stories gathered into a sort of verbal smoker—lascivious, perhaps hilarious. An example: "I trained my puritan mother to accept my actions. We lived for a time in a small apartment. My mother and sister had one room, my brother and I the other. I wanted to bring my girl home for the night. My brother was all chivalry. He insisted on his own bed. That left me a studio couch in the living room. So that's where my girl and I bedded down—and there were no doors. My mother didn't sleep a wink all night—nor the next night or the one after that. But eventually she accepted my conduct and my girls. She'd fix breakfast for them and even started telling her bridge friends about her naughty son."

Whatever else he might be, charlatan or scientist, crusader or 20th-century satyr, Albert Ellis is a revolutionary of the first magnitude and a propagandist unparalleled in his field of endeavor.

Ellis' books and articles read easily. Vocabulary and thoroughness lend his writing an aura of scholarliness. Atop it is a pinch of humor. Yet the subject matter and the explicitness give his works an appeal that reaches the basic emotions.

One of his books, *The Art and Science of Love*, has sold more than 150,000 copies at $7.95 each. Of the others, bearing such titles as *If This Be Sexual Heresy, Sex Without Guilt, Sex and the Single Man, The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Manhunting*, several have sold in excess of 40,000 copies. Ellis lectures to standing-room-only halls, particularly on college campuses. Thus, with his radio and television appearances, he gets tremendous exposure for his views.

He offers what amounts to a sexual code—do anything sexual you wish, as long as you do not do it with a minor, do not use mental or physical coercion, do not conceive an unwanted child, and above all, do not feel guilty.

Right there is the rationale for the revolution which is turning co-ed dormitories into antipregnancy pill palaces and drive-ins into give-ins. To confused youngsters, Ellis gives a jet-set series of simple yes-and-no, do-and-don't answers to their problems. Like a modern Pied Piper, he plays a seductive tune: Yes, have intercourse if you use a contraceptive and if you really want to. If you aren't sure, go ahead anyhow. [*Continued on page* 20]

Aren't you glad we've confined your new-car hunting to one showroom again this year?

There are 40 kinds of Pontiacs this year. So, obviously, the chances are good that whatever you have in mind in the way of wheels, we also had in mind when we designed our 66's. Are you after an unashamedly luxurious luxury car? An economy car that doesn't feel like one? Elegant personal car? Big car with little-car price? We have them and more. Or do you want the sleekest car on the road today, with a plush interior and a ride like the chassis alone ought to cost $5,000? Here again, we have it—complete with back-up lights to light your way to the rear. Just walk into any Pontiac showroom, close your eyes. And point.

WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC/'66

[*Continued from page* 18]
What harm is there? No, don't have intercourse because you will not be popular if you don't or because your friends think you ought to. That would be a restriction of your freedom of choice. No, don't have sex with a minor. She is not mature enough to interpret her wishes properly. Yes, by all means seduce a girl by persuasion, but don't force her.

To a generation brought up to consider sex nice but naughty, addicted to tittering at dirty jokes, leering at the décolletage of waitresses, salaciously perusing sex-focused novels and daily ingesting sin-by-sin accounts in the papers, there is a certain purity in Ellis saying sex is good, sex is fun, sex is clean, beautiful, liberating.

This is rhapsody to the ears of the young. Its effect cannot be exaggerated. To a girl parked with her best boyfriend, Ellis offers an invitation—not to consider her responsibility toward herself, the boy, her parents and her future husband, not to measure whether she truly loves this young man, not to weigh the divinity of the sexual act, not to balance the semi-prostitutional concept of this occasion with her value as a future wife—but to answer the simple question: do you want to, and are you using a contraceptive?

This is the appeal of Ellis—or the danger—depending on the point of view: his ability to put his finger on the pulse of this problem and publicize his solution. He writes and speaks in provocative statements. Look at some chapter headings from *Sex and the Single Man:* "The Art of Seduction," "Adultery, Anyone?" "How to Avoid Venereal Disease." Nothing embarrasses him. His knowledge of techniques is encyclopedic, and he shares it with the whole world—eagerly. For a kid too scared or too embarrassed to ask his father, there is always a book by Ellis which gives him the what, where, when, why—and how.

Why does Ellis go all out on this sex theme? For money? He makes plenty; his books produce royalties of between $30,000 and $40,000 a year, and his professional practice and investments gross in excess of $50,000. But no one who has ever met Ellis can conceive of his being motivated by money. He's too busy to spend it. His life is Spartan. Besides, most of the royalties from his books go to his Institute for Rational Living, a nonprofit, tax-exempt organization which he has set up to promote his ideas.

No, Ellis isn't driven by a greed for money. Is he some emotional lecher who enjoys wallowing in what most of society calls filth? Is he a sensationalist, who'll say anything to grab a headline?

The answers are found in Ellis' beginnings, for his life has been a prolonged rebellion. Born to upper middle-class Jewish parents, he grew up in New York's Bronx. His father was a promoter of sorts—a big, handsome, he-man type, who traveled a good deal. His mother was an attractive blonde, socially active.

His parents were divorced when he was 12. His father remarried, but his mother, with whom he and his brother and sister lived, drifted down the economic ladder until, during the Depression, there was serious privation.

Ellis was a sickly child. He never did become robust (even today, a diabetic, he treats his health as if it were the crown jewels, venturing out into the cold only under the greatest duress). Yes, he was bright, intense, remarkably independent. "At age seven," he recalls, "I'd set an alarm, get up, dress, fix breakfast and leave for school before my mother rose."

Ellis' rebellion began when he broke into the teens. It took the form of showing people how smart he was. Through illness he had lost more than a year of school and was set back a grade. Now, not only did he make that year up, but he went into advanced high-school classes and was graduated at the age of 16. He read as though all books were shortly to be burned. Consequently, his knowledge was greater than that of most of his elders. His intelligence made him mentally quicker. Combine these qualities with his intense nature and caustic voice, and the result was an argumentative tiger.

"I was hostile," Ellis admits today. "I was hostile to stupidity. In an argument, I had to destroy not only ignorant opinions, but the man who held them."

His passion for superiority over the intellectual accomplishments of other men has fueled Ellis' whole life. Initially he wanted to be a writer. He wrote by the ream, turning out short stories and novels, none of them published. He drifted into left-wing organizations. He read Marx and Engels, translated Marx's monumental *Das Kapital* into English—other translations didn't suit him—and studied revolutionary techniques. Then he rejected the whole lot. His intellectual rebellion went into high gear. He not only denied socialism and communism as too hidebound, but worked out his own Utopian economic system. He not only criticized the tactics of Lenin and Trotsky, but developed his own methods. He was so radical the leftists couldn't get along with him.

So Ellis became a revolutionary in search of a revolution. "I thought about going into economics or politics, but both fields were overcrowded." Then, at 23, in the arms of a lovely, kooky actress, he found his revolution—sex.

He found it, but he didn't know what to do with it. He fumbled—and chafed with this unaccustomed ineptness. "The first thing I did," he says, "was go to the New York Public Library. I read thousands of books on love and sex—and in the process became an expert. I found nobody knew much about sex. My friends, even my girl, started coming to me for advice. I drifted into marriage counseling. Then a lawyer warned me to get a professional base for my activities, so I enrolled in Columbia University to become a clinical psychologist."

Ellis received his Ph.D. in 1947. A year later he went to New Jersey, soon becoming chief psychologist of the newly opened State Diagnostic Center. Later, he was named chief psychologist for the entire New Jersey penal system. But publication of his first sex book *The Folklore of Sex* brought notoriety. He left New Jersey in 1952 to set up a private practice in psychotherapy in New York City.

Since then, his career has been marked by a steady shift toward the radical. The thinking of Freud, Jung and Adler was not revolutionary enough for him, and he developed his own system of psychotherapy called "rational therapy." In the 1930's, he had been principally interested in studies of love. That interest soon turned to sex. Initially, Ellis wrote about society's conflicting views of sex as being both naughty and nice. Soon he was telling people how to be naughty, with detailed guidance in seduction. Years ago he disapproved of adultery as a breach of the marriage contract. Today he lists several exceptions which would make adultery "ethical." Among them are: an unhappy marriage; sexual incompatibility in a marriage otherwise satisfactory; need for a more intense emotional commitment than is possible with one's legal partner; the biological need for a differentiated sexual outlet (Ellis calls a man with such desires a "varietist"). "I have been growing more liberal in my attitude," he admits.

As with every man, Ellis' ideas are partly an outgrowth of his own experience. He has had two marriages and an awesome succession of bed partners. He talks of telling about them in an autobiography. How he'll do that is hard to figure, for accurate narration would commit libel, defamation of character and assorted other illegalities. At the least, he will have to change the names—to protect the wicked.

Life for Ellis was not always so ample. His early amatory practice was limited. In his neighborhood, well-brought-up girls were just not sexually accessible, so his sexual experience in high school and New York's City College was limited to frantic fantasies. But this kind of frustration was not for lack of more serious efforts. "I undertook a self-improvement campaign in college," he recalls. "I'd force myself to do what I feared. I'd deliberately sit next to a girl and start a conversation. Nothing ever came of it sexually, but I got over my shyness."

From that background stems Ellis' war against "weakies," his term for men too scared to proposition a woman. He believes the weakies tend to become homosexuals. His first marriage was to a New Yorker. He was 23 and she was 19, and both, in addition to being inexperienced,

[*Continued on page* 24]

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[*Continued from page* 20]
were physically incompatible. The marriage resulted in annulment.

The second marriage occurred when Ellis was 42 and well established in his career. He took the vows with a 25-year-old modern dancer who worked evenings. Their "day" began at 11 at night when his last patient departed and she came home from the theater. For more than a year they lived happily nocturnal lives. Then her hours changed. She began to demand his time for social activities he considered boring. They separated and divorced.

Ellis now is perhaps the leading advocate of nonmarriage. Says he: "Marriage is ideal for some, but not for all people. Some persons are just not marriage material." He vociferously defends the right of the unmarried to have a sex life.

Ellis denies a man's responsibility to a woman with whom he has an affair. "Even if she threatens to kill herself over you," he advises, "you should not feel guilty. That's the measure of her problem, not yours."

Nowadays Ellis apparently limits himself to sexually satisfying but emotionally shallow relationships. A close friend says, "Al seems to avoid close relationships. He either has a low capacity to love deeply or is afraid of his ability to handle deep feelings."

It should be no surprise that Ellis strongly advocates sex without love. "Sex is better with love, some of the time, for some of the people. Yet there are times when sex without love is most enjoyable. I say that the man who insists on sex only with love has never been with a really good woman who did things to him."

But the lack of love in Ellis' present life has another cause as well. He is impassioned with an idea. His lifelong thrust to excel, to be a freethinker has found its mistress in his system of rational therapy. He wants to sell his method of psychotherapy to the world, and thus go down in history beside Freud.

This goal would be difficult to achieve at best. Rational therapy departs from other therapeutic methods in a number of ways. Basically Ellis seeks to eliminate, not so much the underlying cause of a person's emotional disturbance, but the irrational thinking stemming from that disturbance. Where Freudians and others spend years in analyzing dreams and early events of a patient's life, Ellis abbreviates the process to get at the thinking that results. Where other analysts allow patients to ramble on until they "figure out" their own troubles, Ellis is highly directive. He tells people they are wrong in the most candid language and leads them to change their thinking.

Ellis' ideas about sex are just part of this rational therapy. He maintains that the Judeo-Christian goal of sexual chastity except in marriage is an impossibility for the majority of humans. All who fail are condemned as sinners and loaded with guilt. He wants to eliminate the guilt by switching the goal from chastity to acceptance of sex as a natural biological process.

Ellis views repression of sex as causing a fixation upon it. "Sex is just part of life," he says. "It is not the whole. It is one of the pleasures, along with eating and drinking, but there are greater joys a bright, educated person can have. Yet he cannot have them if he is made unproductive by his guilt over sex. I want to put sex in its proper perspective."

And even bluenoses will applaud this Ellis thought—if not the language: "The trouble today is that there are millions of sexually liberal but inhibited people. Their ideas are way ahead of their actions. They get a thrill out of looking at the playmate of the month or going to a stupid Playboy club. It is the old burlesque routine over again. The weakies go there. For a price they can seem to indulge, but they haven't got the guts to ask a girl to go to bed with them. So they go and look and maybe pinch a bunny."

Ellis rips into one of our favorite sexual standards: "Our emphasis on large breasts is unhealthy. Our propaganda tells a man that if he goes out with a girl with small breasts he is a nothing. He is not man enough to get a big-breasted girl. That's a lot of crap. At most, only five percent of females have big breasts. All of this breast delusion is a tragedy for men and a disaster for the women who don't look like that and drive themselves wacky trying to."

If Ellis holds such "conservative views," why is he so criticized?

The answer lies in two of his quirks. First, he is eternally the revolutionary. In addition to founding a new school of psychotherapy and trying to alter humanity's thinking about sex, he's carrying on a crusade to make four-letter functional vulgarity respectable. His speech is larded with blunt Anglo-Saxon words. He uses them whether addressing a college convocation or appearing on television—which has got him banned from several stations.

Is he trying to shock people? His answer concedes that's part of the reason. "I use down-to-earth language because people remember it. It has more emotive impact than so-called nonvulgar language. But the major reason I do it is to loosen up people. I'm on an antipuritanical crusade. I'm against all rigidity, all orthodoxies—which includes language orthodoxies. I'm a propagandist for being yourself, for not caring what people think. I believe that way, and I act that way."

Indeed he does, but such conduct makes it a little rough when he is trying to sell his method of therapy to a group of psychiatrists. "The trouble with Ellis' ideas," one man asserts, "is Ellis. His colleagues hear his language and they recoil from him. His ideas don't really have a chance to be considered."

This recoil runs right into the second Ellis quirk. Says Dr. Robert A. Harper of Washington, a psychologist and longtime friend of Ellis, "Al has a compulsion to defend all his theories. He tries to get you to accept them in toto. Let's liken his ideas to a sheet of paper. Suppose you accept all but one corner. Al will rush in to defend that corner. He'll argue for it in the strongest possible terms. That doesn't win him any friends among others who have minds of their own."

According to this theory, Ellis spends most of his time racing to the ramparts to defend the extremities of his position. He devotes most of his energies to espousing far-flung ideas such as wife swapping, trial marriage, sex without love, and whatever appeals to his radically oriented nature.

At the frontiers of these ideas, Ellis is pounced upon by his critics. "You tell me," declares psychiatrist Levin, "if you believe a home where husbands and wives switch partners is a good place to bring up children." Says marriage counselor Mace: "I think Al is right about the emotional disturbance caused by society's repressive beliefs on sex. At the same time, I believe his ideas are terribly destructive of family life." The Rev. William Genné, director of Family Life Education for the National Council of Churches, asks: "What kind of family life, what kind of society will we have, if the point of a boy's dating a girl is not to love and respect her, not to create an enduring relationship, not to establish a home and family—but simply to get her to bed?"

Yet, despite all the controversy, plenty of men are willing to pay Ellis up to $50 an hour for advice. Men worrying about preserving their after-50 virility get this answer: "I don't believe there is a male menopause. And as for use or nonuse improving sexual virility, I believe a man should have sex for enjoyment, not to make him younger or stronger." Another common question concerns the "seven-year itch"—the tendency for a husband to wander periodically. "There may be something to this seven-year cycle," Ellis says, "but whenever it happens, I think you ought to ask yourself, 'Do I want to stay married?' If you do, then I suggest you forget the itch. If you don't care about your marriage, then divorce your wife and—well, scratch."

Primarily Ellis' appeal is to the young. He believes the sexual liberals, such as Kinsey and himself, have had tremendous impact on questioning, rebelling youth. A great many of them are doing more than raising questions. Every third woman engages in premarital intercourse and seven out of every 10 men. Every sixth girl who traipses to the altar is already pregnant. Within the last 15 years, one authority estimates, the proportion of college boys who have intercourse before they have a sheepskin has risen from 50 to 60 percent, and that of copulating coeds from 25 to 40 percent. Most certainly Ellis has an audience for his brave new world of sex and seduction.

The eternal revolutionary clearly has a revolution going. The tide of change is running with Ellis, and he expects to keep it moving with a spate of new sex books and plans for what an industrialist might term a sex complex. He may operate a radio and television station. There will be a newspaper and lectures and clinics to promote sex, sanity and psychotherapy. In Ellis' words, "I like lots of sex. I'm a very sexy guy." For a man who works so hard at it, it's a good thing he does. **—Robert A. Liston**

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

LAMENT FOR LATIN LOVERS

The myth of the prodigious Latin lover has been laid to rest. If such luscious dishes as Claudia Cardinale really yearn offscreen for the heroes of all those Italian movies, they have to do the pursuing themselves. We learned the truth from the most up-to-date and thorough study of the subject, pursued with considerable energy by one Signora Gabriella Parca. She interviewed a thousand males between the ages of 20 and 55 in various parts of Italy. Men of many occupations were Kinseyized, and the sex life of the Italian male is documented in a 300-page book, *The Sultans*, from which we crib some highlights. The signora concludes that the Italian male does not love a woman, but women, as satisfiers of his needs. The vast majority of men interviewed (81 percent) said they were much happier visiting brothels than attempting to conquer by charm. They preferred to purchase favors rather than trust to amatory effort in which they had no confidence. Yet scads of vacationing women still prowl Latin-lover country hopefully. Stay home, girls, and see Americans first.

TV POLL (CONT.)

Suspecting that many men have been bewildered by the ritual killing of TV shows they like to look at, we recently invited you to list *your* favorite programs. The response (1,500 ballots thus far and bagsful more arriving daily) has been overwhelming. We'll print the order of finish next month. Meantime, early returns indicate that hundreds of TRUE readers sharply disagree with the highly-touted "ratings" that are the life and death of the TV industry.

THIS WAY OUT

All too often in recent years the proud title, "Men's Bar," has become a misnomer. Some former male-only pubs now admit ladies at lunchtime or during the cocktail hour. Others have removed the barricade altogether. Looking for a measure of solace, we recently stopped in for a highball at the fine old Men's Bar of the Hotel Biltmore in Manhattan—an establishment which not only has kept its honor intact, but has developed to perfection the art of keeping women out of places where they aren't wanted. Suddenly, a salvo of applause crackled from the bar. We looked up and saw a long-legged beauty standing inside the entrance, staring like a startled doe into a sea of men's faces. Handclapping started by the bartenders, swelled to a thunderous roar as customers joined in. The girl flushed to her toes as it dawned on her that she was being lustily clapped out of the joint. She turned and fled.

We learned from Karl Zieger, courtly manager of the bar, that the clap-em-out technique is well organized to give the bum's rush to women who stumble into an exclusive male domain. Let a woman show her pretty head and the waiters stop waiting, the bartenders stop tending and the applause begins. All present quickly get the idea and the intruder flounces out with her ears burning.

Zieger managed the bar at the Old Ritz until that famous hostelry was torn down. In those days respectable women kept out of bars. Zieger told us, sadly, that in all of New York City there are now only two full-time public men-only bars; the one at the Biltmore, another at the Roosevelt. Man's last retreats, islands of sanity, havens of brief respite from soprano sections of the Great Society, are going the way of the passenger pigeon. It is later than we think, but not too late. Until some dame brings a test case, a saloonkeeper can maintain an exclusive men's bar if there is a bisexual grogshop elsewhere on the premises. It's simpler to run a men's bar. At the Biltmore there are no coy "His" and "Her" signs on the blank door opening into the mission chamber. It's all His.

GIMMICKY SMOKE SCREEN

We've noticed, or think we have, that people who ride in smoking cars are slightly different from those who don't. The smoking car crowd seems to be live-and-let-live, un-Puritan, un-Pecksniffish and amiably sinful. Democracy in its worst, or public utility, form now threatens to abolish the smoking car. The New York Central did a survey of 7,500 commuters and found that two-thirds of them wanted to ride in nonsmoking cars. As a result, the Central is eliminating one smoking car from three-car trains and smoking cars on longer trains will never outnumber nonsmoking cars. Thus begins total abolition. The triumphant majority of commuters who wish to inhale nothing but pure smog, tired perfume and the sudors of lady shoppers won't give up until the last smoking car is gone. One by one the lights will go out across the nation when other railroads spot the gimmick. Yes, there is a gimmick, Virginia. The Central says there are lots of empty seats in smoking cars but nonsmokers deign not to use them. So it isn't the road's fault, or a matter of inadequate rolling stock, if commuter trains are crowded with standees. In some circles this is known as a cop-out. "The introduction of modern scientific methods, in the form of a commuter survey," says the Central, "has proven that there are ample seats on most commuter trains." A self-serving survey if we ever saw one!

SECEDING SCHOLARS

The greatest thing to hit higher education since Crusoe taught Friday to count his toes is occurring among forward-looking young men who are starting their own universities. A story in *The New York Times* reports that institutions called "counter-universities" and "anti-universities" are springing up all over

(Continued on page 30)

If it can plane a 14-foot skiff, ghost down on a bass, spend its life in salt water and pack in a car trunk, it's a new Sea-Horse 9½

We built the Sea-Horse 9½ to be the best fishing engine in the world. Fishermen took it to sea, took it to heart, spread the good word. From the day of its introduction, it's been our best-selling motor. But not just to fishermen—to owners of all kinds of small craft. (Like skippers of medium sailboats!)

Just what *is* so special about this new 9½? The fact it weighs and carries like a 2-suiter—and stows flat, too. The fact its downhill induction system wrings every ounce of oomph out of every drop of fuel. Plus the fact its powerhead is so low you can cast over it sitting down. Plus the new carburetion and spark plug timing that lets it troll nicely at your favorite trolling speeds. Now there's even a special Well Kit for Sailboats (accessory) that makes the shift, throttle and starter immediately accessible at the top of the motor housing. All in all, you couldn't meet a nicer buy.

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Which is better... draught beer or bottled beer?

This is an argument that has been going on for a long time. To get the answer, we had an interview recently with our head brewmaster.

It went something like this:

"Sir, is draught beer better than bottled beer?"

"No."

"Is it different?"

"A little. All Bud® is brewed the same way. But then Bud packaged beer is pasteurized; the draught isn't, because it's kept cold all the way from brewery to consumer. That's the basic difference."

"Can you taste the difference?"

"I can. But the difference is so slight, most people can't . . . if both are served under proper conditions."

"Pardon me?"

"I mean it matters more whom you're drinking with . . . whether you're having a hot pastrami sandwich . . . things like that. Then the real difference is whether it's Budweiser or not."

"Aren't you a little prejudiced?"

"Certainly. I *know* about the extra expense and time and care we put into Beechwood Ageing to get that Budweiser taste and smoothness and drinkability that . . ."

"Pardon me . . . but then you'd say the answer to the question . . ."

"What question?"

"Which is better, bottled or draught?"

"The answer, my friend, is Budweiser. Would you like some right now?"

"Yes, I would."

"Which would you like, bottled or draught?"

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 26)

the country. These aim to counteract the brutal exploitation of students by old-line universities which refuse to give courses the intellectually hip are famished for. Evidently anybody can start an anti-university, and the fainthearted can be told that if at first they don't secede, try again. The new schools fill a long-felt need with courses in "Uses of Hallucinogenic Drugs" and "Search for the Authentic Sexual Experience." The latter raises the question, "What is an unauthentic sexual experience?" but we don't want to get into *that*. Struggling counter-universities need advice, on building a rounded curriculum representing all departments of learning. We offer the following suggestions: For Philosophy a compulsory course called "How to Reject Society But Still Live Off It." Nutrition—"Vitamin Values of Peyote Buttons." Chemistry—"How to Make LSD From Crankcase Oil." Classics—"Mythology of Soap." Physics—"Anti-Matter and Anti-Universities." Psychology—"*Should* the Sexes be Different?" English—"History of Four-Letter Words" (for seniors only, five-letter words). That's the stuff that maketh a full man. The more counter-universities the better, we think. They'll ease the pressure on conventional colleges and separate the boys from the men.

CORDIALLY HERS

Men who like to fuss around with recipes and whip up cozy midnight suppers for two in the old penthouse should steer clear of whipped cream, gravies, thick sauces and such. Women fear 'em worse than sin. Fattening. Instead, practice the art of flambéing, a form of arson admired by gourmets. In plain language, pour some booze over a parcel of food and set it afire. The flame burns calories which, if ingested, could turn to fat on the lady's frame. Your thoughtfulness should be appreciated. Any liquor containing enough alcohol will burn, but we're told by Christian Braastad, director of the Courvoisier cognac firm, that connoisseurs prefer to ignite cordials and, believe it or not, cognac, which impart gourmet flavors. He was generous with suggestions for improving everything from steak to ice cream which we'll try any time he sends the incendiary makings. The new culinary regime at the White House might even try firing up a dollop of cordial or cognac on Pedernales chili. A flambé gives fewer calories than flour gravy, butter sauces or oils and leaves a tang that brightens the light that lies in a woman's eyes and lies and lies. If brandy smoldering over a chunk of sponge cake doesn't win the girl, she will at least remember you as an old flame.

DON'T FENCE US IN

How much space does a man need to keep from swinging savagely at those who hem him in? Maybe not so much space as a lion, but not much less. Animals flee from a threat if they can, but if they can't, and the threatener comes close enough, they attack. The point at which aggression is triggered is called "critical distance," and is so precise it can be measured in inches. Overstep it at your own risk. Circus lion tamers know this. Their "protective" whips, chairs and guns are so much window dressing. When a lion tamer penetrates a lion's critical distance, the beast will start to stalk him and will leap over an intervening stool. The lion tamer quickly steps out of the critical zone, the lion stops pursuing and mounts the stool. So we're told by Edward T. Hall, professor of anthropology at the Illinois Institute of Technology, who has written a book on *The Hidden Dimension*. The dimension in animals, including man, might be called territory with enough space between individuals to keep us from slugging each other. Too much crowding sparks aggressions. We judge that the most critical problems of man in space do not concern trips to the moon, but enough terrestrial space between men to keep us peaceful. Human tolerance for crowding may already have exceeded the safety limit in big city slums where violence erupts sporadically. People can stand more crowding than most animals, thinks Hall, because our noses, compared to animal noses, are very feeble organs for sensing the environment. And it's just as well. For if we could smell other people's anger, smell their emotions, smell every lie, and they ours, we'd probably all be driven mad. Togetherness has limits of prudence. Reminds us of the chilling suggestion somebody once made that a sure way to wreck a budding romance is to tie the couple together for 24 hours.

OCULAR FALSIES

A girl who wears false eyelashes is pretty sure to be a lousy cook, sloppy housewife and a dangerous driver as she squints at the road through a curtain of fur. But we men don't appreciate the sacrifice she makes in improving the tawdry gifts of nature. A woman who knows assures us that it takes at least an hour a day to put on and take off false eyelashes made of plastic, horse hair or rabbit fur. These exotic fringe benefits have to be stuck on with surgical glue and anchored at the corners of the eye with a spot of colorless nail polish. Great care must be taken to prevent supporting eyelids from wrinkling like a washboard. Security is paramount, for all is lost if a loose blinker plops into a cocktail and rude sport is made of the girl with a nude eye. The eyelashes must be removed at night to keep them from matting into a mess that would take hours of combing to straighten out. The wearer hasn't much time for anything else, a fact to be considered in screening candidates for matrimony.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The marquee of a movie theater off Times Square featured a film with "1,032 Female Girls."

Australian scientists have developed a square pineapple which is easier to process than old-fashioned round-shouldered pineapples.

A two-pound chair made of paper sells for $6 and heralds the age of disposable furniture.

Full of Gaul, the Premier of France, Georges Pompidou, heads a commission to protect the French language against intrusions of English words.

Members of Parliament in Denmark have carried realism to an extreme. They voted to stop calling each other "honorable."

—THE EDITORS

Hi, Joe! Having a little trouble?

- My car's acting up! Not running smooth, Bill.

-It could be your Spark Plugs. Let me look at them.

Hmm... Dirty and Worn! They're robbing you of Power! Mileage, too!

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- WOW!
- SMOOTH!

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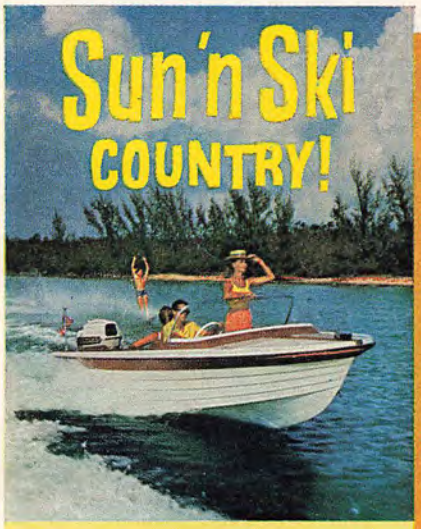

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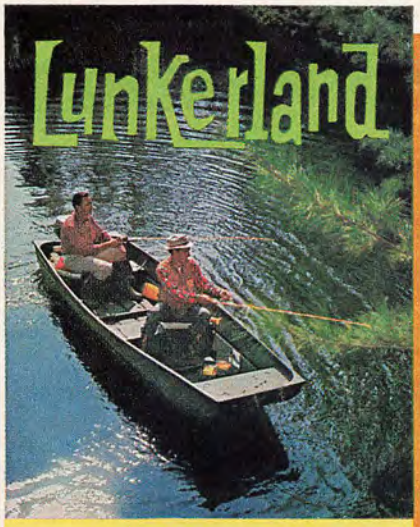

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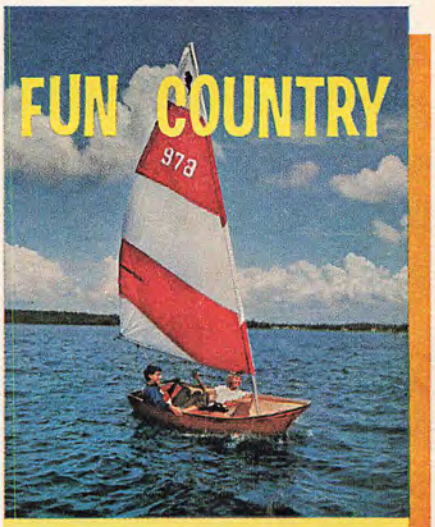

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HOW NOT TO MAKE AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

While the President and First Lady urge the nation to clean up its eyesores, a single industry mutilates the face of the land and gets away with it. Strip-mining for coal has already turned hundreds of thousands of America's acres into an eternal wasteland, but reform comes as slowly as a cure for cancer

■ Dan Gibson is a slightly stooped 81-year-old retired millwright and onetime coal miner. He lives in a four-room log house in Fisty (pronounced *Fyes-tee*), Kentucky, a community so small its only commercial establishment is a ramshackle general store-and-gas station about a mile down a dirt road from Gibson's house. Dan Gibson draws Social Security, as does his wife, and he supplements this income by the sale of solid walnut coffins he builds in a nearby shed and sells for about $140. Like most of the mountain people of eastern Kentucky, Dan Gibson is a proud and fiercely independent man.

Last July, word reached Gibson that a strip-mining outfit was again about to begin operations on a 280-acre tract of land that belonged to his wife and two stepsons. Six times before, in the absence of his stepsons (one is in the Navy, the other a Marine in Viet Nam), Dan Gibson had run these coal miners off by threatening them, sometimes with a shotgun, sometimes with his .22 rifle. This time he took the .22. He also took a crudely painted "No Trespassing" sign.

Up on the ridge he found a full crew of men, a couple of bulldozers, a big power shovel and several trucks. Dan Gibson put the sign on his side of the line, then sat down on a log with the rifle cradled in his lap. For almost an hour, an impasse existed. Then the frustrated mining foreman went to the shortwave radio in his truck and informed his headquarters of the situation.

Before long, a small army of Kentucky state police began to

BY ALFRED LANSING

assemble until there were 17 in all, plus a sheriff and two deputies. At first the lawmen were firm, and brusquely ordered Dan Gibson to let the bulldozers by. Dan was equally firm in his refusal. Then they tried to reason and later to coax him into surrendering. Dan Gibson stood his ground.

After several hours, however, a friend, having obtained a promise from the mining outfit that it would respect Gibson's "No Trespassing" sign, prevailed upon him to come home. Dan Gibson complied, and was promptly arrested and driven in a squad car to the Knott County jail in Hindman, Kentucky, 12 miles away. He was kept there an hour, then released on bail on the charge of "flourishing a deadly weapon." (Gibson insists that he never once even pointed the rifle at anybody, and he has the sworn testimony of two witnesses supporting him.)

Dan Gibson's case was due to be heard by the Knott County grand jury on August 23rd. I was in the Knott County Courthouse that day. When I asked Prosecuting Attorney Dan Martin about the probable disposition of Dan Gibson's case, Martin just shrugged.

"That situation down there is a sewer," he said. "We don't want to stir it up." By that, presumably, Martin meant that prosecution of the case might arouse sympathy for Dan Gibson and his cause, and thereby encourage other hill people to follow the old man's example and take a belligerent stand against the incursion of mining outfits onto their property.

As far as I could ascertain, no representatives of the aggrieved mining company were present. Everyone concerned appeared content to let the matter expire and avoid the unpleasant publicity that was bound to follow whichever way the case went.

So, it seems, Dan Gibson was lucky. There was no prosecution that day, nor plans to bring the case up again in the future. And so far, at least, the mining company has respected his "No Trespassing" sign and has not returned.

But Dan Gibson's luck runs deeper than that. While his wife and stepsons "own" their 280 acres, they—like thousands of other rural Kentuckians—do not own any minerals that might be found there. The mineral rights to the property were sold back in the 1890's. By chance or by some rare bit of clairvoyance, however, a phrase was written into the particular deed Mrs. Gibson inherited. This phrase limited mining on the property to "deep mining only," meaning underground mining as opposed to surface or what is called strip-mining. Mrs. Gibson's deed is a rare one in Kentucky. Most mineral rights deeds make no mention of the mining method to be used.

Strip-mining is a broad term, used to describe any kind of mining done on the surface rather than by sinking an underground shaft. In strip-mining for coal, large power shovels generally are used to dig or strip down to where the deposits are. The shovels remove the top soil, subsoil, rock and whatever other "over-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROGER M. LATHAM

The giant machines dig and run...

DESECRATION: Shovels rip out the coal and pile overburden high in Butler County, Pa.

burden" may cover the coal, thereby laying it bare. The coal is then scooped up and carted away. Fundamentally, the process is no more complicated than that, making economics the main advantage of strip-mining over underground mining. In most coal regions, the mineral is found in seams ranging from, say, 30 feet to several hundred feet beneath the surface; the deposits down to 100 or 150 feet are the province of the strip miner.

The large power shovels are employed chiefly on level or gently rolling ground. For really hilly country, strip miners use the augering method. The name describes the technique. In an augering operation, bulldozers cut a road into the side of the hill or ridge up to where the coal is situated. A platform or terrace, technically called a "bench," is then hacked out of the hillside, and the auger is put in position. Operated like a carpenter's brace and bit, the auger is a giant tool and uses bits up to seven feet in diameter. As the bit turns, coal comes pouring out onto a conveyor belt which loads it onto waiting trucks. Some big augers can bore 200 feet and more into a hillside.

When the limit of the bit or the depth of the coal seam has been reached, the auger is extracted and the process is begun again in a fresh hole alongside the first. And so it goes, often all the way around a ridge, back to the saddle at the head of the valley, then onto a second ridge.

The advantages to augering are self-evident. This system allows coal to be mined as fast as there are trucks available to haul it away. One afternoon in eastern Kentucky, I watched a rather modest-sized 54-inch auger at work. In less than an hour, and from a single hole, this auger pulled out 63 tons of coal.

But augering pockmarks the land no more or less than the power shovels—only differently. Removing 30 to 150 feet of overburden quite obviously takes a bit of digging, and the machines that do the digging are so monstrously big that at first sight, they seem to be an optical illusion. In 1965, the Peabody Coal Company of St. Louis took delivery of the largest (so far) of these strip-mining shovels for use in southern Illinois [TRUE, September, 1965]. It weighs 18,500,000 pounds, towers more than 200 feet high, is wider than an eight-lane highway, has an operating reach of one and one-third football fields and, in a single bite, is able to scoop up 250 tons of earth—enough to fill 10 railroad cars.

But why so big? The answer is the quintessence of strip coal mining. The bigger the shovel the lower the cost of digging coal.

Since strip coal mining is so highly mechanized, and its production so prodigious, mining companies gobble their way through enormous tracts of land. The trouble is that all too often strip-mine operators leave behind a trail of ruin so complete, a war could do no worse. In some places, the visitor looks for miles and miles upon desecrated [*Continued on page* 85]

...and leave a fetid swath of ugliness

DESOLATION: The land is made useless, the ponds heavily polluted with sulphuric acid.

Hovering helicopter from 38th uses lifesaving winch to lift medic and casualty.

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

SAIGON, SOUTH VIET NAM

■ Ribbons of tracers and the gray smudge of flak explosions were tearing the sky over North Viet Nam when Captain James J. Taliaferro ran out of luck.

His big F-105 Thunderchief—shaped like a bullet with flippers—bumped and shuddered. With heavy earphones and helmet on, the pilot could scarcely hear the hits on his plane. But he could feel them, and he could see the warning lights in his cramped cockpit light up like a Christmas tree.

The F-105 will do more than twice the speed of sound and can carry a bomb big enough to blow up Los Angeles. But for the kind of dive-bombing runs it must make over North Viet Nam, the Thunderchief must fly slowly and is vulnerable. When hit, it comes "unglued" with terrible speed. And Taliaferro was hit and afire.

It would be nice to stay aloft at least long enough to get out over sea, but there isn't always time. As Taliaferro pulled the ejection lever to blast himself free of his shattered jet, he was over the Song Ba River, 270 miles deep into communist North Viet Nam.

The powder charge under his seat smashed at Taliaferro's spine and hurled him hundreds of feet into space at 400 miles an hour. His orange and white parachute snapped open automatically, triggering a miniature radio homing beacon in his gear.

Seconds later, Taliaferro was on the ground, miraculously unhurt. Looking around, though, he could see that his troubles had just begun. He had dropped on a hillside in the midst of a bamboo thicket. In the thicket were North Vietnamese troops and they were moving in on him.

Bad jams like this have been frequent. But what happened afterward also has become commonplace—thanks to a rescue system which has developed into one of the brighter as well as heroism-filled aspects of the brutal war in Viet Nam.

The system had its beginnings in Korea where pioneering U.S. Air Rescue teams—relying primarily on helicopters—managed to pick up 986 fliers who had been shot down in enemy territory. With improved equipment and methods, Air Rescue has been making

When copter can land, sharp enemy fire often permits only seconds for rescue.

In some of the most daring actions of the war, men and choppers of the 38th Air Rescue Squadron go behind enemy lines and bring back more than half the downed American airmen

...TO FLY AGAIN ANOTHER DAY

an even more impressive record in its operations in Viet Nam.

The war in Viet Nam has not approached the scale of Korea and far fewer planes have been downed. But the rescue percentage has been higher. By the end of 1965, more than 125 men already had been rescued. Most significant, a U.S. flier downed over enemy territory has stood a much better than even chance of getting out.

Shortly after Captain Taliaferro hit the ground, a coordinated, typically hazardous rescue operation got underway. First, companion fighter planes spotted him and began strafing the onrushing North Vietnamese troops. Then two chunky little silver helicopters from the 38th Air Rescue Squadron started for his position at 90 miles an hour.

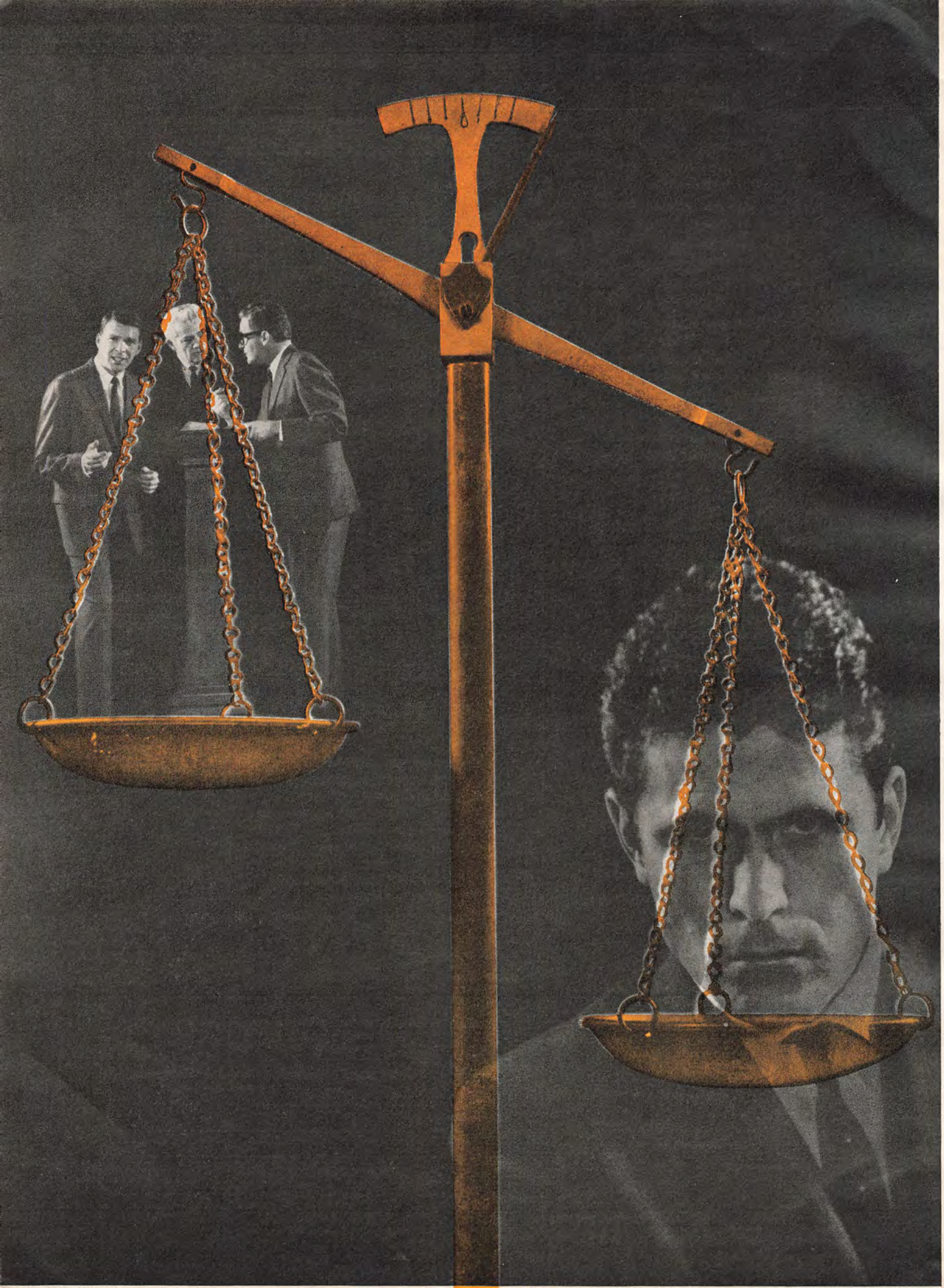
The helicopters, both Kaman HH-43 Huskies manned by four-man crews and equipped with extra fuel tanks, fought their way through heavy rainstorms and clouds, skirting enemy 37-millimeter and 57-millimeter flak positions. Taliaferro's beeping radio signal grew louder, and the downed pilot set off a tiny flare from a pen-sized flare pistol carried by all combat crews.

Now the enemy really went to work. From positions only a quarter-mile from Taliaferro, heavy machine guns opened up on the approaching choppers. The pilots of the two helicopters, Capt. Bruce C. Hepp of Englewood, Colorado, and 1st Lt. Walter F. Turk of Manhattan Beach, California, both 30 years old, braced for the attempted pickup.

Each chopper pilot propped up an apron of quarter-inch titanium armor plate in front of his chest and gritted his teeth.

"The fighters continued trying to suppress the ground fire with 20-millimeter cannon as we descended," Hepp recalled later. Hepp's crew—Capt. Stanley O. Schaetzle, Airman/2 Richard A. Wallace and S/Sgt. Roberto Rodriguez—all opened fire with rifles from the open rear and side doors of the helicopter.

Hepp slowly moved down [*Continued on page* 90]



CAN HYPNOTISM DEFEAT JUSTICE?

If crooks—and cops—become aware of the power of hypnotism to pervert honest witnesses, our courts could face the greatest threat they have ever experienced

BY JEAN MUIR

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY TOM JUNGMAN

■ The problem was first posed by the famous hypnosis murder case in Denmark. Briefly, young Palle Hardrup was caught after a bank robbery, during which he had killed two men. He insisted he had acted under orders from a "guardian spirit."

Hardrup did not seem to be a murderous type, but it took a psychiatrist months of questioning before he came to an astonishing conclusion. When Hardrup said he had been obeying a guardian spirit, he was telling the truth. But the voice whose orders he followed was not from another world. It was the voice of his friend, Bjorn Schouw Nielsen, a hypnotist.

At the trial the jury concluded that Hardrup had not committed the crime of his own free will. He was only an instrument, carrying out suggestions which Nielsen—who thought he had discovered the method for the perfect crime—had implanted in his mind. As a result, Nielsen was sentenced to life imprisonment and Hardrup was sent to a mental hospital.

When TRUE revealed the story of this extraordinary crime in its November, 1962, issue, it raised questions in many minds as to the extent that hypnotism could be used to defeat justice. Recently I tried to find some up-to-date answers. One of the men I interviewed was Pierre Duval of Oakland, California, an experienced hypnotist. I asked him about hypnotism as it relates to justice in general. His reply was astounding.

"Through hypnosis," he said, "a perfectly honest person can be induced to swear on a stack of Bibles to something he has never seen. Not that the witness is in a trance when he testifies. The flimflamming takes place before the case ever comes to court, generally in the office of a crooked criminal lawyer."

When Pierre Duval talks about hypnosis, he speaks with authority. He has been involved with every aspect of the art from hypnotizing patients for major surgery without anesthesia to working with hypnosis in counterespionage. Ormond McGill, author of the *Encyclopedia of Stage Hypnotism*, says, "Pierre is a master in the field of hypnosis." And James Barnes, president of the California Institute of Hypnosis, calls him "extraordinarily gifted."

Duval, who was born in France, is a good-looking, dark-haired man in his middle 40's with an Old World manner and the trace of an Alsatian accent. A licensed clinical psychologist, he runs the Duval School of Hypnosis in Oakland. Coming to him for help through hypnosis are students cramming for examinations, artists and writers dissatisfied with their work, golfers and bowlers who want to develop a more relaxed game and people hoping to be cured of stage fright, stammering or smoking. Now and then a crook shows up, too.

"Unfortunately," Duval says, "what a character like this wants is perfectly possible—an alibi. If such a person needed them, I could produce five honest citizens, with a minister among them, to swear in court they saw this man miles from the scene of the crime at the crucial time. Nobody could shake the story, either. They'd feel they were telling nothing but the truth. Each would be happy both to do his civic duty and to help some poor devil wrongly accused.

"It is also possible to distort a person's memory of an event and even to wipe the memory out. Most professional hypnotists have heard of cases where witnesses have testified to ideas planted in their minds previously. Many a case never gets to court be-

cause the prosecution sees its argument blown sky-high when an honest witness is ready to offer testimony really cooked up between a hypnotist and a defense lawyer. But prove it? Not a chance. The thing is foolproof."

Mr. Duval's confidence notwithstanding, I checked this hypothesis with a number of key men in California—superior court judges, a district attorney, a United States marshal, a deputy attorney general and an eminent criminologist. None had seen any evidence in court to make him suspect a witness of lying because of hypnotic influence. All agreed, however, that hypnotic influence is a possibility which should be considered in evaluating eyewitness testimony.

Dr. Paul Kirk, famed professor of criminalistics at the University of California, was vehement. "This bears very definitely on the credibility of a witness," he said. "It is extremely important, too, as long as courts put so much emphasis on direct testimony as compared to so-called circumstantial evidence. People can go to the gas chamber on the word of one eyewitness."

The man who argues the potentially subversive influence of hypnotism on justice possesses a thorough grounding in his field. Pierre Duval comes of a distinguished family of hypnotists and grew up in the atmosphere of their work. His father, Michel Huss (the name was originally Huss-Duval), had written a standard textbook on the subject; his grandfather, Felix Duval, was a stage hypnotist; and his grandfather's uncle, A. A. Liebeault, founded the school at Nancy, in France, where Sigmund Freud first studied psychotherapy.

Despite this background, young Duval had no idea of becoming a professional hypnotist. Instead, he went to the University of Strasbourg for his degree, then studied two years at the Paris Conservatory of Music for a career as a musician.

The techniques of hypnosis were, of course, perfectly familiar to him, but it was not until he was a prisoner of war that they also became useful. Duval, a second lieutenant in the French Colonial Army, was captured during the early part of World War II. He spent the next four and a half years at various German prison camps, ending up at Stalag 14, near Wurtemburg.

The years in the camps gave Duval experience that few men in the profession of hypnotism acquire in a lifetime. There were plenty of French doctors among the prisoners, but when the supply of anesthetics ran out, they were helpless to relieve pain. It was then that Duval began to use his knowledge of hypnotism.

"It began with small things," he told me. "A man can have a tooth extracted without anesthetic and no harm is done. But when they had to cut into a man, it was a terrible thing." Once Duval had to keep a patient under hypnosis for more than an hour while the surgeons removed his gall bladder.

Duval remained in the French Army for some years after World War II. While stationed in Viet Nam, he again used his ability as a hypnotist. By the time he came to the United States as a civilian in 1951, it was only natural for him to turn to the practice of hypnotism as a career. It wasn't long before he began to come across cases in which he suspected hypnotism had been deliberately used for perverting the truth.

"Wiping a memory from a subject's mind is one of the techniques which can be used where a witness to a crime has a damning piece of evidence. To get such a witness to agree to hypnosis in the first place the lawyer may say that his client's innocence could be proved if the whole truth were known. Under hypnosis, he says, the witness might recall some important fact which his conscious mind has forgotten. Obviously, some people would not allow themselves to be hypnotized for any reason. But a great many will go along to help some poor guy in a bad spot. The trouble is, when they come out of hypnosis, their memories haven't improved. Instead, they have been instructed to forget every last thing about the crime."

Since this trick works only with the most susceptible of subjects, it can be used in only about one case in five. In the other four cases a crooked defense lawyer can provide his own witnesses instead of tampering with a real one.

The lawyer requests one of these people to drop in at his office for the purpose of identifying a photograph. He explains that his client must prove where he was on, say, June 15, and the photograph is crucial. When the potential witness arrives, he is shown the picture—which, of course, he does not recognize. But then the argument is used that the subject might better remember it, and his meeting with the lawyer's client, under hypnosis.

I watched a demonstration of this procedure in Doctor Kirk's private laboratory in Berkeley. I had with me a friend, Virginia Tomlinson, who was to play the part of a murderess hunting an alibi. Duval had brought several people, including his associate, Richard Crismon and an excellent hypnotic subject, Roger Gourley, from the campus of the University of California.

To avoid any suggestion of collusion, Duval had not planned the details of the demonstration. So while Gourley waited outside, the rest of us worked out a credible scene—he should be led to believe that he had actually talked to Mrs. Tomlinson on the campus two weeks before.

Mrs. Tomlinson hid in the back of the lab. Then Gourley came in, and Richard Crismon began putting him into a trance. "You're going deep, deep asleep," Crismon said, and Gourley's head drooped.

When Crismon was satisfied with the depth of the trance, he told Gourley to [*Continued on page* 98]

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

Concluding the real-as-truth novel of Communist infiltration into a small, friendly Asian nation called

SARKHAN

This is a story as grim as today's headlines—and more revealing

BY WILLIAM J. LEDERER AND EUGENE BURDICK

Condensed From *Sarkhan* by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick.
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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE—

Capt. Edward Coldstream, is a retired American naval officer who has operated a trading company in Sarkhan for 15 years and has become very close to the Sarkhanese peasants. He and his friend, Professor Thaddeus McCauley, a former guerrilla medic turned professor of Sarkhanese history and language at Cornell, are deeply worried about the threat of Communist subversion of the little Southeast Asia country. McCauley has been visiting Coldstream. Tuc, a lean, wiry Sarkhanese with two fingers missing from one hand who works as a fish-gutter in Coldstream's plant, actually is the chief Communist in Sarkhan. In his control is General Hajn, U.S.-educated Sarkhanese defense minister who poses as a dedicated neutralist but plans to take over the country and align it with Red China.

The internal subversion of Sarkhan has started. Coldstream, going north to investigate a Vietcong-like guerrilla attack on a village which wounded one of his workers, is captured. His torturers dip 600 years into history to give him the dread *mentado*. Returned to the capital city of Haidho, Coldstream recovers, but now McCauley and Taja, Coldstream's lovely secretary who lives with him in a huge house, find he has a haunted quality.

Meanwhile, Tuc orders Hajn to try to persuade America to give Sarkhan massive military aid. He hopes that occupation by American troops gradually will turn the Sarkhanese against the West, which will supplement the internal subversion he plans. To justify the aid request to the U.S., an invasion of northern Sarkhan by North Vietnamese troops is announced. Meanwhile, Haidho is jittery because Prince Lin, who is to assume the monarchy in a few weeks, has disappeared. Lin is a neutralist who would not permit the request for American aid if he were in the capital. Coldstream and McCauley become convinced that Lin's disappearance is related to the invasion, which Hajn says is real but cannot be checked until the monsoon season is over two months hence because both travel and flight into the invasion area are nearly impossible. Coldstream takes his fears to the well-meaning American Ambassador Spratt Brown and is rebuffed. Brown has accepted Communist-inspired rumors designed to discredit Coldstream.

Coldstream and McCauley decide on a quick trip to Washington to see Adolph Cogswell, Presidential advisor to six administrations, with whom they long have been in contact as experts on Sarkhan. Cogswell ushers them into a meeting of the President's Special Committee on Sarkhan. State, Defense and the various military forces are

represented, but the chief antagonist for Coldstream and McCauley quickly becomes Jeremiah Stuart, ancient, legendary head of the F.I.A.—Federal Intelligence Agency—who dreams of setting up Hajn as a Sarkhanese strong man who will remain under Stuart's control. That, Stuart believes, will set an anti-Communist force in motion in Asia. It will be the crown of his patriotic lifetime. Since U.S. intelligence, based largely on what Hajn has told it, is counter to the report which Coldstream and McCauley make, the two men are met with sharp suspicion. To rebut this, Coldstream begins the tale that until now he has told no one—the tale of *mentado*. Speaking slowly but clearly, he describes his visit to the attacked village and his conversation with the Communist agent, Jan Ti, who posed as a Buddhist *bonze*. Trying to trap Jan Ti, Coldstream had told him that he knew that Jan Ti was a traitor and he knew Jan Ti's superior. Then, learning that kidnapped villagers had been taken into the hills, Coldstream drove his jeep up an old logging road....

mentado

15

The road curved sharply. The truck stood sideways in the road, blocking the way. It was a U.S. Army truck which had been painted over.

Four men leaned against the truck. One of them had a pistol. Two of them carried rifles. The unarmed one was not Sarkhanese. He was dark and had the features of a Vietnamese from the delta region.

Coldstream got out of his jeep.

"Hello, friends," he said pleasantly. "How is the hunting? It used to be good pig country."

"What are you doing here?" said the man with the pistol. He was a strange-looking Sarkhanese, squat, broad, and heavily muscular like a *sumo* wrestler.

"I am Buan Suang, the merchant," said Coldstream. "I have come to see if the hardwood trees are worth cutting again. A few years ago we cut here—taking out rosewood and teak."

The leader smiled. He nodded to his men.

Coldstream heard a noise behind him and felt a numbing pain along his right temple. The truck and the men dissolved, grew small and distant, then the pain became too great and he fell.

When Coldstream regained consciousness, the leader was pouring water on him. His wrists were tied.

Coldstream said, "You must have [*Continued on page* 115]

Accompanied by the two Americans, Prince Lin stepped out of the Embassy. He raised his hands and the mob suddenly hushed

SOLITUDE AT THE SUMMIT

■ In the beautiful, silent world of high altitude, challenged by snow and ice, cold and clouds, a mountain climber must make a total commitment to his environment. Amateur climber and professional stock analyst Boyd Everett thinks of mountaineering as the physical outlet for an intellectual curiosity. His greatest thrill is to make a first ascent, "to go where no man has ever been, to see what has never been seen."

Everett has made nine first ascents in expeditions to Alaska and Canada. He also is the only man to have climbed North America's three highest peaks. Some of the grandeur of these mountains and the thrill of conquest are found on these pages.

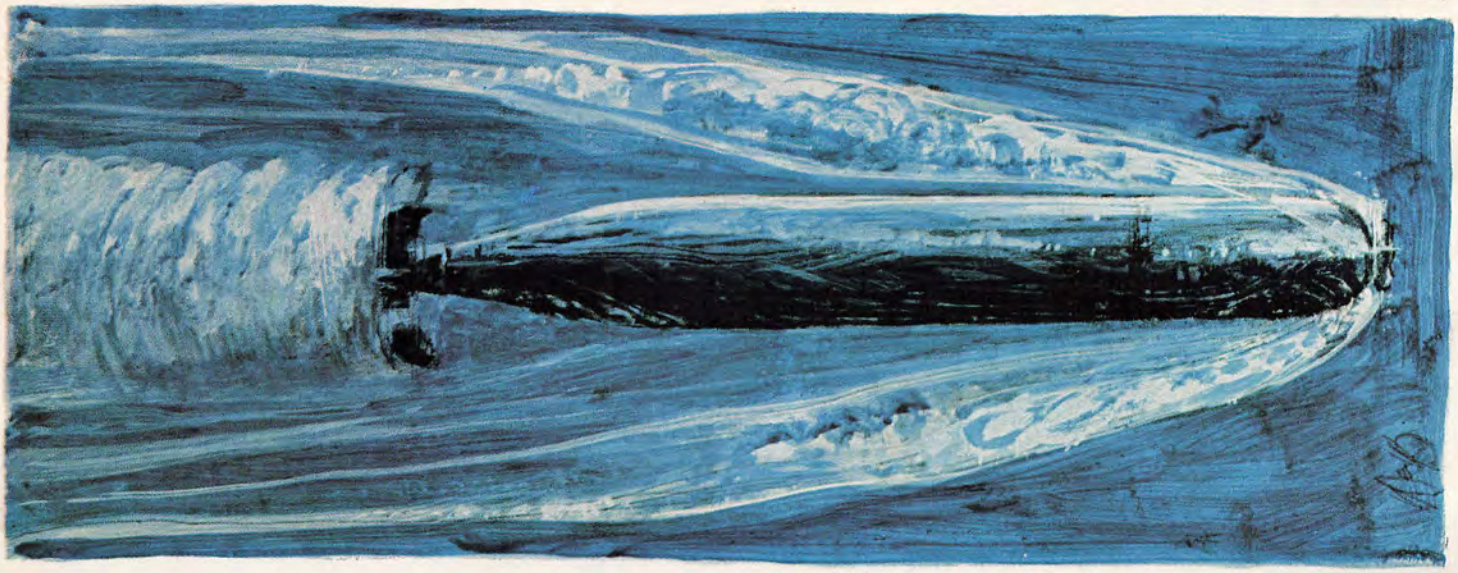
Everett's favorite climb was last summer's first ascent of the Northwest Ridge of Canada's 18,040-foot-high Mt. St. Elias. Here, he is negotiating a crevasse on that ridge. Opposite, the sun rises over Mt. Logan, bringing both beauty and danger. The 19,850-foot mountain is Canada's tallest. Mt. Logan is also the largest mountain mass in the world, its heights emerging out of 25,000 square miles of glacier. When

PHOTOGRAPHS—BOYD EVERETT

Everett went up in 1961, it was necessary to climb at night because the sun on the snow produces violent avalanches.

On this page, Everett is inching his way up a steep ice slope during a first ascent in 1961 of the Southeast Spur of Alaska's Mt. McKinley —at 20,320 feet the continent's highest peak. Opposite is the breathtaking view from a knife-edge ridge on Mt. St. Elias. The ridge was one of many problems—including constant snowstorms and a serious avalanche —the expedition encountered. But for men who climb mountains, a glimpse of wonders such as these, and the challenge of exploring them, make all the hazards worthwhile.

ILLUSTRATED BY TED DE BOSIER

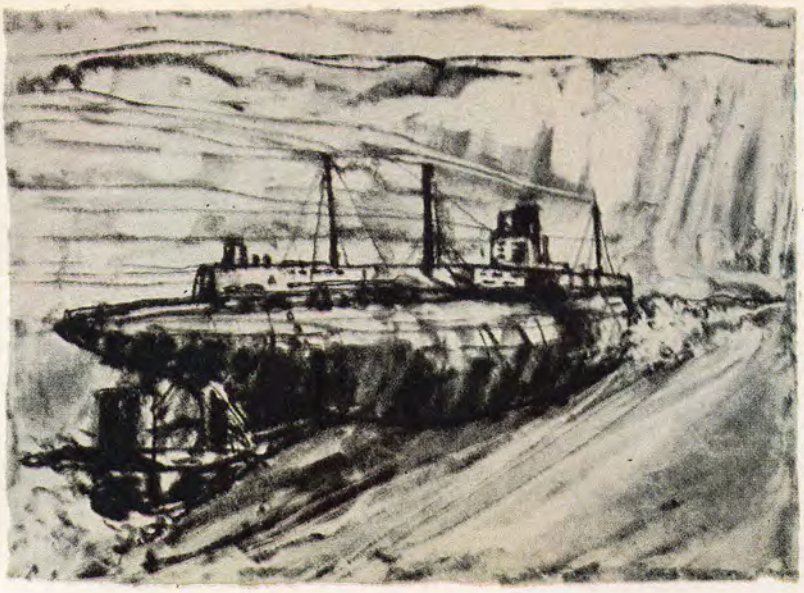


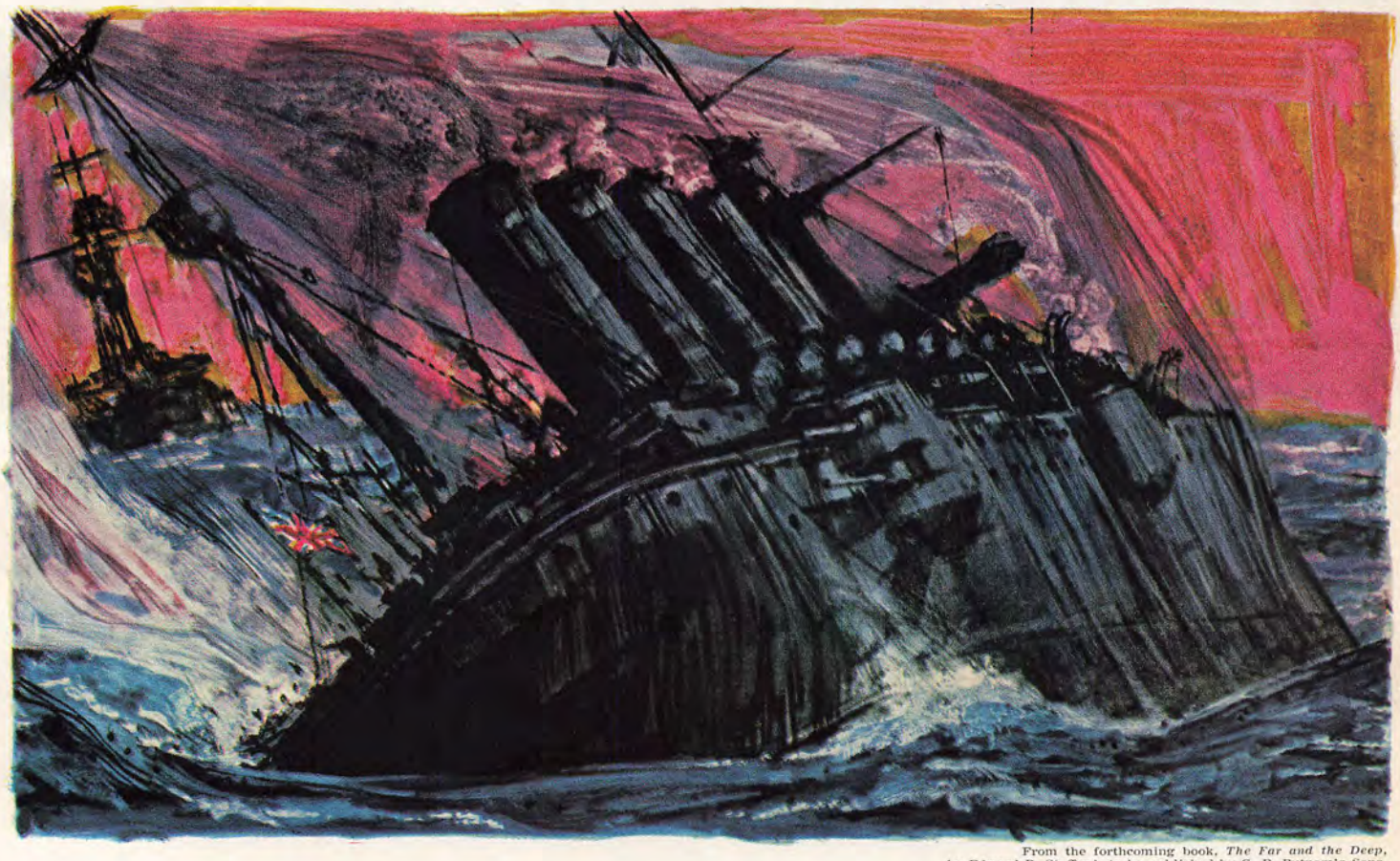
Dawn of the Deep-Sea Killers

Early in World War I a single German submarine took only 90 minutes to change the entire history of naval warfare

BY EDWARD P. STAFFORD

■ Out beyond the chain of offshore islands a heavy ground swell rolled in from the west, but the usual westerly wind was not present. Lt. Otto Weddigen was grateful as he swung the bow of his little submarine, *U-9*, into the sea to skirt the Frisians en route to his patrol station in the channel. It was the 20th of September, 1914, and the war against England was only 47 days old. That morning Weddigen chugged out of the busy basin of the Jade, northward past the cluttered waterfront of Wilhelmshaven through the sheltered home waters of the Helgoland Bight until, free and clear in the open North Sea, he could swing to



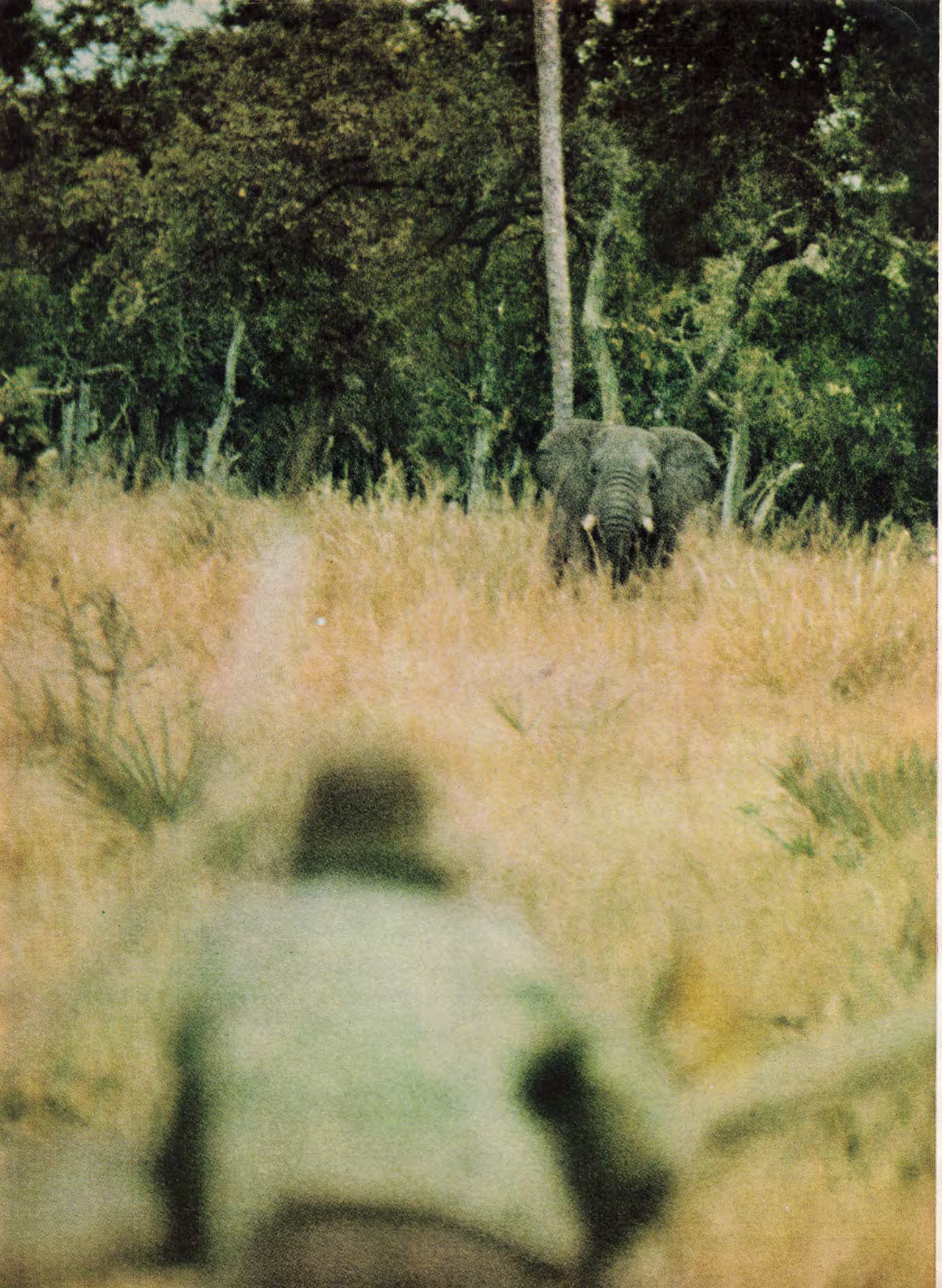


From the forthcoming book, *The Far and the Deep*, by Edward P. Stafford, to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

port into the westerly swell and be about his business.

Weddigen thought about that business now, standing in his conning tower. It was specified clearly enough in the orders he still had in his pocket: "Station yourself near the Ostend lightship and attack all enemy warships and transports in those waters." One might gather from that wording that he was expected to pick off, at his leisure, any old warship or transport that just happened to be steaming past. But as both he and the writer of his orders very well knew, it was through the Belgian port of Ostend that reinforcements and supplies for the British Expeditionary Force, heavily protected by the Royal Navy, were pouring into the continent. He would be lucky, he thought wryly, to be able to see the lightship at all among the convoys of transports and their escorting cruisers and destroyers.

Weddigen had a big job to do with his little 450-ton vessel and its 26 men and four torpedo tubes. Moreover there was no precedent, no experience to lean on. Everything was theory. Only once, just two weeks before, had a torpedo been fired in anger against a warship. The *U-21* had sunk the British light cruiser *Pathfinder*. But another enemy cruiser, the *Birmingham*, had rammed and sunk [*Continued on page* 99]



GIVING TEMBO THE SHAFT

Riflemen use big artillery to bring down a four-ton elephant, but a man named Fred Bear said he would do it with only a bow and a two-ounce arrow

BY PETER BARRETT
TRUE's Outdoors Editor

■ "There's a basic difference between how a bullet and an arrow strike," Fred Bear was telling us. "Drop a bullet from about two feet to the palm of your hand and nothing happens. But I dare you to drop a knife point down onto your palm from the same height. A bullet needs plenty of velocity to penetrate, but an arrow doesn't."

The ebony wood campfire crackled, erupting sparks into the velvet-black African night. A jackal howled somewhere.

"When you shoot a razor-edged hunting arrow you're shooting a knife," Fred went on. "Except that a modern four-bladed arrowhead is devastatingly lethal compared to any knife."

A shiver ran through me. I am a rifle hunter and have tangled with enough dangerous game at ranges under 50 yards to know firsthand how blindingly fast a situation can get hairy. But this calm character of a Bear, hugging his thin knees by the fire, was planning to trot up to a big bull elephant and let fly an arrow at snowball-throwing range.

Put aside all memories of peaceful circus elephants. Consider that an enraged, screaming tusker can outrun any scared man. Go up a tree then? Forget it! A four-ton bull elephant can push over most trees. It can also pluck a man loose from 20 feet up a tree. Caught, you haven't a chance—you'll either be flung about like a rag, thoroughly holed by a tusk or stamped into jelly.

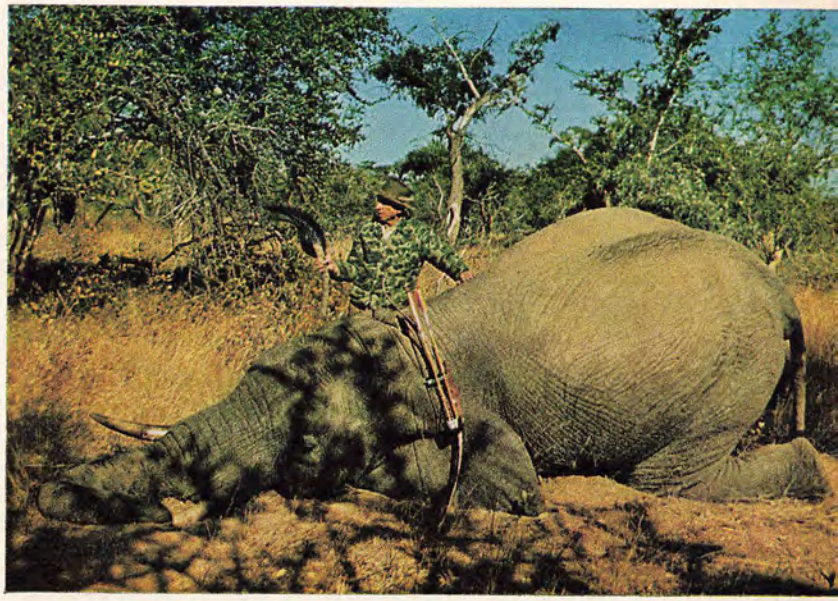
"Most people—including plenty of hunters—don't think of the bow as an effective weapon for big game, let alone dangerous game," Fred went on, kicking the fire. "Well, American archers have shot so much big game at home they've settled the first myth. Now I want to prove that a bowman can take the most dangerous game on earth."

There was a stirring of chairs. Our white hunters exchanged glances. Perhaps they were recalling a couple of other archery safaris by Americans which did not reflect credit on the bow. One fellow came to shoot an elephant and fired a considerable number of arrows at a beast which came to a lingering end.

What our hunters didn't know yet—for Fred Bear is unusually reticent about his hunting—is that he had already accounted for 77 head of big game, some of it dangerous. A tiger in India, for instance. Also grizzly and brown bears in Canada and Alaska. In fact, he had shot a grizzly bear in the Yukon at *25-yard range* with no one standing by holding a cocked rifle.

The cold nerve of the guy is a part of Bear you don't suspect when you meet him. He is

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT HALMI



Bear and his tusker, killed with a single arrow. "I hit it a bit far back," he remarked apologetically, but the elephant died soon after.

Bear watches a medicine man invoke luck for bow, arrows. Gag or not, they soon found game.

tall and thin, with big hands and feet, and the blue eyes smile easily. You'd guess his age at around 48 rather than 62, for he has an astonishing litheness and sparkle about him. Bear talks with a bit of a drawl, and this combined with slightly jugged ears and a certain diffidence—he'll stop in midsentence and listen attentively, if someone speaks up—may convey a brief impression that he is a hayseed. I say "brief" because anyone who progresses from making bows in his basement in the Depression, as Fred did, to heading the Bear Archery Company (yearly business: $3 million) is clearly no hick.

I privately assessed his chances of downing an elephant without rifle help as *maybe*. And I'm sure our white hunters held a more conservative view.

At this point you may well wonder: What's so tough about a bow-hunter downing an elephant—don't Africans do this? They do, of course, but their arrows are *poisoned* and a hit that draws blood almost anywhere on a beast is eventually fatal, depending on the freshness of the poison and the size of the elephant. So far as I can determine, no white archer had ever killed a bull elephant cleanly up to the time Fred Bear came looking for one in southern Mozambique that June, of 1964.

Arthur Godfrey and I were the rifle hunters on this safari, with Walter Johnson, Jr., and Wally, Sr., our white hunters. Fred, who was hunting with a 70-pound bow (it "pulled" 70 pounds on the draw), had a young, slender Portuguese hunter whose last name was Peixe, which means "fish" in his language. Inevitably, we called him Fish. He spoke perfect English and despite his youth he was a real pro. Much of the time we went our separate ways, though I occasionally accompanied Fred.

We were based on the Save River at a delightful spot called Camp Ruark (named for the writer), well situated in the vast hunting concession of Mozambique Safarilandia. Plains game was everywhere. Buffalo and elephant were plentiful and, most important to Fred, some were nearby. A herd of elephants actually passed within 200 yards of our camp one night.

In the days that followed, we began to learn something of the limitations of the bow as compared to a rifle. The shots Arthur Godfrey and I were taking usually fell somewhere between 100 and 200 yards, with an occasional longer one. Once I had to take two zebras at about 300 yards because they were in the middle of a plain and wouldn't permit a closer approach.

But Fred had to restrict his longest shots to 50 or 55 yards.

"That's what archery is all about. It's a stalking sport," he explained one day. "You have to get close to your quarry and this can take some doing. Often you fail. But, brother, it's dammed exciting."

Impala bucks (about the size of U.S. pronghorn antelope) had been giving Fred a hard time because they proved exceptionally [*Continued on page* 68]

Lazy Jim Butler would have made Horatio Alger sick. He found $250 million in silver ore without half trying but wouldn't pick up a shovel to dig the stuff. Then, while his friends slaved to cash in on the bonanza, Jim settled for the prettiest payoff of all—

HE MADE A MILLION (SITTING ON HIS DUFF)

BY AL GAUMER

TONOPAH, NEVADA

■ I stood on a lonely expanse of desert, just 200 miles north of the scintillating spectacle of bare bosoms and blinking neons called Las Vegas. Here there was only the solitude of alkali-parched earth and a sea of sagebrush where scattered humps of broken rock marked the sites of prospect holes and mine shafts that were dug long ago.

"This must be it," I thought. I had found the place without difficulty. The distance and directions had been given me by a bearded character on the streets of Tonopah, a once amazingly rich silver mining camp.

"Y'go thataway," he pointed a finger as gnarled and twisted as a branch of hill oak. "Oh . . . 'bout eight, ten miles. Give'r take a mile or two. You'll see the mine dumps."

Overhead the sky was brassy. And save for a whisper of wind, there was no sound. I was as alone as any man can get in these noise-ridden United States and for a moment I let my thoughts wander back.

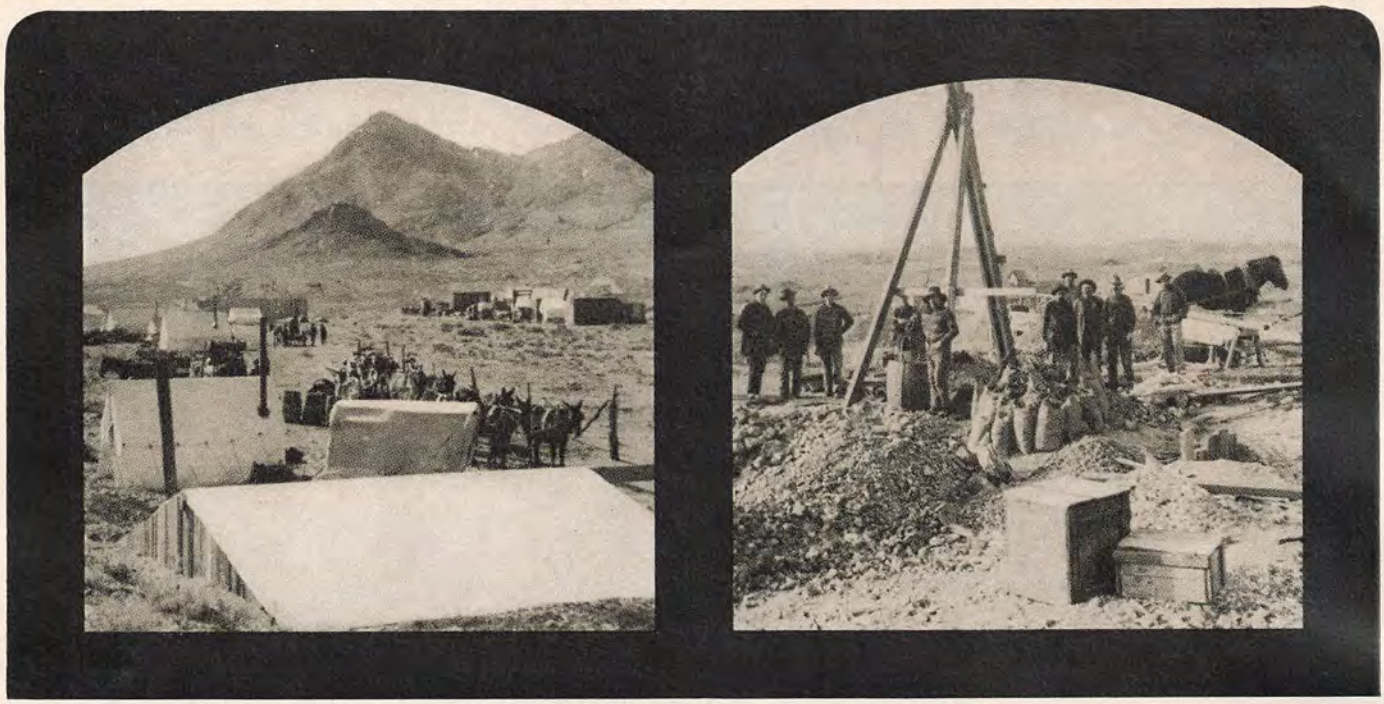
Back to a day when in the last light of a late afternoon the figure of a man appeared across the beige-gray desert. Behind him plodded a shaggy gray burro, its pack saddle humped up with a burden of prospecting equipment and supplies. Across the mirage-distorted distance, the man and burro seemed to blend and become one with the sea of sagebrush.

May 19, 1900, was a day never to be forgotten in prospecting history. For on that day, in windstorm, Big Jim Butler followed his burro to shelter behind a quartz ledge. That ledge was to make Butler a millionaire many times over.

Mr. James L. Butler, as he was soon to be called, was born in Eldorado County, California, in 1855. He grew up in the boom camps of Eureka and Austin, Nevada, and terms like drift, stope, hard-rock and high grade became as familiar to him as the scuff marks on his boots. In his early years, he roamed the desert and finally married and settled down on a little homestead in the Monitor Valley in central Nevada, an arid pocket isolated behind a sweep of desert that is as barren as any you'll find on the North American continent. This lonely valley, surrounded by broken badlands, rust-brown cliffs, alkali flats and sagebrush, suited Jim Butler fine. He considered it twice blessed because of its freedom from people and taxes.

Then one day he heard rumors of a gold strike made by Cal and Wilson Brougher and their partner Frank Higgs, some three or four days' journey from his cabin

It was boom time in the desert. High-grade ore was taken out of the parched rock by



in the Monitor Valley. To get there he had to cross the piñon-studded Manhattan Mountains, a scrubby range to the south, and then go past a point where the sagebrush seemed to grow a little taller because of a seep of water the Indians said flowed underground beneath the area. The natives called this place "Tonopah Springs." Outside of the more vigorous sagebrush, there was little else to distinguish it from any other point in the gray and desolate wasteland.

On the second night out, Butler and his burro were caught in a sandstorm and forced to camp in the lee of a desert wash. True to form, the burro wandered away during the night in search of browse. Jim awoke in the morning's first light and went to search for the burro. The wind was still a howling gale, carrying a fistful of sand to the cubic foot of air. Butler fought his way down the wash and soon found his burro standing behind the protecting rim of a rock ledge that rose above the sagebrush. Butler squatted down alongside the ledge to wait out the storm. While waiting, he chipped off a few pieces of the ledge and examined them. The rock was a heavily mineralized quartz. Butler put the samples in a bag. Later that day, when the storm died down, he continued his trip to the Broughers' claim.

When the Brougher brothers and Higgs saw Butler and his burro approaching out of the wilderness, they climbed out of the shallow mine shaft they were digging and hailed him.

"What'n hell do you suppose he's doing here?" Cal Brougher asked. "It's a lead pipe cinch he didn't come to help us dig this prospect hole," Frank Higgs declared. "He's the laziest man in Nevada."

When Butler came up, Frank Higgs spoke. "Well, Jim, hop down in this here hole and wear off some of that fat you've been storing up all winter."

Jim Butler looked down at the tools lying idle where the men had dropped them. "Big Jim" had little use for picks and shovels, or any tool, for that matter, that made "labor slaves out of freedom loving men." It made Jim Butler tired just to watch another man work. He declined Higgs' offer and said, "Oh, I just came down to see how you were making out. Are you getting any pay dirt?"

"Well," Wilson Brougher admitted, "it ain't exactly what you'd call high grade, yet."

Jim Butler knelt and carefully examined the rock from their newly dug hole. Then he said, "I've got something better and a helluva lot closer t'home." He went to the pack on his burro, dug out his rock samples and tossed them carelessly to the three men.

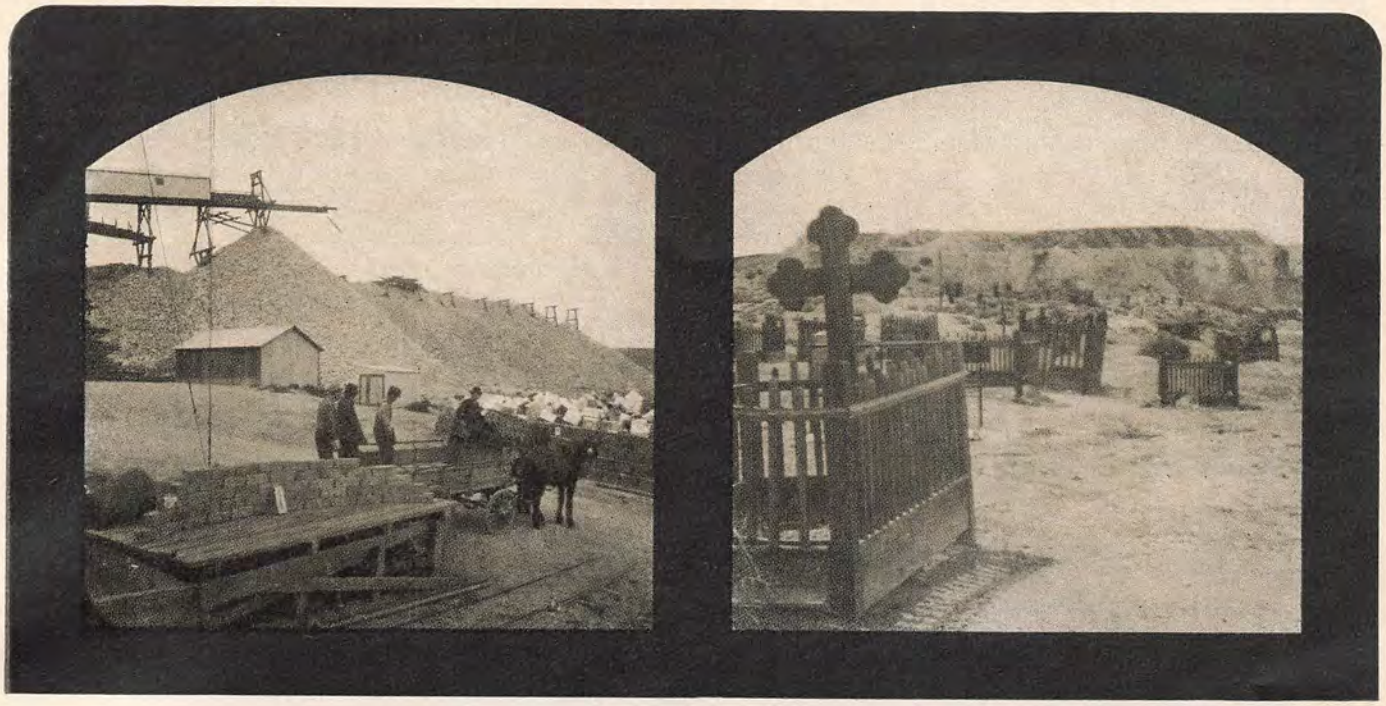
Frank Higgs thought he knew ore. He always carried a small assay outfit with him on his prospecting trips. But after a brief inspection of the rock, Higgs and the Brougher brothers tossed it aside. Then Cal asked, "Where'd you get that worthless stuff, Jim?"

Butler replied, "I picked it up this morning as I came by that place the Indians call Tonopah."

"Well, offhand I'd say it wasn't worth five cents a ton," Frank Higgs said.

But Butler wasn't convinced. "It looks like it's shot through with some sort of mineral. Tell you what I'll

the wagonload and hauled away to distant smelters—but many miners remained behind



do, Frank. You go ahead and assay it and I'll give you an interest if it's worth staking."

"Hell," Higgs declared, "I'd be a damn fool to waste my supplies on rock like that."

Jim Butler watched the three partners return to their prospect hole; watched them swing their picks and shovels. It made him uneasy to see men sweat from work. "Best of luck, boys," he said. "Guess I'll be heading on back."

The three men watched him as he struck out once more across the desert. Butler had left his samples of ore lying beside the newly dug mine shaft.

On his way back to Monitor Valley, Butler went by Tonopah Springs again. He was in no hurry. Big Jim always figured the bigger the fool the faster he ran. So he spent another day looking around and once again located the ledge where the burro had strayed in the sandstorm. On a hunch, nothing more, he broke off some more specimens and stowed them away in the burro's pack.

He considered erecting a claim location monument on the spot, just in case he wanted to file on it when he got back to the county seat at Belmont. But it was a blistering hot day and the prospect of gathering and piling a pile of rock at least four feet high didn't appeal to him. It was just too damn much work. Anyhow, the ore might be worthless, as Frank Higgs said it was, and then piling the rock monument would prove a pure waste of energy.

Homeward bound, Jim decided to swing a little to the west so he could go through Belmont. There he ran into Tasker L. Oddie, a young attorney who'd recently been elected County Prosecutor. Butler knew of Oddie's interest in mining, so he said, "Tasker, I've got some nice ore specimens here in my pack. Tell you what I'll do. You have them assayed and if they prove to be worth anything, I'll give you an interest in the claim."

Tasker Oddie had recently come to Nevada from the East and knew little or nothing about mining. So, even though Butler's ore looked like nothing but rock to him, he agreed to have it assayed. It was this casual transaction that undoubtedly led to Oddie's eventual rise to become governor of Nevada and United States Senator.

Once in possession of Butler's Tonopah rock, Tasker Oddie proved himself a true initiate into the "western fraternity." Not having money to pay for the assay, he sacked the rock and shipped it by stage to his friend, Walt Gayhart, in Austin. Gayhart was a part-time school teacher, part-time attorney, part-time deputy mineral surveyor and part-time assayer. All four parts put together provided Gayhart with a tolerably decent living. On the Sunday following the day he received the sack of rock from Tasker Oddie, along with Oddie's note offering him a half interest in Oddie's interest in Butler's as yet unstaked claim, Gayhart fired up his assay furnace and ran a test on the ore samples. As he weighed the tiny assay buttons, the results indicated that the ore ran $575 per ton. This wasn't just rich ore! This was bonanza silver ore!

Gayhart had to wait until [*Continued on page* 78]

The idea was fast and foolproof, they thought, and the boys were already

■ In the exercise yard of the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo, sleek Murry Thomas Evans, a handsome auto swindler, turned to his cellmate.

"Harry," he said, "we're getting out soon. How'd you like to spend the next couple of years in South America, living like a fat-rumped millionaire?"

"Who wouldn't?" Harry answered, with righteous contempt for another small-time scam. Harry Gross was a famous man. In the 1950's he had served four years in New York for something worthwhile—he had run a $20-million-a-year police-protected betting empire. He had been big—and now, 48 years old, he was simply sitting out a 1-10 year stretch for voluntary manslaughter, after the fatal shooting of his wife's grandfather.

"I got a $3 million angle!" Evans added urgently, in his honeyed Louisiana drawl. "And it won't take but 30-40 days to make the score."

"How?" Harry challenged.

"In the used-car business."

"That cuts it," Harry said indignantly, straightening to his full 5 feet 4. "I ain't a crook. I'm an honest bookmaker!"

Back in their cell, Evans kept after Gross. "I'm talking about late-model Cadillacs, Lincolns, Thunderbirds—not about junkers. We're not going to shove

BY WALTER WAGNER
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HUEHNERGARTH

drooling over the beauties that $3 million could buy. Then the suckers screamed

wrecks at anyone. Here, I'll lay out the plan for you."

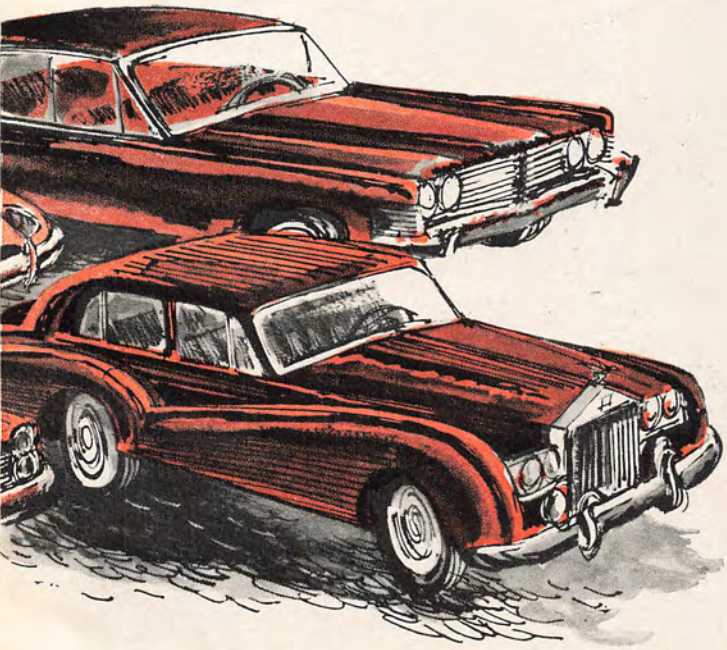
Briefly, he explained they would open a used-car lot and advertise for almost-new cars. When a seller appeared, he'd be given the story that they had a buyer for his car—but the man had his money tied up for a month. Meanwhile, Evans and Gross would advance the seller a good $1,000 check of their own, with a bum 30-day draft for the balance and a phony insurance policy to cover the car until the sale was complete. Once they had physical possession of the car, they'd sell it immediately, and the pigeon would stay quiet until the draft came due.

"I figure we can grab 20-30 cars a day at a profit of $3,000-$4,000 on each car. The daily take can run easy over $100,000. When the suckers start to squawk, we skip."

It was a prospect that merited thought. They refined the plan and rehearsed it ceaselessly. Harry played the mark, and though he probed endlessly for weak spots, he couldn't find any. He was convinced.

The grand strategy began as soon as the boys were released. Evans was freed October 1, 1962. Gross got out two weeks later.

First they looked for capital to get them rolling. They also needed a distributor to handle their merchandise. Evans decided to [*Continued on page* 103]



the great hot-car con

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY J. FREDERICK SMITH

The main thing is to stick the pin in the right place: old Chinese chart shows where.

BY ROBERT GANNON

An Oriental Gift to Health and Happiness

There are some odd new ideas drifting around the medical world these days. One of the strangest is acupuncture, an ancient Chinese practice in which the patient gets stuck with golden pins

■ The patient leaves the tiny waiting room with its ancient tapestry, medieval paintings and hammered copper bloodletting cup, and enters the inner office. The doctor who greets her is tall and lean, his hair wisped with gray. He has an air of distinction, someone to trust. His voice, Viennese accent still heavy after more than two decades in the U.S., placates, soothes.

The doctor decides the patient has an underactive gall bladder. He asks her to slip off her left shoe and stocking. He picks up a tiny, solid gold needle and calmly sticks it into the skin on the side of her ankle. Then he pushes another needle into her leg near the knee, carefully inserts a third near the outside corner of her right eye. They don't go in deep and they don't seem to hurt.

Fifteen minutes later he plucks the pins out. The woman walks away happy, her gall bladder symptoms gone.

The doctor, William Gutman, M.D., 65, is a licensed physician, a general practitioner and, his patients insist, a good one. His office is just around the corner from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City's smart upper east side, and his waiting room usually is full.

Doctor Gutman treats most of his patients with conventional medicine: pills, shots, X rays, the usual. Most of his practice, in fact, differs hardly at all from the work of any other family doctor. The only thing that sets him apart from the rest of his profession is his use of the pins. This makes him an acupuncturist, a practitioner of the ancient Chinese system used for everything from impotence and piles to tonsilitis and appendicitis.

The treatment used to be limited to the Orient, to mysterious herb doctors who as often as not prescribe the swallowing of live tadpoles to guard against pregnancy. Lately, however, acupuncture has gained an astonishing number of converts in the western world, especially in Europe. Doctor Gutman has the distinction of being the first man in North America to be both an M.D. and an acupuncturist.

He leans back in his swivel chair, props slippered feet on the corner of the sofa, looks at the ceiling and spreads his long arms. "Imagine that the skin is like a huge projection screen of the body and all its organs," he explains. "Hundreds and hundreds of nerves are ending in the skin, connected backwards through pathways to organs in the [*Continued on page* 92]

A 10 year veteran of professional basketball who knows the game's every dirty trick—and has used them all—now says new rules must be written to put a stop to mounting violence on the court. If not,

SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET KILLED!

■ First be quick—quick enough to stick to guys who have the moves of a water bug. Be strong, strong enough to drive for a lay-up with a 200-pound guard hanging from your arm like an ape from a tree. Learn how to take a punch to the kidney without getting riled. Then learn how to sneak a punch to someone else's kidney so the referee doesn't catch you. Now you're ready to play in the National Basketball Association, as I did for 10 years with four teams. Except for one thing: You can be quick and strong and have the best sneak punch in the business, but you're dead in pro basketball if you can't stand the sight of blood.

You get to see a lot of it. Some of it is yours. Especially under the backboards, the place the NBA players call the butcher shop. Last season they carted them out of the butcher shop bleeding like so many sides of beef. Los Angeles' Jerry West had his nose smashed by a flying elbow. When they pried his hands loose from his face, there was blood, gore and small bits of bone where the bridge of his nose had been. Boston's Willie Naulls was slammed to the floor, his head snapping against the boards. They carried Willie off with a brain concussion. Cincinnati's Jerry Lucas fell and someone's knee dug into his chest, slicing a rib from the breastbone, and the rib came within a few quivering inches of a lung.

In a play-off game, West stuck a finger in the eye of Boston's Bill Russell. Bill thought the eye had been knocked right out of his head. "I covered my face," he said, "but I was afraid to put my finger near the eye. I thought I'd feel nothing but an empty hole." Johnny Green, at that time with New York, went up for a rebound against Walt Bellamy, then playing for Baltimore. Bellamy flailed an elbow into Green's mouth and, if you've heard a two-by-four board being whacked across a man's face, you know the sound. When Green hit the floor, he grabbed for his face and did an inventory count of bones and teeth.

Early this season the Celtics' seven-foot center, Mel Counts, stuck out a hand in the butcher shop and someone broke his wrist. The Knicks' Willis Reed stopped an elbow with his nose and now the nose sort of snakes down his face. Baltimore's Gus Johnson got knocked down and *pop!* some bones in his wrist were going one way and some another.

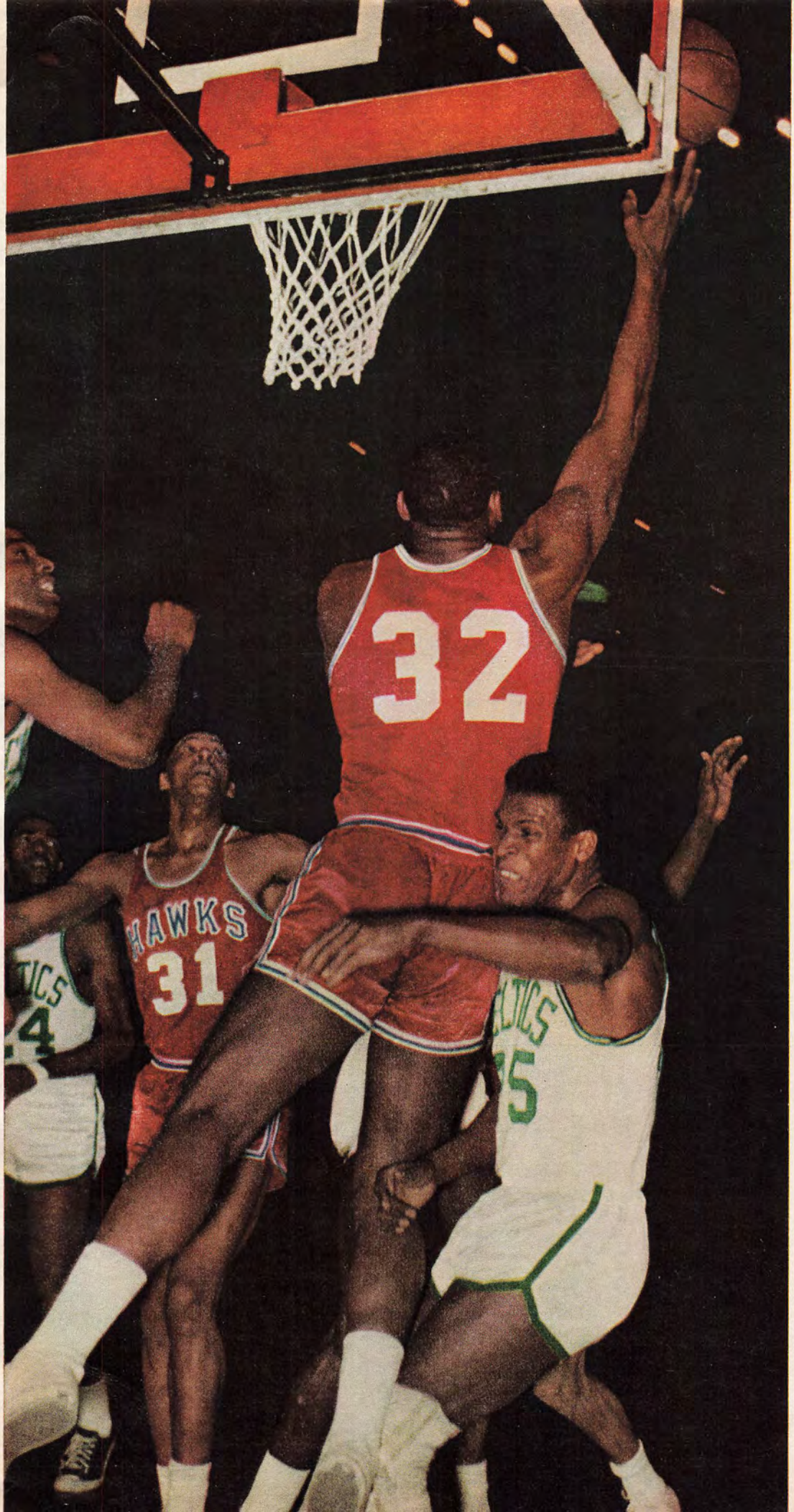
Last season someone undercut Bob Pettit of St. Louis. Undercutting is the one illegal stunt that all NBA players despise. It's dirty, it's inexcusable and some day it could be fatal. The undercutter does his job when an opponent has driven around his man, has a clear lane for the basket and leaps into the air for a lay-up. To stop him, the undercutter steps into the shooter's path and bends his back, just as though he were a table.

The man with the ball is up in the air and helpless. When his knees hit that table, over he goes, in a wild somersault, his hands thrust out in front of him. He has been moving at good speed, so he hits the floor hard and, if his wrists are rigid, it's *crunch! crackle! pop!* and let's go to the bone mender.

When it happened to Pettit last season, he flipped over in the air, came down on his back and there were so many aches in his knees and back that he had to retire soon after. The Hawks' owner, Ben Kerner, says the game is as rough as pro football and this season Jack McMahon, coach of the Cincinnati Royals, declared that pro basketball had become an "alley fight."

It has always been an alley fight. I broke into the NBA with the Minneapolis Lakers and later I was with Cincinnati, St. Louis, [*Continued on page* 107]

BY CLYDE LOVELLETTE WITH JOHN DEVANEY



BRUISING BLOCKS ARE SOMETIMES UNAVOIDABLE. PLAYERS CALL THIS UNDER-THE-BASKET SPOT "THE BUTCHER SHOP."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRED KAPLAN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ERNEST GAY

NEW BOOM FOR MR. LINCOLN'S LOGS

Today's log cabins are precut, easy to put up and as modern or rustic as the owner wishes. Result: Thousands of Americans are building them—and finding them great homes

BY EVAN HILL

■ The pioneer log cabin—hewed from the wilderness, roofed with hand-split shingles and held together with axed notches and hardwood pegs—retains a traditional, historic spot in American hearts. It represents solid Americanism, a place for a President to be born; it is symbolic of Puritan virtue, hard work and home sweet home. It is disillusioning but true, however, that back in the pioneer days a log cabin was in fact dark, dirty and drafty. It had an earthen floor, a leaky roof, flaking walls, a smoky fireplace and sagging doors. As regular as the seasons, the mud and straw chinking fell from between the logs and had to be replaced. Any sensible frontiersman who lived in a log cabin for as long as a year would rather build a new one than try to clean up the old.

So much for the legend. Happily, for those Americans who still love logs, the 1966 version of the old Kentucky home has evolved into a downright homey pad. Technology is helping Americans become pioneers by proxy. The log cabin is now precut, even prefabricated. It has often been designed by an architect. It meets building codes. It has all the charm of the colonial-days cabin, but none of the disadvantages. At least 15 manufacturers are now selling these 20th century, do-it-yourself packages. The result is the biggest boom in log cabins since the advent of sliced wood.

Motels are being built of precut logs, as are restaurants, recreation halls, wilderness construction camps, churches and religious centers, teen-age camps. Thousands of log vacation homes are erected by their owners beside lakes and in the mountains. A $400,000 year-round vacation apartment building, constructed of precut logs, was completed only a few months ago near Brainerd, Minnesota. All 50 units in the two-story, 700-feet-long cooperative were sold before completion. Many Americans are building log vacation homes today, planning to move into them permanently when they retire.

Why? Look at what a log cabin offers. There are solid walls from two to 10 inches thick, depending on type. Thick walls mean a cooler house in summer and lower winter heating bills, for wood is a highly effective insulator. Log cabin buffs report 25-50 percent savings in fuel bills compared with conventional houses of the same size.

The solid wall is more fire-resistant because it has no hollow partitions to act as flues. The interior wall is finished on erection; some manufacturers slab their logs so the inside wall is smooth and jointed, resembling knotty pine or cedar. In any case there is no need for wallpaper, and painting is unnecessary unless the owner wants to treat [*Continued on page* 83]

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

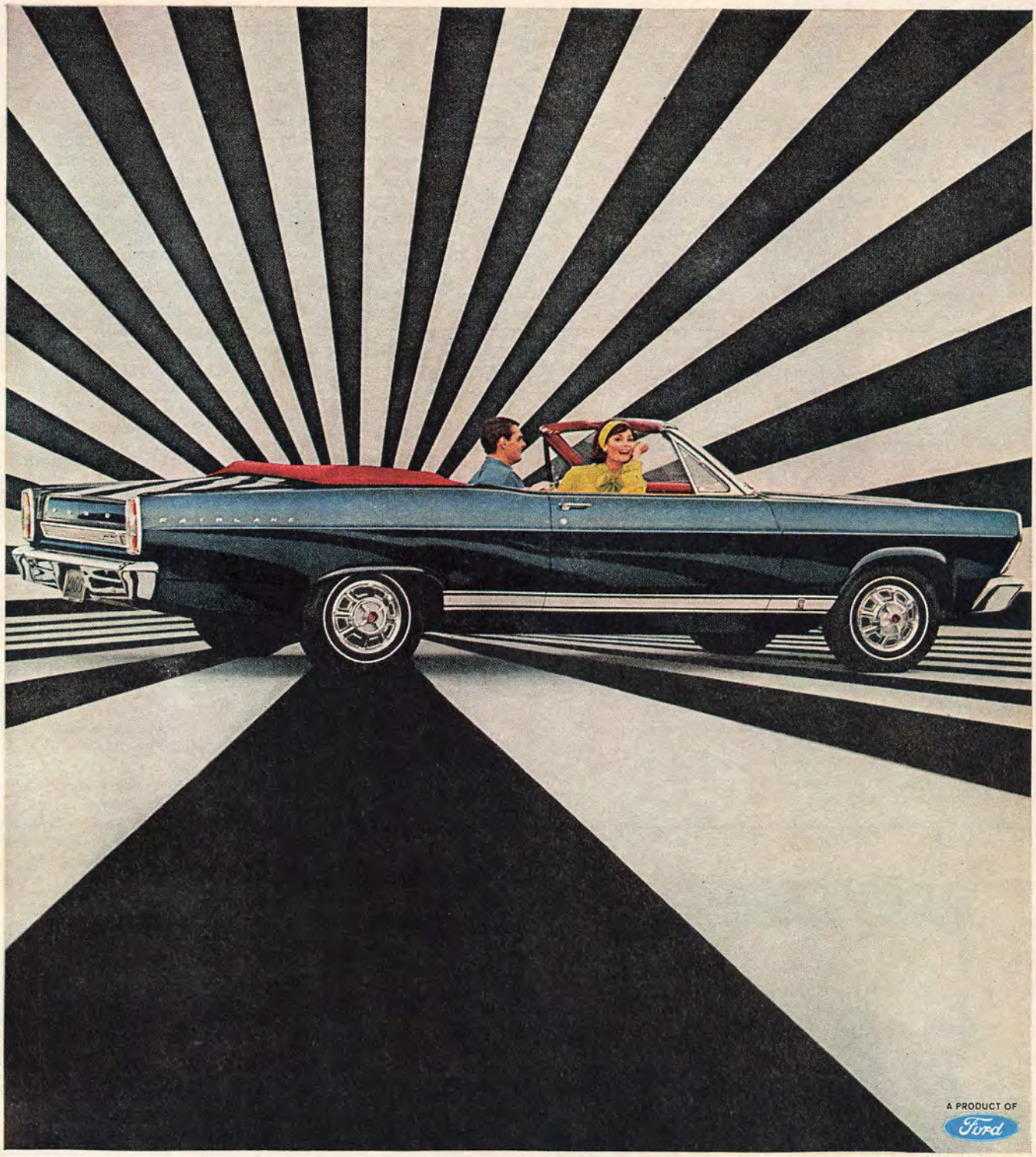
Buying a wife by giving her parents a certain number of cows is familiar to everybody who has heard anything about the more primitive—or more practical-minded—tribes of mankind. Less well known, however, is a tribe in west Africa that uses a different medium of exchange. The Nemadi are nearly naked nomads who live by hunting. Consequently their unit of value in making a wife deal is the dog. An average wife is worth four or five dogs. A superior wife will cost six or more. Anthropologists discount a report that a well-to-do bridegroom's family once paid 100 dogs for a bride, doubting that there were ever such dog-rich Rockefellers among the poor Nemadi, or that a Nemadi man could ever consider a woman equal to so many dogs in value.

Pulling the President's nose must be one of the rarest of all American crimes . . . it has been done only once and isn't likely, all things considered, ever to be done again. The Presidential nose was Andrew Jackson's, and the puller was an ex-Navy lieutenant, Robert Randolph. He had been accused of pocketing funds while purser of the frigate *Constitution* and had been dismissed on an order signed by Jackson. One spring day in 1833 at Alexandria he joined visitors aboard a Potomac steamboat on which the President was junketing downriver. Jackson sat reading behind a cabin table while politicians chatted nearby; he looked across at the strange young visitor before him, who was drawing off a glove. "Never mind your glove, sir," said Jackson, offering to shake hands. Randolph thrust out his hand—and yanked the President's nose. "What, sir!" roared Jackson; he rose, knocking over the table, and grabbed his cane. Randolph wrenched free from those who tried to seize him, ran down the gangplank and escaped ashore. Meanwhile, friends had halted Jackson, cane upraised, by closing the cabin door; he pounded and threatened to break it down unless they let him out. After cooling down, Jackson vowed that had he been prepared for the attack, things would have gone differently. Which well they might have—despite his 66 years, "Old Hickory" was a tough Tennessean. He refused, however, to prosecute Randolph, who thus not only tweaked a President's nose successfully, but got away with it.

Arrow throwing was a sport practiced briefly half a century ago in England. There it thrived and expired unknown to the world despite record-setting feats —the longest throws ever made with any object by human arm power. Other hurling sports fell far short. While Olympic contenders perfected javelin throwing (present record, 284 feet) and American baseball fielders tried for a mightiest fling (now, 445 feet), Yorkshire workingmen were throwing arrows 750 to 900 feet; the farthest mark was 1,116 feet. They were actually outdistancing the gentlemen archers of their day, whose bow-twanged arrows didn't reach 900 feet in competition until 1929. The Yorkshire arrow thrower had a brawny arm, a strong forefinger, and a bit of string. His arrow was a 31-inch hazel shoot, pithy and thin-walled to scale only about a half ounce, tapered weight-forward, and without head, feathers or nock. The thrower held the arrow nose aloft between thumb and two middle fingers; the string, secured around his forefinger, stretched tautly back to grip the arrow midway in a single wrap with knotted end jammed under. The string propelled the arrow and fell away as forefinger and arm jerked forward. Skilled arrow throwers liked their sport untainted by amateurism. They competed before Sunday crowds who staked them to bets or passed the hat. *By Stan Forbes, Santa Monica, Calif.*

Men began to ride horses—at first, bareback, then on pads or saddles—more than 5,000 years ago. Yet during an incredibly long period thereafter, they rode with feet dangling awkwardly for lack of one simple improvement. For at least 3,000 years, nobody thought to invent the stirrup. Without this stabilizing device, mounted warriors had poor balance and were literally pushovers for lance-wielding ground troops. Cavalry seldom figured in ancient warfare. Thus neither the Greeks nor the Romans—to whom the stirrup was unknown—bothered much with horses; Rome's conquering legions marched and fought on foot. Just where the stirrup first appeared, and when, is uncertain. India in the 2nd century B.C., according to preserved art, had a tiny stirrup loop in which the barefooted rider stuck his big toe. By the 4th century A.D., China had regular stirrups; they spread to Korea and Japan, then westward to central Asia and Persia. Around the year 700, they came to Constantinople and at last to Europe. Stirrups, profoundly changed western civilization. They made possible the armored knight, firmly seated on his charger and almost invincible in war; the knight made possible the feudal form of society that endured for centuries. Stirrups left an indelible mark on history—but it still remains a mystery why the human brain took so long to invent them. *By Robert Evart, Muncie, Ind.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036



1966 Fairlane GT

The Wizard of "Aah's"... new 1966 Fairlane

Now Fairlane swings out with a great new look, new models – including three of the newest convertibles on the road!

You get the idea when you take your first look at the '66 Fairlane GT convertible. Standard equipment includes bucket seats, sporty console, big 390 cubic-inch V-8, and more. GT has options like GT/A, which means Sport Shift Cruise-O-Matic, our new automatic transmission that you can also shift like a manual. Some car! New this year too are an XL convertible, a Squire wagon with Magic Doorgate (swings open like a door for people *and* swings down like a tailgate for cargo!). This year we re-invented Fairlane. Drive one today and see!

AMERICA'S
TOTAL PERFORMANCE CARS

FORD

MUSTANG • FALCON • FAIRLANE
FORD • THUNDERBIRD

GIVING TEMBO THE SHAFT

[*Continued from page* 54]

wary of anyone on foot. But one day he made a stalk on a good one and everything favored him—the wind didn't change and the slight cover let him get within 40 yards of the buck.

There was the faintest of flashes as the white fiber glass arrow sped toward its mark. But even as the arrow flew the buck went into a quick crouch and the arrow flicked over its back. One jump carried the impala to safety behind the trees.

Fred wore a rueful grin afterward. "We call that performance jumping the bowstring," he remarked. "Most animals that I've hunted so far react with instant fear to the twang of the bow. Well, a long-legged antelope like that impala must crouch before it can make a leap and that's what this one did—he wasn't ducking the sight of the arrow but he was reacting to the sound of the string."

I'd noticed that game animals react similarly to any sudden *human* sound from nearby. Once a friend got out his lighter as we padded quietly along a woods trail and when the lighter lid went *chink,* an elk we hadn't seen nearby jumped and took off. A cough is just as deadly. But a scuffing foot or snapping twig may not frighten game for the sound *could* be made by another animal.

"Isn't there some way to make the string quiet?" I asked.

"Sure. Sometimes we put rubber dampeners on the bowstring, but this adds weight—so you wind up shooting low because you've lost velocity. Occasionally it's possible to mask the noise of the string by shooting when the wind rustles leaves. Once I managed to time my release to blend with the ax stroke of a woodchopper."

"Good lord! Does anything else work against you?"

"Well, a bowman usually gets only one shot."

One arrow for an elephant isn't much of a chance, I thought. Nor is a single arrow my idea of good odds against a leopard, lion or a Cape buffalo, all of which Bear had taken licenses for. Yet he could hardly wait for a crack at any of these.

Meanwhile, there was plenty of other game about. Fred would set off every morning with Fish, in the latter's Land Cruiser. The sharp-eyed trackers Babunda and Peter sat in the rear watching for game. They'd see waterbuck by the dozen, hundreds of impala, warthogs everywhere it was open, wildebeest, zebras, kongoni, sable antelope. Even the rare nyala and the ultra-shy greater kudu were seen almost daily.

The country was gently rolling and lightly forested, with occasional clearings; ideal for bow hunting, Fred said. June is a winter month in this part of Africa—the grass was dead and the leaves mostly fallen. The Save River was low and waterholes out in the bush grew visibly lower day by day under a warm sun.

Soon I detected a change in the attitude of the white hunters toward Fred.

"He shot clean through a big old waterbuck this morning," I overheard Fish telling Wally Johnson. "And the arrow would have stuck in a tree if it had hit straight on."

"How far did the buck go?"

"Hundred yards, then fell hard. Damn good, eh?"

That was the day someone tried to draw Fred's bow full to his chin and failed. I had a go. Couldn't make it either. The bow had a "weight" or "draw" of 70 pounds when pulled to proper shooting position. Well, any man can *lift* 70 pounds, so how come this bow was so rugged?

"You have to train back muscles not ordinarily used," Fred explained. "When I had the shop in Detroit a couple of pro wrestlers in their prime came in, one wanted a bow like mine. In fact, after looking at my thin physique, I think he wanted a more powerful bow. But he couldn't draw mine, which really broke up his partner.

"I gave him a 45- or 50-pound bow to try and he could draw it and hold it without quivering for five seconds. I told him this would be a good starting bow, that eventually he'd draw it with more ease and *then* he'd be ready for a powerful hunting bow. And even so, it would be tough at first."

Bear told us that he has to retrain himself every summer just so he can use his own bow come fall. "I can barely pull it at first and am lucky to be able to shoot five or six arrows. But in a day or so I can double the performance as the muscles start to condition. You have to build up slowly because strain or quivering is no better for a bowman than for a rifleman."

"Are you going to use a heavier bow for the elephant?" I asked.

"No, a 70-pounder is about as powerful as we make bows, though we have produced heavier on special order. I am going to use a heavier arrow than normal, however, for better penetration."

The safari wore on with delightful shirt-sleeve weather every day. Arthur Godfrey and I racked up some fine trophies. And Bear's list grew—two warthogs, the waterbuck, two impala, a big nyala bull with horns crowding close to getting into the all-time world records.

At the same time, it was becoming evident that an animal had to be in a certain position before Fred would shoot at it.

Fish commented on this one night by the campfire. "You shot that warthog head-on today and put an arrow through one shoulder and partly out the opposite hip," he said. "Yet I've seen you pass up easier shots that looked the same to me. Why?"

"This is the big limitation of the bow," Fred explained. "I shot the warthog that way because it has small bones which I knew the arrow could penetrate. But a frontal shot at an animal the size of a deer or bigger is risky. The ribs shed an arrow and make it glance away. Shoulder bones are too strong to break through. That leaves an entrance to the lower chest no bigger than a pear to aim at and I'd rather not take the chance.

"An archer has only three sure targets—heart, lungs and liver. That's why I want an animal broadside or, better yet, quartering away a little after passing me. For then if I miss he may not see me. And big as the animal looks at close range, you still have to pick a spot on it and aim carefully for it."

"You can't take the easy rifle shots then—spine or head?" Arthur Godfrey asked.

"When THIS boy gets a cold I don't know whether to send for a doctor or a drama critic."

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Photographed in Kentucky at the Old Taylor Distillery

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"I don't. Oh, I shot a grizzly in the head once and the arrow broke into the skull. But that was lucky. Suppose it had glanced off? So I concentrate on heart, liver or lungs because a hit there bleeds out the animal quickly. It runs at the strike of the arrow and that speeds the process. Either it dies in midstride 100 to 200 yards away, or it lies down after a run and death comes soon."

We fell silent.

I thought of the problem of downing a mighty elephant with these limitations. No frontal shot of any kind for Fred. No side brain shot, so easy and so deadly for the rifle. No shot to break a leg and stop a charge.

Then I recalled something Fred had said earlier: *Usually you get only one shot.*

I glanced at him. If he had any worrisome thought he didn't show it.

One day when I was out with him we stopped at a waterhole to rest. Catfish were rising in the filthy brown water and a family of baboons played on the far side of the clearing. There was work to be done on the safari car so I decided to find out how Fred Bear got started.

"Flunked out of my sophomore year at high school," he told me. "I didn't like school and told my dad I wanted to go to Canada and trap in the wilderness."

"Did he buy that?"

"Nope. He said if I was going to quit school I'd better learn a trade and *then* maybe I could go."

So young Fred got a job at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where the family lived, and began to learn drafting. Meanwhile he was trapping near home successfully ("Got $3 to $3.50 for a muskrat skin, good money in those days") and hunting some with his father, who was a crack rifle shot. But Fred didn't care much for drafting and took up patternmaking next.

These two jobs were to shape Fred's future in archery, though he didn't know it then.

He went to Detroit and worked for Packard as a patternmaker for two years. Then he switched to an outfit that made fabric covers used to dress up the spare tires that were out in the open on cars of the time, and did silk-screen printing on the tire covers. Bear was superintendent when the factory burned to the ground in 1933.

Fred and a deer-hunting friend now decided to set up their own silk-screen business, with archery a minor sideline. Fred had seen a movie of an archer named Art Young hunting in Alaska and got interested to the extent that he began making bows in his basement by hand and hunting Michigan deer with them, none too successfully at first.

In 1939, the partners decided to split up and Fred moved his small archery business to larger quarters, where he began to turn out a bow a day, still entirely by hand.

"You couldn't buy a decent bow in a store then. They were all handmade to individual order. I learned with every bow I made."

After World War II ("I was too old to get in. We made plywood cargo floors for B-29's and wood cutaways of 20mm. cannon for visual instruction.") he and his old silk-screen partner and another friend incorporated the Bear Archery Company and in 1947 moved it to Grayling, Michigan, its present location. I later visited the rambling, modern plant set in a wooded area overlooking the Au Sable River and was most impressed with it. Mounted trophies and skins of animals Fred had shot with the bow filled the large entrance room to overflowing. Dozens of men and women worked at intricate machines, most of which Fred had designed and built himself. The one that brazed and welded broadhead arrowheads was a wonder of efficiency to me, though Fred remarked that he was going to have to make one that would be "much better."

All Bear bows are either fiber glass or laminations of fiber glass and wood, ranging in price from less than $20 to $175. He makes a huge variety of arrows with aluminum, fiber glass and wood shafts, as well as archery "tackle" of every description from arm guards to bow sights to do-it-yourself kits for arrow making. He is the largest manufacturer of quality archery equipment in the world.

"All of my early hunting was with a rifle," Fred went on. "I've always liked guns and still do. When I began bow hunting I'd take a rifle along and often wound up killing a deer with it. But one day in 1935 I shot the biggest buck of my life with the rifle—285 pounds dressed—and it was just too easy. I decided right then to switch to archery all the way."

Just then we heard the car start and we got up and stretched. As it turned out, we didn't come across an animal that Fred wanted to shoot that day. He was never to get a chance at a buffalo, leopard or lion, but right now we were concentrating on finding a big kudu, a trophy Fred wanted almost as much as he did an elephant.

A greater kudu is a *rifleman's* trophy. You get few chances usually at ranges beyond 100 yards. A kudu is both shy and bold; crafty and yet at times seemingly stupid. Perhaps its unpredictability adds to its charm. If you get one that tapes 50 inches around the flaring, spiral horns you have a beautiful and quite respectable trophy. Anything over 50 inches is dammed good today.

One day Fred found a whopper with a harem of four or five cows. The bull was in an area of tall grass and as Fish maneuvered the car to make an approach for the start of Fred's stalk they suddenly fell into an unseen gully and crashed to a halt. Fish managed to cling to the wheel but everyone else sailed over the hood, which fortunately had the windshield flat against it.

Even so, photographer Bob Halmi broke the windshield with his head. He and Fred lay unconscious. The two trackers rolled and bounced like footballs, however, and arose dusty but unhurt. Gear was scattered far. Eventually Bob and Fred came around, and though Fred now had a couple of cracked ribs, such is the lure of kudu hunting that when the car was freed and the gear recovered, they went on in search of the big bull.

It was still nearby!

"I guess he was love happy and didn't want to leave his cows," Fred said afterward. "Anyway, I got to about 55 yards of him and made a dammed lucky shot through some grass. He didn't go far and I managed to get off another arrow that put him down for keeps."

The kudu was a 54-incher, best of the safari. Best of *many* a safari, I might add. . . .

They were gone two days on the elephant hunt. And when they came driving back to camp there was no doubt that Fred Bear had been successful. I never saw such a triumphant but beat bunch of

[*Continued on page* 76]

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JOHN ZIMMERMAN

While the aging jet set globe-hops, a young, fashionable private plane set is winging all over the U.S. in search of quick profits and varied pleasures

Colorful and comfortable interiors add pleasure to pleasure flying. We're inside a Cessna at top, a Beechcraft above, and a Piper at right. Planes and fashions are fully described on following pages.

SKY-HIGH AND HANDSOME

■ Ever since World War II, Americans have dreamed of the day when there would be an airplane in every garage and a pilot in every home. Well, the day isn't here yet (and may never come in quite the way the air-dreamers imagined) but—for sure—the small plane is now gaining new status as a personal magic carpet. It is the upper echelon in a whole family of leisure conveyances for land, sea and air. It may cost no more than a Jaguar or a Chris-Craft but it has wings, man—wings to adventure.

In 1965, small plane sales amounted to $265 million and the number of private licenses jumped a full 100,000 to a total of 450,000. Newly opened private airports speckled the map like confetti and dozens of unique fly-in restaurants began serving hamburgers to sky-hungry mobs. In all, it was the

Text continues on page 74

Pictures continue overleaf

NEW AIRWAYS LEAD TO WORK OR PLAY

Left. Off to a high-level meeting, businessman in foreground wears a tropical Dacron and worsted two-button suit with flap pockets and side vents, by Rose Brothers, about $75. His hat is a Ventilated Macora by Adam, $3.95. Entering plane, second executive wears a Dacron and worsted mohair two-button Monterey suit with slash pockets, from the House of Worsted-Tex, $69.95. His hat, also by Adam, is a Telescope Milan with striped grosgrain band, $5.95. Attaché cases are by Samsonite, from $24.95. Plane is a four-place Skyhawk model by Cessna, which sells for $12,450. Its top cruising speed is 135 mph. Special high-stability wing with Para-lift flaps allows "feather light" landings and handling.

Right. Ski-bound flier in foreground wears a Pro-Meister reversible parka which features a mandarin collar with concealed hood pocket, by Woolrich, $29.95. Orlon and mohair club stripe V-neck sweater is by Robert Bruce, $14. Wool and nylon stretch ski pants are by Ernst Engel, $50. Second skier also wears ski pants by Ernst Engel, $50.00 and a two-tone classic Wool Mark V-neck sweater with removable turtleneck inset, by Himalaya, $22.50. Skis, boots, goggles and gloves are all by Abercrombie and Fitch. Plane is a four-place Musketeer-II by Beechcraft, priced at $14,250. Top cruising speed is 146 mph. Large interior provides adequate space for large, long items such as skis and poles.

biggest year in fun flying since Kitty Hawk, and authorities on leisure say business has no where to go but up.

"General Aviation," a Federal Aviation Agency term for all flying except that done by commercial airlines and the military, now accounts for three out of every four planes in the United States. Top bird in the general aviation category is business flying, with private or pleasure flying a fast-gaining second. What's the difference? If you can't deduct it on your income tax it's a pleasure plane.

As to what to wear in the air, the man who owns and flies his own plane threw away his goggled helmet, sheep-lined leather jacket and long flowing white silk scarf long ago. He now dons what he'll wear where he's going. With today's private planes offering temperature control, reclining bucket seats and even carpets, they are as comfortable as plush limousines.

This added comfort is a strong reason for the current surge of interest in private flying, but even more important is the small plane's ability to quickly penetrate out-of-the-way places. A recent advertising survey revealed that 67 percent of the people who buy and fly planes do so in order to get the most out of their leisure-time. Vermont's silver ski slopes are only air hours away from tropical

continued on page 78

Ready to take off for an evening on the town, out of town, pilot wears a checked Dacron and cotton dinner jacket, $55, and a real fashion pacesetter —all-white formal trousers, $14.95, both by the Palm Beach Co. His pretty date will get high in a hurry in this four-place Cherokee 235 by Piper. Top speed is 166 mph. Plane is engineered to land or take off in less than 300 yards. Price is $15,900.

7-UP® IS THE MAN'S MIXER

Time to call it a day. Get hold of a 7-Up highball and unbend a bit. Seven-Up smooths out the corners and rounds off the edges in good drinking whiskey. Don't let anyone kid you. It's a man's world. Drink hearty. Seven-Up—the one you never outgrow.

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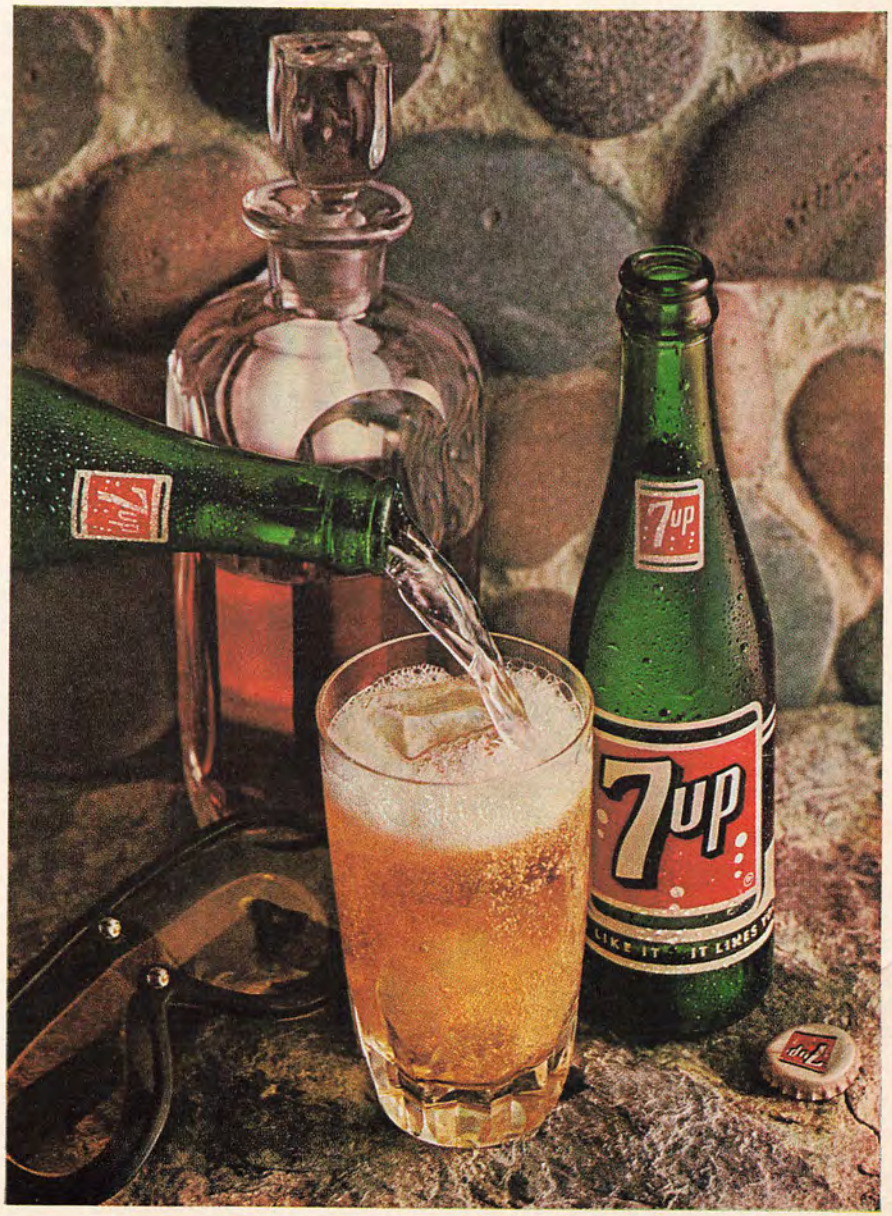

[*Continued from page* 70]
hunters in my life. They flopped down by the campfire looking like survivors of the march from Bataan. "Whisky," someone ordered.

And then it began to unravel bit by bit. We knew they'd left camp in response to a report that elephants were watering near a native village early every morning.

"That was just malarkey," Fred said. "They hoped we'd kill something—anything—near the village so there would be fresh meat. Well, Fish went cruising through the bush and stopping at every tiny settlement to ask about elephants. And by the end of that first day Fish came to an area that he knew was hot. We camped and he hired the chief of a nearby village—his name was Savo—to act as a guide."

Bear, who doesn't drink much, took a good big gulp of Scotch and just sat there grinning for a moment.

"I could hardly swallow my supper, I was so excited," he went on. "Feeding elephants had passed through the forest nearby and had knocked down so many trees it looked as if there'd been a tank battle. We were up and away at first light and soon found fresh dung steaming in the cool air."

"Savo stopped everyone then," Bob Halmi broke in. "He wanted to make sure there wasn't a curse on our weapons and I tell you, it looked like a scene from a corny old movie. Fred laid down his bow and arrows beside Fish's .458. And a tracker who had a .375 put it on the ground too. Savo got out his little flask of snuff and began scattering pinches of it over everything."

"I wish I had a tape of that chant," Fred said. "We picked up our stuff and hurried after the elephants, no one saying a word now. A bushbuck barked and jumped away, then we blundered across a herd of buffaloes and that tore it. They went snorting and crashing out of there and took everything with them, including the elephants ahead of us."

"We started to run." Fish was talking now, lean and tanned, his face alive with great memories. "They ran well too. I knew there was a great herd of elephants ahead and the only way to catch them was to keep running."

"For nearly four hours," someone said with feeling.

Fred went on after draining his Scotch. "Savo suddenly held up his hand and I was dammed glad to stop. We eased out of the forest into an area of chest-high bushes and began to see elephants all over the place. I guessed we'd come across them at a resting spot. Anyhow, we could see elephants in bunches for a third of a mile. It was something to stand your hair up and make you forget about being tired."

"Man, I've never seen so many elephants," Fish put in. "There must have been a couple of hundred. It was a hunter's dream come true."

"We started to circle, bent low, to get downwind of them," Bear said, the memory still vivid in his eyes. "Then we began to creep up on them. They were drifting along slowly and we kept seeing new bunches. Finally we picked a bunch about 100 yards ahead and concentrated on it because there was a huge one in the rear, taller than any of the others.

"Suddenly this elephant stopped. We all froze. The elephant slowly looked back in our direction and I just about cried—it was tuskless."

There was a moving of chairs. Glasses tinkled anew against the neck of the Scotch bottle. I kicked the fire up a little. The story of any elephant hunt is exciting but this one was also unique.

"Two cows that had been acting as scouts at the rear of the herd either sensed or saw us," Fred continued, "and cut back to get downwind of us, trunks raised. Then they changed course a little and headed right for us, big ears flapping, trunks reaching—not making a sound, mind you, but getting bigger and bigger every moment.

"Well, Savo and the other Africans broke and ran toward the forest, taking the .375 with them and I didn't blame them a damn bit. I was feeling pretty spooky myself when Fish snapped his fingers and led Bob and me in a mad dash away from the path of those elephants."

"We'd just got behind a big bush when I happened to look behind us and saw some more elephants moving up," said Bob Halmi. "That really shook us—we were smack in the middle of God knows how many elephants, all moving about a bit nervously after that bloody pair barreled through."

"The trackers reappeared silently," Fred Bear said. "Suddenly they were just there. One of them told us there were too many elephants and we'd all be killed if we remained. Then they vanished again. We eased toward the forest ourselves. I knew the trees wouldn't offer real protection but the hiding was better there.

"We'd no sooner got among the trees when a bunch of five came along nearby and I had a feeling that this was going to be my big chance. A big bull was leading, though his tusks were not too large. Fish touched my arm and nodded at the bull. Presently he stopped behind some brush with only his tusks sticking out in the clear a couple of feet."

"I whispered to Fred to shoot," Fish said, "completely forgetting that he wasn't using a rifle and dare not risk an arrow through the brush."

"The bull seemed to stand there for an eternity." Bear had a faraway look now. "I wondered if he somehow knew we were there. The others were hidden by the cover too so we couldn't tell anything from them except that they were still there."

"It was beautiful when the bull finally moved," Bob said. "He came into the open slowly about 40 yards away looking as big as a house. Fred stepped into the open too and drew his bow. For a moment, the elephant looked back. Then Fred shot and the arrow almost buried itself in the bull's side.

"They all took off then. And so did we—away from them, hoping to hell we wouldn't meet any new ones. Finally Fish stopped, threw down his rifle and began pounding Fred on the back."

"Man you really put it in him!" Fish said.

"It was a little farther back than I intended," Fred told us. "But I felt sure at the time it was a killing shot."

That's Bear. Modest. He can taste the gravy when he pulls the bowstring but he doesn't cut the steaks till he's found the animal.

"While we were giving the bull time to slow up and maybe lie down for the last time, the trackers found us and flopped down, grinning. I decided to have a drink of water but the top had come off the canteen and it was dry. After a while we took up the trail of the wounded bull and were following along just fine. Suddenly, we just about climbed the backs of a bunch of elephants and were forced to retreat.

"I hated to leave," Fred remarked. "But it would be dark soon and if the elephant was dead, nothing could happen to it overnight."

"We had a great celebration later at Savo's village," Bob told us. "They gave us the best they had but it was hard to drink that palm wine swimming with dead ants. Savo promised to send out two lads at dawn to find the elephant and guard it till we arrived."

Early next morning, Wally Johnson drove into the little camp. He has shot some 800 elephants in his lifetime and when the hunters didn't return for two nights running, he left our camp to find them in case they were in trouble and needed help.

"I'd have slept that night if I'd known what we'd find," Fred said. "With Wally leading, we took up the trail where we'd left it and came upon the bull only 200 yards farther along. What a sight! He'd buried one tusk partially when he'd fallen and I just stood there not quite believing the whole thing."

We could sit back in our chairs now.

"Tusks were over 30 pounds a side," Wally Johnson remarked. "Not too big, but who ever heard of anyone killing a bloody big elephant like that with just *one* arrow?"

The arrow that downed four tons of elephant was a standard four-blade broadhead but weighed almost two ounces, about 75 percent more than usual (Fred got extra weight and stiffness by gluing an aluminum shaft inside one of fiber glass). The arrow, with a draw of 28 inches, penetrated 22 inches of the bull's liver and was retrieved intact.

Fred Bear sat looking into the fire, twirling this arrow. Of all his hunting experiences, this was the one he would relive the most—the day he made what many will long regard as archery's most historic shot. —**Peter Barrett**

COMING . . .

Two decades later
the question remains—

WHO REALLY KILLED THE KINGFISH?

The strange murder
of Huey Long and
the stranger aftermath

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

This is what mountain country looks like to the tuned car.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this '66 Skylark Gran Sport.

As a matter of fact, it's what miserable traffic looks like to the tuned car. And twisty, winding roads.

For the tuned car makes a habit of making unwelcome sights disappear.

Which makes the tuned car a most welcome sight indeed.

The Skylark Gran Sport—one of the tuned cars. The Skylark GS in the picture is, like every tuned car, a beautiful blend of styling, performance, ride and handling. Which means it rides as smoothly as it performs. (A suspension designed specifically for the GS sees to the ride. A 325-hp Wildcat V-8 sees to the performing.) And it handles as briskly and responsively as you'd expect a car that looks like this to handle. (Alas, some cars don't live up to the way they look. The tuned car always does.)

How the tuned car works its wonders. If you're intent on making mountains evaporate, you've got to get out of the test lab, we say. So we do a lot of our product development out in the real world, on real roads, where real people drive.

All this means you aren't likely to run into a driving situation that we haven't already seen. And *that* means the tuned car is tuned to your kind of driving.

Tuned safety equipment, even. Built into every Buick are padded sun visors and a padded dash. Two-speed electric wipers and windshield washers. A shatter resistant mirror inside and a rear-view mirror outside. Back-up lights. And seat belts all around, which we exhort you—nay, plead with you—to buckle on.

How to turn your country into tuned car country. The only thing standing between you and the tuned car is your Buick dealer. And an easier obstacle to surmount you've never met.

Unless you count mountains.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1966 Buick. The tuned car.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

SKY-HIGH AND HANDSOME

[*Continued from page* 74]

gulf waters and men in ever increasing numbers now wing there purely on their own. Small planes are the fastest way to hunt in Canada, fish in Alaska, prospect in the Southwest desert or search for ruins in Mexico—they are the answer to this go-go era's need to move about and explore new horizons in modern living.

Other factors that helped to hypo the big boom in private flying have been: auto-type financing, the rise of aviation clubs which jointly purchased planes and clever industry promotions such as $5 introductory flying lessons. This doesn't mean that plane ownership even with available bank loans is practical for anyone, or inexpensive, but high plane sales have lowered prices to almost half what they were 10 years ago.

The least expensive model offered by a major company, Cessna's two-seat 150, is priced at $6,900. The lowest-priced four-seat model, Rockwell-Standard's Aero Commander 100, sells for $8,500. But a usable used plane can be found for as little as $2,000, and a growing number of do-it-yourselfers have wrought wonders with frayed blueprints, secondhand parts and less than $1,000 in cash.

When buying a new plane, there are squadrons to choose from. Both because of the boom and as a result of it, 12 companies now manufacture private planes—turning out everything from single-seat jets to tiny workhorses that can virtually take off and land on a dime in any kind of terrain. Twin and tri-engine planes are also available; and one company, Lake Aircraft, makes a single-engine, four-place amphibian, the Lake LA-4, that is capable of landing on land, water or snow. Price: $26,580.

Whether a person buys, borrows or leases a private plane, operating costs are roughly $10 to $15 per flying hour, and the average private flier logs about 100 hours a year. The costs include gas and oil, hangar fees, insurance, inspection, maintenance and tie-down charges away from the home field. Hangar fees average $35 a month. Fuel is consumed at the rate of 14 gallons an hour—but that's covering a lot of miles.

Learning to fly costs anywhere from $500 to $1,000 if, as usually is the case, the beginner must rent the plane he learns in. But satisfaction comes quickly. Most students solo after eight to 10 hours of dual instruction. After soloing, the student must have 40 more hours of actual flying time, under an instructor's guidance, before he can take his private license exams. Only after passing these exams, by the way, is a new flier finally permitted to leave the nest and take his best girl, or any passengers, up for a spin.

Minimum age for a student license is 16, for a private license, 17. There is no maximum age restriction. The love of flying and the ability to pursue it are so long-lasting that a few private pilots are over 80. However, all license holders must pass a semiannual examination by an FAA-designated doctor.

On the whole, today's flier for pleasure is a far cry from the barnstorming puddle jumper of a few years back. For one thing, he's older, averaging about 38. He's settled, married and fairly well-heeled—a doctor who flies to his favorite fishing spot as well as to his rural calls, or a busy executive just getting away from it all. He doesn't risk his neck every time he goes up because highly improved equipment and electronic navigational aids have eliminated most of the old potholes in the sky and on the land. Tricycle landing gear, for one thing, is now standard on all small planes, making ground handling easier and takeoffs and landing safer.

There has also been a tendency to add airline-proven safety features into some of the larger private planes. Omnirange distance measuring equipment gives pilots their position anywhere, instantly, and automatic pilot units are available, too, for private-size planes. The Bendix Corporation even offers a small radar set, the RDR-100, that shows any weather problems up to 80 miles ahead.

Aware of the booming business in the sky, communities are going all out to capitalize on the happy landings. As a result, private pilots who once were restricted to crowded big city airports or bush-league landing fields can now set down and taxi about on perfect runways close to resort areas, shopping centers, restaurants or even their own homes, as is the case at the Sierra Sky Park housing development in Fresno, California. There, in what may be a preview of future commuting, more than 100 owners of residential lots can fly home from the office each night, land on a community landing strip, taxi to their front doors and park in their own individual garage-hangars. The wild blue yonder has become a popular blue yonder, and a very fashionable place to be. **—Ron Butler**

HE MADE A MILLION SITTING ON HIS DUFF

[*Continued from page* 57]

the following day before he could send a message to Tasker Oddie on the returning stage.

Then Oddie was faced with a dilemma: how to get word to Jim Butler. There was no time to waste. Gayhart, Oddie figured, would undoubtedly talk about the rich ore he'd assayed, and the word would spread like wildfire through the mining camp of Austin. From there, no telling where it would end for such news had a strange and inexplicable way of spreading.

Tasker Oddie left his office in a state of frustration. He walked down the street, wrestling with the question. Then he saw a young Indian slouching in front of a saloon. "Do you know the country over the mountain?" Oddie asked and pointed in the direction of Monitor Valley.

The Indian nodded.

Oddie said, "I'll give you five dollars if you'll carry a message to a man who lives there. His name is Butler. But get the message to him today. Tomorrow will be too late."

The promise of five dollars, a small fortune to the broke and thirsty Indian, was incentive enough. He ran practically the entire distance to Butler's homestead. Butler was delighted with the news, but he was tired and damn well needed a rest. After all, he'd just returned from a long hard trek a few days before. The rich ore of Tonopah would just have to wait.

Tasker Oddie stewed in his office in Belmont, not knowing what Jim Butler was doing, or whether he'd gone to secure his right to the claim Oddie supposed Butler had had common sense enough to stake at Tonopah. Being an attorney, Oddie was familiar with the mining laws of the state, and knew that certain requirements had to be fulfilled in order to hold a claim.

During this time, Walt Gayhart had gone about his affairs, but he'd already told some of the local miners of the fabulous ore he'd assayed for "a friend." Just a hint was enough. The word began to spread on the intangible "grapevine."

When the news reached Frank Higgs and the two Brougher brothers, still digging in their worthless hole, they remembered Jim Butler's story of the ledge he'd sampled. Higgs immediately gathered up the ore specimens still lying beside their dump and ran an assay on them. They knew then that the ore was rich! Damn rich! The news of the new strike *must* be that of Jim Butler's find at Tonopah. Higgs and his two partners hurriedly abandoned their hole and struck out for the indefinite location, somewhere to the north of their claim.

The three men arrived at Tonopah in less than a day, expecting to find Butler, as well as his friends, on the spot staking claims. But, to their amazement, there was no one in sight. And there was no sign of any claims having been staked. They searched the desert for a claim location monument. Nothing. Only sagebrush and sand and innumerable outcroppings of burnt-brown rock. Just one conclusion could be drawn: Butler's strike had been made somewhere else.

Higgs and the two Broughers finally abandoned the search, thinking Butler had lied to them about the location of his ore. They returned, disappointed and disgruntled, to their claim at Southern Klondike.

Lazy, lucky Jim Butler. Had he gone to the effort of erecting a claim monument, Higgs and the Broughers would surely have found it and, because the time limit for doing necessary location work had expired, the three prospectors would certainly have restaked the claim. And staked others adjoining it. They would have taken the cream of a bonanza that was to produce $250 million in silver during the next decade.

When Butler finally rested up and got around to it, he and his wife, Belle, hitched up a pair of burros to a beat-up old buckboard and started for Tonopah. Butler found the ledge just as he'd left

Move to the mild side

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it. Now, with his wife's assistance, he erected a monument on the spot and named the claim The Desert Queen. The adjoining claim, The Burro, was later given to Tasker Oddie for his assistance in getting the samples assayed. Oddie, in turn, gave half of his interest to Walt Gayhart of Austin. The transaction, involving millions, was completed without one scrap of paper being signed.

Jim and Belle Butler stayed at Tonopah for nearly two weeks. They staked eight claims along what seemed to be the general trend of the lode. On August 25, 1900, Belle Butler staked a claim of her own and, recalling the 31st chapter of Genesis, named it The Mizpah. The Mizpah turned out to be the richest mine of all.

The ground was laid for one of the greatest stampedes for silver in all history.

Once their staking was completed, Jim and his wife loaded their buckboard and headed for Belmont to record their claims and report to Tasker Oddie. Oddie promised to raise enough capital to begin development work.

While Oddie was busy working on the money problem, the Brougher brothers and Frank Higgs showed up in Belmont. Higgs went to Butler and demanded an interest in Butler's claims—because Butler had offered such an interest to assay the ore. Butler, he said, didn't specify *when* he was to assay it. And even though Higgs assayed it after Walt Gayhart had already proven the amazing richness of the lode, Jim Butler wasn't one to waste good energy on arguing. He gave Higgs a small interest, just for good will. The interest made Higgs a fortune.

After that, Butler offered Wilson Brougher a small interest because Brougher had a team of horses and a wagon which were necessary to get the mines into production.

Tasker Oddie raised 25 dollars by the 1st of October, 1900, and with this "capital" and a wagonload of tools, grub and high hopes, Oddie, Butler and Wilson Brougher struck out for Tonopah to develop Butler's claims. They selected Belle Butler's Mizpah claim to begin on because the ore there showed the heaviest mineralization.

The three men set to work; the district attorney and Wilson Brougher both wielding a pick and shovel, Jim Butler sitting on a rock supervising the operation. Jim still didn't have any use for picks and shovels.

It took them five days to sink a hole down to a depth of four feet and out of it they took about a ton of ore. They sacked the ore and Wilson Brougher hauled it over the desert to Belmont, then another 100 miles to the nearest railroad shipping point. This took Brougher the better part of a week. When the check was returned from the smelter, it came to more than $800: unheard of wealth for any of these three men. Now they could begin mining in a big way, with money enough "to run a mine as a mine should be run," Butler said, as he continued to supervise from his vantage point beside the hole being dug by the one day governor and United States Senator.

Tasker Oddie shoveled up the ore and sweated over the forge fire while he sharpened his drill. "By God, Jim," Oddie said one day to Butler, "you've gotta do the cooking."

So Jim did the cooking. One meal. Then Oddie decided that he'd best do the cooking, too, and leave the supervising to Big Jim. That's what he seemed best suited for and Butler himself was the first to admit it.

Daily now, came more prospectors to the great silver strike at Tonopah. Claims were staked in all directions, spreading out from the nucleus of the discovery claims in a vast jigsaw pattern. It wasn't long before claims were being staked on nothing but sand and sagebrush, far beyond the outcropped reaches of the silver lode.

A tent city sprang up. Walt Gayhart quit his lawyer-teacher-surveyor-assayer occupation and came to Tonopah to lend his talents to the new camp.

Then to Tonopah came one Henry C. Cutting of Reno. Cutting had a glib tongue and a pregnant idea. He approached Jim Butler. "Tell you what, Jim. You give me a lease on The Mizpah. I'll work it for you and give you 25 percent of everything I take out. I'll take all the work and worry off your shoulders. You just sit back and collect your 25 percent," he proposed.

It sounded good to Jim Butler, so he and Cutting shook hands. That was all. Just a handshake. This was the first of 112 leases that Butler let on his group of claims. These leases produced $4 million during the first year and, of that, a million went into the pockets of Jim Butler. Many more millions were to come.

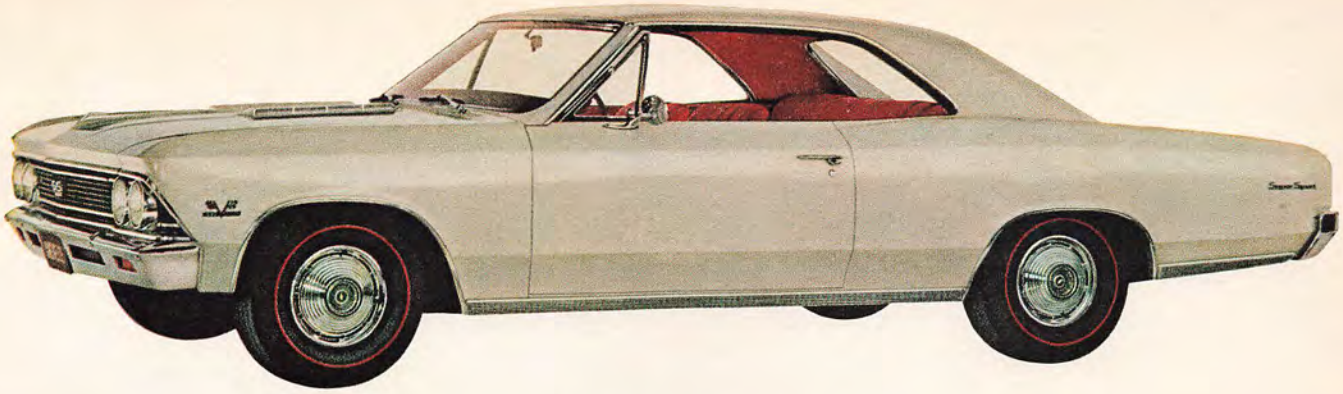
The mines ran three shifts a day and a flood of wealth poured into the camp. Daily the freight wagons wheeled across the desert, bringing in supplies as well as luxuries for the high life. Champagne ran like water. Roast squab and lobster were as readily available in the newly constructed hotels as corned beef and cabbage. Jim Butler hired a lawyer to keep him out of trouble, specifying that the attorney's fat retainer would be abruptly cut off should he allow Butler to become involved in the courts, for any reason whatsoever.

Then came the big capitalists from the East, drawn like flies to buttermilk. Charles M. Schwab, John Hays Hammond, Darius Ogden Mills, Arthur Winslow, John S. Reynolds of the Pullman Company, and Frank Lowden, later to become governor of Illinois, all gravitated West with their wallets in their outstretched hands and their eyes on Tonopah's silver. Even Wyatt Earp, the notorious sheriff of Tombstone, showed up on the scene to help keep law and order and perhaps make a buck on the side. Tex Rickard started his career as a fight promoter in Tonopah. Jack Dempsey, as a young man, and before he ever put on a pair of gloves, worked in The Mizpah Mine.

And so it went . . . from Jim Butler, the lone and lazy prospector following his straying burro, to a bonanza mining camp with a motley population of 10,000 miners, gamblers, promoters, prostitutes and hangers-on. For 10 years Tonopah blazed in opulent glory before the price of silver dropped and the costs of mining it started to rise sharply. The town began to wane and die the slow death of a mining camp.

Jim Butler, the old-timers of Tonopah

"You probably want Emergency. That's at the end of the hall."



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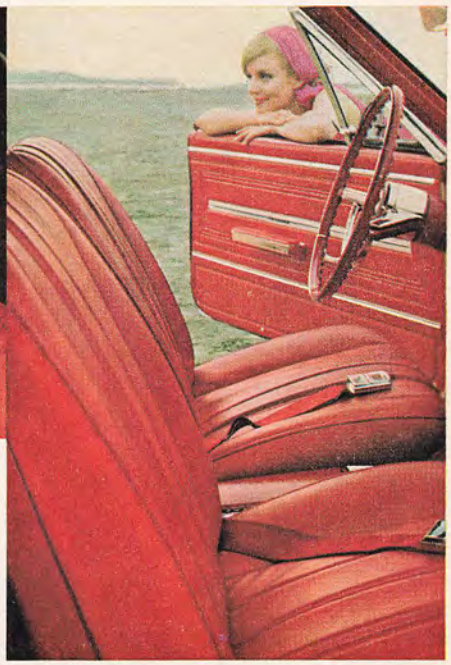
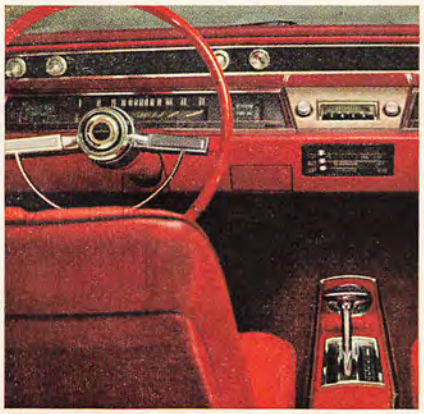
Center console you order houses shifter. Standard gearbox is our new fully synchronized **3-speed.** You can specify **4-speed** or **Powerglide.**



An SS 396 is a sport coupe or convertible. It's also a vinyl interior, full carpeting and all the niceties. You order **bucket seats** if you want.



Hooded, padded instrument panel lays it out for you. More specifics? Order **full instrumentation:** tach, ammeter, temperature, oil pressure.

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MARCH—TRUE

agree, was a good drinking man. After he'd made it big and his pockets were filled with silver dollars, he went about his drinking in a serious way. He drifted away from Tonopah and ended up in the high-living city of Sacramento where he died along about 1924. In Tonopah, the old-timers say that Butler was buried at Sacramento under a tombstone that reads, "Here Rests James L. Butler." That strikes them funny. They say, "That's one thing old Jim never needed, a rest."

Tonopah today is a quiet town with 1,679 inhabitants. Champagne and caviar are not part of its diet and no mining is done there, but relics of the past still give it color. Overhead the old buildings of hand-cut stone frown down on tourists with cameras slung over their shoulders, antique bottle collectors pawing over the city dump and slide-rule boys who work at a nearby missile base.

Overshadowing the town are the towering gallows frames, the giant pulley wheels over which stretch the hoisting cables that brought out $250 million in silver ore from the heart of two twin peaks called "Butler" and "Oddie." The wheels and cables are silent now except when the desert wind whistles through them. They're silent, rusting and waiting. But they may not have to wait long.

There's a new fever running through the old camp today. I felt it wherever I went. The rumblings in Washington from the moneymen are echoing on Main Street in Tonopah. Defense industries are using a lot of silver. The metal is getting scarce. So scarce they're now coining some of our money out of copper sandwiched between thin sheets of nickel.

"Too bad," the old-timers say, "and not necessary. There's plenty of silver right here in Tonopah. Let them raise the price of silver to a decent level and we'll bury them in bullion."

A sign above the bar in the Mizpah Hotel seems to sum up the spirit of Tonopah today. It says:

"Oh, give me a big silver dollar
To throw on the bar with a bang.
A dollar all creased will do in the East
But we want our money to clang."

—Al Gaumer

NEW BOOM FOR MR. LINCOLN'S LOGS

[*Continued from page* 65]

the wood with stain or varnish, inside or out. If a man is wise, he'll select a building site where his log cabin can blend with the surroundings, thus eliminating all yard work and allowing his land to be covered naturally with pine needles and moss and lichen.

There is one other advantage that appeals to the logrolling instinct in Americans. The precut cabin is so well engineered that almost any man can put one together—walls, doors, windows, floors, roof—with a little help.

In the old days, 20 or 30 scattered pioneers gathered with their families for what they called a "log raisin'." They could erect a solid cabin and make a hell of a dent in a keg of hard likker in four days. On the modern frontier—along the shores of New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee or in the suburbs of Detroit—today's pioneers gather for a beer-drinkin'. Two cases can erect the walls of some log buildings in a weekend.

Sometimes cabin builders get swamped with helpers. The manager of the Ward Cabin Co. in Houlton, Maine—one of the largest cabin manufacturers—tells of a Massachusetts customer who took a friend to his cabin site on Saturday. They worked all day and the log walls rose slowly. Early Sunday the helper returned with three friends, and before the day was over 11 men were on the job.

Getting swamped with cabin suppliers is something else again.

Some cabin manufacturers advertise, but in many respects a good log cabin manufacturer is like a first-rate tailor or an exclusive cigar-maker—*you* find *him*.

Yet it is important for the buyer to shop around. Modern log cabins—manufacturers like to call them log *homes*—can be made of half logs as little as two inches thick or full logs 10 inches across. (Don't confuse half logs with log siding, which is applied to buildings of conventional frame construction to make phony log cabins.) Full logs are sometimes slabbed (or sawed flat) on top and bottom and grooved for splines—thin hardwood strips slipped into the matching grooves between logs. Or they may be cut with mating tongues and grooves. Or slabbed on three sides, leaving only the exterior rounded. Splines or tongue-and-groove joints keep the cabin weathertight. All logs have the bark removed, by either hand peeling or machine milling.

Cabin suppliers make quite a to-do about the kind of logs they use. The cedar men are convinced it is superior to redwood, and the pine sawyers look down their noses at the Douglas fir types. All cite comparative preservative and insulation qualities. Mostly these claims can be ignored because almost every manufacturer treats his logs with wood preservative and the difference in insulation factors is slight. Appearance varies, but that's about all. Thickness is important simply because a four-inch wall is warmer than a two-inch wall.

A buyer has another choice, and that's whether his log cabin should have its logs running horizontally or vertically (which is less expensive). Many manufacturers offer both, but the buyer must remember that a vertical cabin is always made of half logs and therefore the interior walls will be smooth.

When it comes to price, there are many options. If the buyer is looking for a summer camp, he can buy one for $1,500 or less. Or he can go on to a two-story job with sleeping wings and porches and an indoor balcony. Some log homes cost more than $50,000.

What you get depends both on price and on maker. Vermont Log Buildings in Hartland, Vermont, charges only about $3.66 a square foot of interior floor space. Ward Cabin Co. gets around $6.50 a foot. The Vermont people sell what they call a "log package"—logs, windows and doors, hardboard splines, spikes and stairs. You supply the rest. Ward includes not only all this, but adds sills, girders, floor joists and subflooring, double roof, interior partitions and doors, cellar stairway, decorative shutters and even the caulking gun and compound.

You must add to the package cost shipping charges for several tons of trucked logs. If you ship by truck, you can figure on a price of 50-60 cents a loaded mile. Rail is cheaper, but the cost of trucking from the railhead to your site is extra. Manufacturers explain that shipping costs should not be startling simply because they are visible. "When you buy western lumber," one told me, "you pay freight from Oregon or California, but you don't know it. It's hidden in the price." But it's not included in the log cabin price.

At this point you should know what it will cost to get the log package dumped onto your own forest mat. Ignore for the moment the cost of your lot. If your figure for material is $3,000 for the complete building—and this means windows and doors, roof and floor, porch and stairs—multiply by two. For it's going to cost another $3,000 for foundation, mason-built fireplace, water supply and sewage disposal systems, plumbing, kitchen, electrical work, and heating plant.

If you want only a summer camp, you don't need the fancy furbelows that run the price up. You can carry water from a well or spring, trot out to the two-holer, and cook on a wood stove.

Or you can plan to start simple and add more from time to time. Many builders complete the foundation and the exterior shell first, then each year finish off different parts of the job. Others begin with single rooms and attach more rooms later. Be sure to let your dealer know what you have in mind.

Don't stint on the foundation, whatever you do. If you're not absolutely confident of your own ability as a mason and can't persuade a qualified friend to supervise, hire a contractor.

The usual pattern in building a log home begins with writing to one or more manufacturers for information. Some companies charge $1-$3 for their advertising booklets; others send them free. In a few days you get brochures, price lists, pictures—and you're hooked.

Now you're in one of the most exciting building periods—the planning stage. You rough out floor plans and mail them

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COMING . . .

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MEMO TO THE NEW COMMISSIONER

Bill Veeck lists the game's 12 toughest problems and tells how they can be solved

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"Hello, this is 'labor'—do you want to speak to 'management'?"

to, for example, the Ward Cabin Co. in Maine. Ward's production manager, Paul Fontaine, goes over them and supplies sketches of the finished cabin. Sometimes his first drawing satisfies you, although he has done six for some customers, and usually makes three. There is no charge for this service. Then Fontaine sends you a foundation dimension plan, and you carry it out with concrete or block or stone.

One day you get a call from Peg Fontaine, Paul's wife and company manager, who tells you the mill has been busy sawing your logs and your cabin will be shipped when you want it.

The fun really starts when you flex your muscles over the logs and sort them out around the foundation. The tools you'll need are few—a saw for the flooring, a wrench to bolt the plates to the foundation, a three-pound blacksmith's hammer for driving the logs together, a tape measure, a carpenter's hammer, and a level.

Step by step, layer after layer of logs rise knee-high, waist-high, head-high. Windows are placed and roof beams notched, and always the caulking gun makes the joints tight. A two-bedroom cabin 20 feet by 30 can be put up and roofed by two men in about 12 days, or six weekends.

One Ward client is Dr. Haywood Moore, a harried Georgia internist who used to retreat each weekend to Lake Junaluska, 400 miles away in North Carolina's Great Smokies. There he worked on a great pile of boulders.

The pile had a purpose. Doctor Moore wanted his own log cabin, and he was going to get it. For more than a year he labored to build a combined stone foundation and first floor tucked into his hillside. Then one day in his hometown of Brunswick he bought the largest set of toy logs available. Back at his office, he racked them up in spare moments until he had fashioned a model cabin—two stories, with a porch jutting out above on cantilevered logs.

For more than a year the model remained on a windowsill. Meanwhile the doctor calculated what it would cost to cut logs locally: pretty dammed high. Moore checked the cabin catalogues, and he decided on a precut cabin instead.

Back in his office he spoke to his nurse. "You know, a man could cut costs on a porch."

"Yes, doctor," she said.

"All a man needs a porch for is to lay in a rocker and put his feet up on the rail."

"Yes, doctor," she said, and got a yardstick. She measured Haywood Moore horizontally in his office chair with his feet upon the desk.

Doc Moore sent that measurement and a photograph and a plan of his foundation to the Ward people in Maine. He told them, "I want a 14 by 40 log cabin with a cantilever porch to fit on this. Please send as soon as possible." Paul Fontaine did. Cost for the log package: $2,600, including $250 freight charges. In a week the cabin was up.

Some months ago, A. A. Smith, an insurance agent in Texas City, Texas, decided he couldn't live without a vacation log cabin. He wrote Boyne Falls Log Homes in Boyne Falls, Michigan. After some telephoning and correspondence, Smith paid $2,982.44 for a custom-designed cabin 24 feet wide and 32 feet long, with a wide porch across the front and a small back porch. He paid $273 for rail freight. A local carpenter offered to erect the package for $700. Smith shook his head and gathered about him the most unlikely construction crew ever assembled on Texas soil.

There was a lawyer, a printer, a machinist, three refinery process operators and a computer programmer. In a month of weekends they had everything up but the roof. Smith's labor contract: "All the beer and whisky you can drink, but no work, no drink. All the steaks you can eat and a comfortable bed in a nearby motel until the cabin is closed in, then you stay in the cabin. Furnish your own women." He told me, "Some of them brought their wives and children. The kids loved it. Of course, all who helped have a standing invitation to use the cabin."

If a man has no friends but only time, persistence, and some skill with tools, he can cut logs and raise them into a cabin by himself. But heaving on heavy, wet eight-inch logs 20 or 30 feet long and cutting precise notches in them is not exactly like handling play logs for a dolls' cabin. A man should move cautiously. Write to the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. for "Farmers' Bulletin No. 2104," which concerns log preservation. Another pamphlet, "Building with Logs," Misc. Pub. No. 579, U.S. Department of Agriculture, gave excellent instructions—but it's out of print. You may be able to find it in a library, as well as a copy of *The Real Log Cabin,* by Chilson D. Aldrich—also out of print. Aldrich was an architect who worked with logs.

If you do decide to build your cabin, rather than use precut material, buy the logs from a nearby sawmill that will custom cut. Your county forester can guide you to such a mill. Place your order well in advance so that the mill operator can collect enough straight logs with minimal taper. In New England the cost for 40 unpeeled logs, 30 feet long and 10 inches in diameter—enough to build a cabin 24 feet square—runs $300 to $400 delivered. But prices vary.

Perhaps it will be *your* son who gets born in a log cabin next and goes on to be President. Good luck to you both.

—Evan Hill

Readers interested in Evan Hill's list of precut log cabin manufacturers, or in classic log cabin building, should write to:
Log Cabin,
TRUE, 67 West 44th Street,
New York, N. Y. 10036.

HOW NOT TO MAKE AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

[*Continued from page 37*]

land—the so-called "spoil banks" of displaced overburden—where only a few scraggly weeds have managed to sprout.

In strip-mine terminology, these are "unreclaimed" lands, sometimes referred to as "orphan banks." No official figures exist on how much land has gone unreclaimed, but 80 percent of the one and a half million acres that have been stripped is probably a safe estimate. The ugliness and uselessness of these ravaged tracts would be bad enough, but raw and abandoned strip-mined land presents other serious problems as well. Chemical reactions in the gutted land produce quantities of sulphuric acid which eventually finds its way downstream to pollute creeks, rivers and lakes. Denuded banks, stripped of their plant cover, are an open invitation to erosion. Sometimes, the washoff clogs waterways; on the steeper slopes the erosion can—and often does—take the form of sizeable landslides. With no ground cover to absorb rainwater, strip-mined areas also are unduly subject to flooding.

Moreover, wildlife in such areas has been virtually exterminated and in many cases fish have completely disappeared from the acid-polluted streams and rivers. Finally, unreclaimed strip-mined lands lower future tax revenue because of the obvious revaluation of the property.

There are 10 eastern states where land reclamation is a major problem: Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, Alabama, Tennessee and Virginia. All but the last three require strip-mining companies to post a bond—ranging from $100 to $1,000 an acre—which is forfeited if proper reclamation procedures are not followed. Theoretically, in these seven states at least, such bonds guarantee that a company, once it has chewed its way through an area, will not simply pull out leaving a trail of devastation behind.

But in actual practice, loopholes and payoffs, slipshod enforcement and the leniency of the courts have, in many cases, led to shockingly widespread abuses, willfully committed by the miners but often abetted by poorly written or poorly administered laws. In Ohio, for example, the money from forfeited strip-mine bonds until very recently went into the state's general fund, instead of for reclamation. Late in 1965, however, new Ohio strip-mine regulations went into effect. Now all forfeited strip-mine bonds are earmarked "for reclamation only." Furthermore, any strip-mine operator who forfeits a bond also forfeits his right ever again to operate in the state of Ohio.

Altogether too many abuses remain, however, and they have left shameful scars on the countryside which could endure for centuries. One day last August, I climbed into a small airplane on the single-runway airstrip at Hazard, Kentucky. For hours, the pilot and I zigzagged back and forth across counties whose names are almost synonymous with

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coal production—Perry, Knott, Letcher, Harlan, Pike and Floyd. During that entire flight, though at times we flew as low as the law permits, I never once saw so much as a single blade of grass planted as reclamation in the wake of a strip-mining operation. What I saw, instead, were ugly aprons of unstable rubble. In some cases, "gob" piles (heaps of useless coal, slate, rock and pyrites) had caught fire due to spontaneous combustion. Experience has shown that these gob piles will smolder for years, unquenchable by even the heaviest downpours. Virtually all vegetation in the area surrounding these fires had been killed by the noxious fumes.

Back on the ground, the pilot said: "I have a friend who works for a mining outfit, and he's always tellin' me what a job of reclamation they're doin'. But I don't see a bit of it."

In prowling the Cumberland hills, I did find one example of reclamation—a one-acre patch near the top of a ridge where a coal operator had planted a score of seedling peach trees, about three feet high. In the center of this tiny grove was enshrined the worn-out cutter from a giant, seven-foot auger.

Usually, however, I found only a tragic wasteland. In a valley in Knott County, at the base of an auger mine operation, the remains of a mountaineer's home had been carried 60 feet off its foundation and was being inundated by tons of "spoil" rubble sliding down the mountainside. Eventually, the house will almost certainly be buried.

At the foot of another mountain, just above the inevitable stream by which such valleys are drained, were several houses doomed to destruction. In the first decent rain, tons of rubble from a strip and auger operation will wash downhill, damming the stream so that water will back up behind it. In the event of a flash flood—a far-from-rare occurrence in the Cumberland Plateau—residents may escape with their lives, but their homes are certain to be swallowed up.

Other examples of strip-mining despoiling are everywhere. Uncovered auger holes run red with acid water, waiting for a rain to carry it downstream. Whole tops of mountains lopped off and left as bald and naked as the day the digging finished. Bulldozed refuse spilling over the side of the mountain, burying thousands of acres of hardwood forests. The headstones in family cemeteries, broken by boulders that were dislodged and set to rolling across the burial plots by giant power shovels.

What compensation can the owners of these lands expect? Or the family whose house was knocked off its foundation?

In the State of Kentucky . . . none.

The roots of the situation there go back to the 19th century, when word of fantastic coal deposits in the Cumberland Plateau began filtering east. Geologists, sent to the region in the early 1880's, confirmed the fact, and they were soon followed by the smooth-talking representatives of coal firms and holding companies.

In the mountain people, coal sharpies found the perfect foil. The hill folk were proud, independent, ignorant. It was a rare one who could read or write.

They invited the coal men into their homes, and they were completely taken in by visitors' elegant manners and extravagant compliments. After dinner and several tots of moonshine, the coal men sat down to explain to people who could not even recognize their own names in print, the intricacies of the mineral rights contract they wished them to sign. From the hill people's view, here was a way to come by some easy money simply by "making an 'X'." But these "broad form deeds" were masterpieces of legal knot tying. They gave to the coal people, not only the subsurface mineral rights but rights to the surface of the land as well—for any purpose they might find "convenient or necessary." Thereafter in perpetuity, the owner's rights were always "servient" to the "dominant" rights of the coal operators. These stranglehold deeds covered every conceivable contingency by which the coal people might be held liable, including any damage they might do "directly or indirectly" to any landowner's property during mining operations—even property not being mined.

Now yellowed and often dating back 80 years, these broad form deeds are the legal canopy under which much of today's strip-mining in Kentucky is conducted. Technically, the coal people are not running roughshod over the land. They are merely exercising what they have every legal right to do, and for which they paid hard cash—in many cases, about 50 cents an acre. From that acre, at the very least, it is possible to recover a thousand tons of coal.

If the situation is unfair, most mining operators seem untroubled. William B. Sturgill, an executive of the Kentucky Oak Mining Company, one of the largest in the eastern part of the state, takes a typically "that's tough" attitude toward the matter. Yet he did say his company pays the land owner 50 cents a linear foot for the property Kentucky Oak strips. "But it's purely for public relations," he added. "We can go over the land without paying [the owners] a thing anytime we want."

Numerous legal cases have failed to pierce the armor of the broad form deed, and up to now Kentucky's highest tribunal, the Court of Appeals, has, without exception, ruled against the landowner. At least two attempts have been made to appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, but that body has taken the position that it lacks jurisdiction since no federal issue is involved. The Kentucky attorney general is currently trying to build a case against the broad form deed that the Supreme Court will hear, possibly one involving damage to federal property.

Although Kentucky now has one of the strongest laws to control strip-mining practices, the combination of broad form deeds and up-and-down topography probably makes the eastern part of the state the victim of strip-mining at its worst.

Thus, there are problems formidable enough to nettle any serious conservationist or reclamation officer. Added to them is the opposition to reclamation regulations on the part of a great many mine operators themselves.

In a four-color brochure, published in 1964 by the Mined Land Conservation Conference, a nationwide organization of mining operators with headquarters in Washington, these headlines appear: "New Lakes are Created by the Strip Mining Industry"; "New Forests are Created, etc."; "New Farms and Grazing Lands, etc."; "New Fishing Lakes, etc."; "New Wildlife Areas, etc." Here, too, are the titles of some recent articles in trade journals: "Coal for Today—Timber for Tomorrow," "Surface Mining's Conservation Program Pays Off," and "Spoil Bank Goes from Waste to Fodder."

All of which implies that first-rate reclamation is very much the rule among the nation's strip-mine operators. In truth, it is very much the exception. Many of the reclamation feats the industry boasts about are public relations showpieces, with heavy emphasis on recreation areas. A comparatively small area will be treated to top drawer reclamation, including a lake stocked with fish. The public is then invited in to see the

TRUE

"I'm walking my dog—why?"

wonders strip miners leave behind them.

A truer picture of the strip-mining majority's attitude toward reclamation could be seen in a third-floor meeting room of the old Kentucky capitol building in Frankfort on August 25, 1965. A public hearing was underway on some new strip-mine regulations proposed by the state's Natural Resources Department. The proposed regulations would require a strip miner, after he had obtained his coal, to regrade the land, where possible, to a "rolling topography that may be traversed by conventional farm equipment," and not to mine on slopes steeper than 30° in order to avoid landslides. There were also several lesser stipulations governing runoff water and planting. But there was no mention of creating "new lakes, new forests, new farms, new wildlife areas" or of turning "spoil banks from waste into fodder."

Nine dispassionate experts took the stand to testify in favor of the new regulations, stating that they were the very least "we can live with" and "to recommend [less] would be to invite failure."

Did the coal people go along with these new minimal regulations—regulations which would do no more than to protect the living against landslides and polluted water, and make it possible for future generations at least to work the land? Witness:

Only at the last minute, and after the frantic urging of the state police, did the coal people agree to call off a scheduled "protest drive," in which every licensed truck, tractor, payloader and other vehicle used in connection with coal strip-mining in Kentucky was to have descended on the state capital. At the hearing itself, the coal operators were represented by no fewer than nine attorneys, opposing the regulations. Even before the hearing had convened, the coal operators had filed a motion for a continuance which was granted to round up what Logan Patterson, counsel for the Kentucky Coal Association and spokesman for the group, referred to as "equally competent witnesses" to refute the need for these new minimal rules. A second hearing eventually was held and, despite the association's opposition and delaying tactics, the regulations went into effect in December.

Admittedly, this was but one reaction in one state. But the coal industry's resistance to tighter reclamation regulations has, with only a few notable exceptions, been thoroughly consistent. Last spring, for example, when new strip-mining regulations were proposed to the Ohio legislature, this is what happened, according to an editorial on April 29 in the Columbus *Citizen-Journal*: "With the machinelike efficiency of a huge power shovel, the [coal] lobbyists gouged the bill with 71 successive amendments during a hearing. . . ." The editorial also observed: "One of the top strip-mine lobbyists, Ford Sampson of the Ohio Coal Producers' Association, openly threatened [State Senator Edmund] Sargus [one of the co-sponsors of the bill] with 'professional and political extinction' last week in the Senate chambers for his opposition to the coal industry's amendments."

Sampson, executive vice-president of the Association, denies making the charge, and claims that Sargus was pushing for an "impossible" reclamation bill which was economically unrealistic. Sampson said that Sargus had not familiarized himself with the industry. "I don't think he's too dammed interested in knowing what's going on," Sampson commented.

For his part, Sargus insists that Sampson did threaten him and that in addition Mrs. Sargus received an anonymous telephoned bomb threat. One thing is certain: The bill as finally passed was weakened by industry-endorsed amendments.

Which raises these fundamental questions: Why must coal be mined by the stripping method at all? Does strip-mining line only pockets with profit or does it have public value as well?

The fact is—and it should in fairness be recognized—strip-mining does benefit the consumer in a number of ways by holding down the price of coal. Mined by conventional methods, coal costs at least $5 a ton at the mine. At this price, it cannot compete with less expensive fuels.

Thanks, however, to incredible mechanization, strip-mined coal costs as little as $2.25 a ton, though $3 to $3.50 is a more general figure.

At such prices, coal becomes not only competitive, but a decidedly advantageous fuel for the vast power needs of industry. Most often, this power is in the form of electricity, supplied by a utility company.

Thus, strip-mining's proudest boast—that it provides low cost electricity—is in fact true, and results in lower electric bills for the family consumer as well as the industrial user. It also is probably safe to conclude that everything from margarine to monkey wrenches costs at least a bit less thanks to low cost electric power derived from burning low cost coal.

But this is not quite the entire story. While the coal industry's boast of providing cheaper electricity is demonstrably true, the implication that the industry is acting selflessly in doing this great public service is heavily tinged with hypocrisy. Actually the coal industry is constantly alert to short circuit any new fuel which might come along to unseat it by reason of being cheaper.

Singled out for special attention is atomic energy, against which the coal interests have an almost demoniac aversion. In November, 1963, Stephen F. Dunn, president of the National Coal Association in Washington, made an impassioned statement that the federal government, by making nuclear fuels readily available for power plants, was being grossly unfair because the government action constituted an "outright subsidy for a competitor of coal." In his denunciation of subsidies, Dunn neglected to mention the 10 percent depletion allowance the federal government permits on strip-mined land owned by the coal industry.

Questioned on the matter, coal spokesmen invariably forget claims of altruism and fall back on platitudes. "It's just

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"Is this a personal call, Miss Laverne?"

good business," they say, and, "We're only looking out after our own." The key unmentioned word, whether attempting to stifle competition or praising the industry's contribution to cheap electric power, is "profit." And discussions of profit lead to another curious aspect of strip coal mining. While public utility companies are by far the largest consumers of strip-mined coal, the giant among electric power suppliers is the government's Tennessee Valley Authority.

In the near-miraculous transformation of the Tennessee River Valley achieved since TVA was founded in 1933, the agency has, in the view of many, actually overdone the job. Largely because of TVA, so much industry has been attracted to the region that the hydroelectric generating facilities provided by TVA dams have long since proved to be inadequate. To supply the cheap electric power to which it is committed, TVA turned to strip-mined coal, and even perfected a kind of furnace which can operate efficiently on unprocessed coal containing rock, lime and other impurities.

Under the law, TVA functions as a private corporation, whose profits are paid into the U.S. Treasury. For the supplies it needs—including coal—TVA turns to competitive bidding. A coal contract with TVA (which buys more than 12 percent of the total coal output of the states of Illinois, Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama and Tennessee) represents such a plum that operators will resort to almost any device to beat down prices.

Reclamation is almost always the first corner to cut since it is entirely nonprofit.

It is perhaps a coincidence that in three of the five states from which TVA buys its strip-mined coal there are no reclamation laws whatever; that in the fourth, Illinois, the reclamation regulations governing strip-mining are among the most lenient; and that only in 1964 did Kentucky put some teeth in its regulations.

Until this past summer, TVA itself had always taken a strictly hands-off policy toward reclamation of the lands stripped to supply its furnaces with coal. TVA Board Chairman Aubrey J. Wagner said repeatedly that it was up to the individual states to oversee reclamation.

But last July the pressure on TVA to write reclamation clauses into its coal contracts became so great (particularly after the agency announced a profit payment of nearly $53,000,000 to the federal treasury) that TVA was forced to capitulate. Curiously, the new bids which came in, and which included the cost of reclamation, showed "no significant price increase," according to a TVA spokesman.

Is it possible to have "good" strip-mining, with "good" reclamation? If the question means restoring the land, even within 10 or 15 years, to the state it was in when mining began, the answer is no. Economically, it cannot be done. It is not possible to dig up the earth, say, to a depth of 70 feet or more and expect that such land will return to the state it was—even given conscientious reclamation—before the passage of many, many years. And some areas, particularly very hilly terrain, are literally unreclaimable.

But it should be borne in mind that the great majority of strip-mining generally is not done in lush farming regions. There are exceptions, but stripping is usually conducted in worn submarginal areas. A person approaching the Ohio coal fields from the west notices a steadily mounting deterioration in the quality of the land. The farms are smaller, hillier, shabbier. A faint look of weariness settles on the land.

This, then, is strip-mine country, and here, finally, near Cadiz, Ohio, is a different attitude towards salvaging strip-mined land.

This is the headquarters of the giant Hanna Coal Company, a division of the Consolidation Coal Company—the largest producer in the world. Hanna has far-flung operations, though its base may be considered Ohio's Harrison County, of which Hanna is, conservatively, the primary landowner.

With more than 1,700 employes on its payroll, Hanna is currently, and has been for some years, systematically strip-mining a sizeable portion of the county. Hanna recently put into operation a new power shovel which, though not quite the behemoth used by the Peabody people in southern Illinois, is still a considerable piece of machinery, capable of reaching more than 100 feet and dipping up 105 cubic yards of material in a single bite.

So it is as important in a way as TVA's recent moves in the direction of reclamation that Hanna has an active reclamation program which doesn't seem to hurt business at all. Arthur Wallace, Hanna's Superintendent of Reclamation and Land Use, has 47 men working for him. The department also has 12 bulldozers, a number of trucks, tractors and disc harrows, and even a processing plant to get seed for resowing soil. Although some critics who would like to eliminate strip-mining altogether complain about the extent and esthetics of Hanna reclamation, no one denies that the company is conscientious about its program.

After the coal is removed from an area, Wallace's crews move in. Regrading is by far the most expensive part of reclamation because it is slow and requires very heavy and expensive equipment. Yet a recent tour of Hanna mine sites showed the regraded land to look very similar to the neighboring, unmined topography. Nothing recognizable as spoil banks remained. So-called "high walls," however, were still present.

To imagine a high wall, picture a power shovel digging into a hill in profile. As the shovel digs away, the material it removes piles up behind it in spoil banks. Eventually, though, that shovel is going to reach a point where the now-vertical face of the hill in front is just too high for the shovel to handle. This, then, is the spot where mining ceases in this particular operation. On the Hanna property (and in accordance with Ohio law), all the spoil behind the shovel is regraded. Only the high wall—the last cut—remains exposed. An eyesore to some, but others find the rugged appearance of high walls attractive.

Planting on the Hanna lands depends on the terrain and on the results of soil tests. Hilly country, not well suited to grazing, is planted with trees, notably locust, alder, pine, cedar and spruce, which are fast growing, tolerant of soil conditions and candidates for early pulpwood harvesting. Gentler land is planted with grass and fodder for cattle to feed on.

About a thousand cattle now graze on reclaimed Hanna lands and company officials maintain that the herd is a profit-making venture. In addition, Hanna has successfully experimented with raising grapes and fruit trees on reclaimed land. Looking at some of this reclaimed land today, it is still possible to tell that the land has been disrupted. The clue lies

not so much in what is seen but what is missed. There are far fewer trees than in the surrounding countryside, and the lack of houses seems strangely odd. But land on which saplings were planted by Hanna 15 years ago now supports stands taller than 25 feet and another 15 years will bring further improvement in appearance.

Unfortunately, for every Hanna-type operation, there seem to be at least two others determined to avoid fulfilling their reclamation obligations. Making matters worse is the close-knit nature of the industry. Fearing government regulation or crackdowns, firms with honorable reclamation records have hesitated to criticize others—including so-called bootleg outfits—which go in, strip their coal and run out. There are signs, however, that new winds are blowing in the land.

The giant federal interstate highway program means multilane roads are starting to penetrate areas where strip-mining was conducted out of sight and therefore out of mind for most people. The new Western Kentucky Parkway is an example. As the highway passes north of Greenville, motorists can look upon hundreds of acres of unreclaimed strip-mine land. Interstate 70, which parallels strip-mine property in Pennsylvania, is another new road where motorists are getting a visual primer in spoil banks and other strip-mining ravages.

Meantime, the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, a longtime Kentucky thorn in the side of the strip-mining industry because of its relentless editorializing for proper reclamation, has been joined by a number of other newspapers around the country which have taken up the cause. Increased newspaper attention and pressure was a major reason why the legislatures of both Ohio and Kentucky enacted their stiffer regulations in recent years and why strip-mining abuses were a prime topic of discussion during the 1965 National Governors' Conference. At the meeting the chief executives of 44 states signed a statement declaring "prompt action . . . is urgently needed" for all states to enact uniform strip-mining regulations providing for effective reclamation. The governors also strongly urged the federal government to require reclamation of lands stripped to supply its coal needs, such as for the TVA steam plants.

In this changing situation, it is perhaps most amazing of all that even the long suffering Appalachian hill people, who traditionally bear travail in silence, have found their voice and raised it in protest. Two Kentucky educators formed an organization called "The Appalachian Group to Save the Land and the People." Dozens of sympathizers, including judges, prosecutors, tax assessors and lawyers, joined the hill folk in rallying to the cause.

Early last June, one of several mass meetings was held, mainly to hear grievances against the strippers. A care-worn woman from Sassafras, Kentucky, got up to speak. She told how, five years before, she had watched a strip-mine bulldozer removing overburden from her husband's farm. The digging finally reached the family's backyard burial plot, and then, as the woman watched, the machine dug up the coffin containing the body of her infant son and shoved it down the mountainside. "I like to lost my mind over it," she said. The mining company denies her charge.

Out of these meetings came a protest trip to Frankfort to lay the matter before Governor Edward T. Breathitt. Breathitt was prevailed upon to make a personal inspection and on June 30th, after a two-hour tour of Knott County, was so appalled by what he saw that he promised to have the Kentucky attorney general intervene as a friend of the court in cases testing the stripper-take-all broad form deeds. "Our purpose is to seek an interpretation that would protect the rights of the surface owner," Breathitt said. In addition, he gave top priority at the new session of the legislature to a bill further strengthening reclamation requirements and which also would give the state authority to bar strip-mining under old deeds if buildings or streams were endangered. Meantime, some aggrieved Kentuckians have tried to block strip-mining by force and lately there have been exchanges of gunfire.

Increasingly responsible authorities are coming to realize that strip-mining tactics are out-of-date. There is a growing awareness that ruining the land to scrape off coal is lamentably reminiscent of the lumber barons of 50 or 100 years ago who slashed through forests, secure in the "knowledge" that America's resources were inexhaustible.

Coal, of course, is not the only mineral mined by stripping. But copper and iron mining—also major industries—are subject to far less criticism because the amount of land turned over is negligible by comparison.

Given their way, zealous conservationists would like to abolish strip-mining altogether. But a more practical solution, in the view of more practical men, is to follow the lead of companies like Hanna which are making a sincere if not perfect effort at reclamation.

Strip coal mining is not going to be legislated out of business. But the same comfortable security no longer enshrouds the unethical, ruthless operator. The winds of reform are blowing—in Ohio, in Kentucky, in Appalachia, and in Washington. They will soon be felt in much of the rest of the nation as well.

—Alfred Lansing

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. . . TO FLY AGAIN ANOTHER DAY

[*Continued from page* 39]

toward the bamboo, with Turk's helicopter hovering nearby to pick up the crew of the first helicopter if it should be shot down.

"Our blades were clearing the trees by five feet or less and undergrowth was brushing us," Hepp said. "The bamboo at the site was almost 100 feet high. We ran out 100 feet of hoist cable as we hovered and waited for Captain Taliaferro to reach the hoist sling so we could pull him up. He took five minutes to get there because the undergrowth was so dense. But once he made it to the sling we pulled him up immediately."

The escort fighters fired a parting salvo of rockets into the North Vietnamese troops, and Taliaferro, now safely aboard the HH-43, fired a few shots from his .38 revolver for good measure. All eight members of the two helicopter crews involved in the pickup were awarded Silver Stars by the Pacific Air Force commander himself, Gen. Hunter Harris.

The importance of such a rescue, and the incredibly high percentage of successful ones, can't be overestimated. Lost aircraft can be replaced on an assembly line, but a downed pilot represents an irreplaceable life, as well as a considerable investment in training time and money. There is also an immeasurable mental factor. Every flier fears capture by the North Vietnamese and especially by the Viet Cong, whose standards for treating prisoners fluctuate wildly. The VC rarely shows prisoners the decency of a World War I or II-type prison camp. Instead, communist forces in both North and South Viet Nam hold prisoners as hostages, torturing some and shooting others in reprisal for the execution of Viet Cong terrorists in Saigon. Still other captives, such as Air Force pilot Hayden Lockhart, become living propaganda displays, often kept locked in cages and put on view like animals in a zoo.

Little wonder then that Air Rescue, by sharply reducing the chances of such a fate, has proved to be the biggest morale booster for any combat pilot flying missions over Viet Nam. And while Army and Navy helicopter crews have performed some direct rescues and have done yeoman work in evacuating the wounded, the ticklish task of swooping down behind enemy lines to bring up a pilot almost always belongs to the 400-or-so officers and men of the 38th Air Rescue Squadron.

The chief new tool in their lifesaving arsenal is the power hoist and cable, mounted on the HH-43 and the longer-range CH-3C, which picked up Captain Taliaferro. Many other downed men from all branches of service have been saved by the "wonderful winch." But it doesn't always work perfectly. This leads, as all conversations with members of the 38th inevitably must do, to memories of some pretty hairy incidents.

When Capt. James Tullo was forced to "peg out" (eject) from his stricken F-105, his rescuers recall how they nearly missed him, and lost themselves. Capt. George C. Martin of Chicago, pilot of the rescue chopper, described it this way:

"We picked up a fighter escort before moving into the rescue area, and the downed man was pointed out to us by fighter pilots who had provided air cover for him. He had landed in a populated area. As we started down for our pickup, we could see the city of Hanoi (the North Vietnamese capital) on the horizon.

"Sgt. [Curtis W.] Pert lowered about 60 feet of cable to our hitchhiker, but when he started to haul him in, the cable winch jammed and it was impossible to lift him into the aircraft. Pert and [Airman Gordon C.] Thayer also tried to pull him up by rope, but this didn't work either.

"So, with the pilot dangling from the cable, I moved about a quarter mile away to a rice paddy, lowered him back to the ground, landed, and told him to get in.

"Just as we were taking off we took three hits from enemy small arms fire, one round missing our gasoline tank by about four inches. You might say we escaped by a near-miss."

The Squadron often has pulled off its derring-do snatches with only seconds to spare for other reasons.

Navy Lt. (JG) Grant R. Townsend of West Palm Beach, Florida, had just started to pull his carrier-based A-4 Skyhawk jet out of a bombing run 65 miles into North Viet Nam when flak hit him. He felt an explosion, flames swept over his plane and he ejected.

Townsend landed in elephant grass 14 feet high, and struggled 50 yards up a hill away from his parachute. He was not alone for long. In minutes, he heard the grass rustling and the voices of an enemy search party approaching.

With the pocket survival radio all pilots carry, Townsend called for help from other Navy fighters still in the area. At his direction, they swept in to strafe the approaching troops.

But the North Vietnamese continued to move in and Townsend called for more strikes. This time, the jets poured a volley of rockets into the hill. The enemy troops dropped back, but the rockets started a roaring fire in the high grass, sweeping directly up the hill toward the downed pilot.

Townsend watched with horror as the flames licked higher, reaching and consuming his abandoned parachute. Just then, a little HH-43 puttered in, guided by the smoke from the fire. At the controls was Lieutenant Turk, the same pilot awarded a Silver Star for his part in the Taliaferro rescue. Turk zipped in and picked up Townsend with about 10 seconds to spare.

Because of the ever-present danger of crashed planes burning and of brush fires, crews of the HH-43's carry flame-resistant suits. They also have special pods which can be slung from the choppers to dump chemical foam extinguisher over the land below. Even so, the heat is sometimes so intense during a rescue that the plastic cockpit domes of the hovering choppers are melted.

To make matters worse, snatches from Viet Cong-controlled parts of South Viet Nam can be every bit as risky as

TRUE

"Well, I didn't think the movie was *that* bad!"

rescues from the North Vietnamese soil.

When Capt. Melvin C. Elliott of Glendale, Arizona, was shot down near a U.S. Special Forces camp at Plei Me, he expected to be out of his predicament quickly. He could see the camp when he bailed out and landed. But Elliott ended up playing hide-and-seek with death for 34 hours, without sleep, food or water.

Hit while strafing around the besieged Plei Me camp, Elliott had trouble bailing out of his propellor-driven Skyraider fighter-bomber. He lost all his survival gear except his pocket radio, and found himself hung up 50 feet above ground in the trees where his chute had snagged. He managed to climb down a thick vine, and then his ordeal began. Just a few hundred yards from the camp, Elliott's position was pretty well known to would-be rescuers. But the Viet Cong also had a pretty accurate bead on him.

Eventually, two hoist-equipped Air Force HH-43 helicopters from the 38th Air Rescue Squadron managed to get close to Elliott and pull him up to safety.

There have been as many hair-raising escapes at sea just offshore as on land. Usually, the Air Rescue outfit uses its HU-16 Albatross amphibious planes for this work and usually these twin-engine planes get their men quickly. But for Capt. Norman P. Huggins of Mullins, South Carolina, the wait was agonizing.

Huggins was piloting a speedy RF-101 Voodoo photo reconnaissance jet, checking on surface-to-air missile sites in North Viet Nam, when he was hit. He made it out to sea east of the coastal port of Haiphong before he had to eject.

An enemy shore patrol spotted the downed pilot immediately and several swimmers started out for him, firing pistols as they came. The pilot drew his own pistol, shook the water out of the barrel and fired several shots at his pursuers. The swimmers turned back, but a sampan headed out for him.

By this time, Skyraider fighters were overhead. The fighters fired a few bursts across the bow of the sampan to warn it off, and then sank it when it kept coming. But now a shore battery opened fire on Huggins, who was drifting closer to the beach. Just in time, an Albatross splashed down next to Huggins and rescued him.

Many a foot soldier owes his life to the 38th, too.

It often happens in this ugly jungle war that wounded are trapped in areas where helicopters can't land. To get them out, either trees must be felled to make a landing pad, or the Air Rescue crews of the HH-43's must winch them up. They have done it all.

For security reasons, losses of Air Rescue crews are not reported. But there have been losses. Men engaged in duty involving so much extraordinary courage and skill could not hope to go unscathed. The 38th has detachments all over Southeast Asia, and its craft are in the air around-the-clock when combat planes are flying anywhere.

Crews are on duty more than 70 hours a week. Much of the time is spent in the monotonous waiting of the ready room—generally a cramped shack with a water cooler and an air horn that sounds the alert which means someone not too far off is beleaguered in dangerous territory and needs help.

The crews have all kinds of fancy gear to handle special situations. The detachment at Bien Hoa Air Base, for instance, has $20,000 worth of scuba diving that, as of this writing, it has not had occasion to use. But in heavy use is the "jungle penetrator," a weighted folding seat on which three men can ride up the hoist to a hovering helicopter.

Another mainstay of the rescue men is the chain saw. Armed with it, pararescue men have been lowered into the jungle from hovering helicopters to hack out clearings so other helicopters can move in.

Capt. Charles Nadler of Brooklyn, New York, recalls how chain saws once played a key role in the rescue of a shattered paratrooper unit.

"The trees were more than 150 feet high, so the Army hueys (UH-1 helicopters) just couldn't get in to evacuate the wounded. It was getting dark and there was still a fire fight going on less than 200 yards away. But we hauled up about a dozen men who were so severely wounded that they would have died during the night, and we sent down chain saws to make a clearing. The VC was still shooting at us the next day, but with the clearing we were able to land and get all the rest out."

Like all other GI's in Viet Nam, the 38th feeds on peace rumors and hopes that somehow, some way, this war will end without quite knowing how it can. Meantime the goal of Air Rescue, whatever the future may hold, is to save lives.

The Pentagon has earmarked a continual increase in improved equipment for the Squadron. Before this year is out, it will have amphibious helicopters, as well as jet-powered, longer-range, armor-plated ones.

With them, the little known heroes of Air Rescue should add to a growing reputation as the best insurance policy we have in Viet Nam. Not long ago, a GI hauled up into a helicopter muttered to the chopper crew: "I love you all." He spoke for lots of fighting men in Viet Nam. —**Malcolm W. Browne**

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[*Continued from page* 61]

body. If you happen to know with which organs these points are connected, you can, through acupuncture, reach them and influence them. You can go inside the body without cutting it up."

Gutman finds he's treating more and more patients with acupuncture, fewer with conventional methods. "As I learn more, I'm using it more frequently in difficult cases," he says, "particularly in those cases that have been treated without success in the usual manner, cases in which it is not worthwhile to do more of the same. And the patients often respond excellently.

"I will give you an example: I have a patient who had sinusitis and chronic allergic rhinitis for 40 years. She had tried everything. Finally a specialist sent her to me. I cleared her up completely."

The late English novelist Aldous Huxley, absolutely convinced of acupuncture's efficacy, once wrote: "That a needle stuck into one's foot should improve the functioning of one's liver is obviously incredible . . . The only trouble . . . is that, as a matter of empirical fact, it does happen."

The reason, according to acupuncturists, is that every part of the body is influenced by one or more vital organs. When something goes wrong, when the body is ill, the organ controlling the seat of trouble sounds an alarm at certain specific nerve endings on the skin. Sometimes the alarm is nothing more than a slight sensitivity or warm sensation. At other times this nerve ending (or series of them) pains sharply. The ending is so small, though, about 1/10th inch in diameter, that the ill person is rarely aware of any sensation.

Now then, if you jab this spot, called a point, with a fine needle (no injection—just the bare needle) you affect the controlling organ in some way, according to the pin pushers.

What happens to the organ and the disease when the proper point is stuck depends on a whole variety of curious things. Time of day, for instance. But most of all it depends on the material the needle is made of. Gold needles, so Gutman and his fellow acupuncturists believe, act to stimulate; silver needles to sedate. "If an organ or organ system is underactive, with gold needles we tonify it and bring about a norm," claims Gutman. "If overactive, we calm it down with silver." The reason, he says, is that the needles tap the lymph system, "and like a battery, set up a small electric current." With gold, the current flows one way; with silver, the other.

Gutman's needles are one inch long (they're available up to 10 inches) imported from a goldsmith in Munich. One needle prick may be enough, or it may take a dozen. A headache, for example, may be cured by jabbing the big toe with a single needle; hay fever "complicated by treatments with modern drugs" may take a dozen needles and as many visits, the way Doctor Gutman explains it.

The points are scattered along 12 *meridians* running down the body, invisible lines which a Yale Medical School graduate would have trouble recognizing. (One acupuncturist maintains that he can spot these meridians with a microscope. Small, oval, strange cells clearly line the way, he claims.) Each meridian is related in some way—acupuncturists are rather vague on this detail—to an organ. The bladder meridian, for example, starts at the forehead, travels back over the head and down the back to the rump, then jiggles down a leg, ending in the tip of the little toe. Jab the correct point on the correct meridian and, as explained by English acupuncturing physician Dr. Felix Mann, "the nerve fibres of the autonomic nervous system are stimulated; the impulse goes to the lower centres of the brain, and then back again to the diseased organ, which is restored to its normal balance."

While most acupuncturists talk about Life Force and of negative and positive factors which cause it to flow or not to flow through mysterious "energy channels," others speak of illnesses changing electrical patterns of the body. They say that disease may be likened to an obstruction and that by traumatizing "obstructing triggers" with needles, the "electrical potential" is altered and again the body is balanced in elegant harmony.

Acupuncturists who favor the electrical-balance explanation point to recent research which shows that the body's electrical system indeed can be affected by needles to a certain extent. At the University of Chicago, for example, doctors jab tiny needles through holes in the skull directly into the brain to stop hemmorrhages. When a mild electric current is sent through such needles, blood clots form which temporarily shut off bleeding arteries. (By reversing the current, clots are prevented.) To make the seal permanent, thin copper needles are inserted and left for a week. The copper attacts blood cells because of their negative surface charge. A permanent clot forms, damming the hemorrhage.

Despite attempts to find a scientific reason behind acupuncture, however, nobody comes close to having an airtight theory. "But the important thing isn't the exact mechanism," asserts Gutman, "though that would be highly interesting. The important thing is that the treatment works; the pins really cure (pause) unless you miss the right spot. Then nothing happens. In my experience I have found no negative reactions. Either it works, or it doesn't; it never harms."

Some practitioners drive the pins painfully far into the body. Dr. Ilza Veith, a history of medicine professor at the University of California's San Francisco Medical Center, tells of Far East acupunturists inserting needles five inches deep, and of "unsterilized needles driven . . . into solid organs such as the liver."

"Unsterilized? Never!" snorts Gutman. "Only if done by quacks. Also, the treatment is practically painless. A few days ago I gave a five-year-old boy a number of needles and the only thing he minded was sitting still for 15 minutes while they took effect."

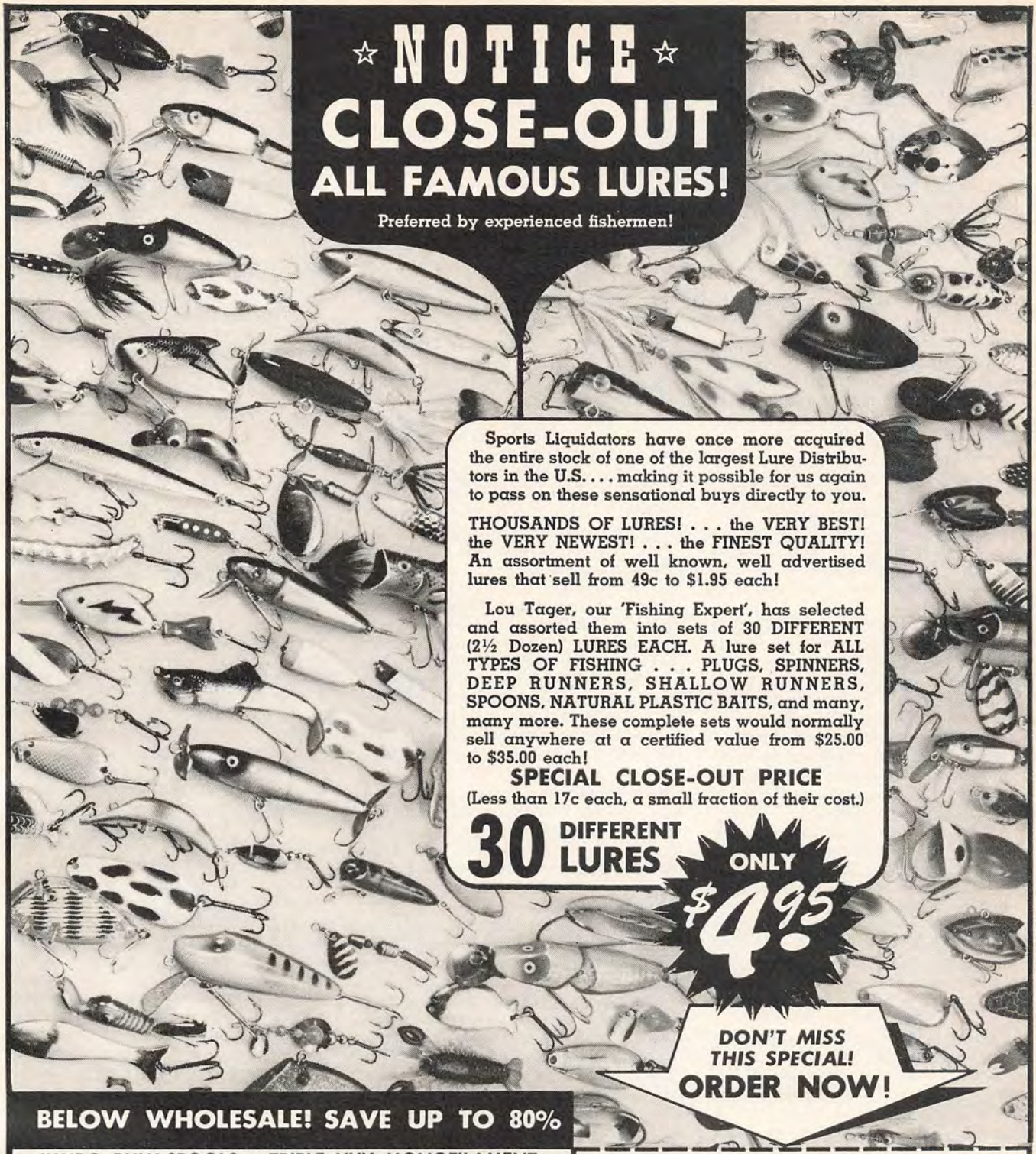
Not surprisingly, when conventional M.D.'s hear about treating maladies by needling, they shudder. "Curing people by sticking them with pins is utter nonsense," declares Cincinnati gynecologist Harry C. Roach. "It makes about as much sense as treating impotency with ground up rhinoceros horn."

Adds Dr. Robert L. Rowan, New York City urologist: "You show me 100 acupuncture patients and I'll show you 100 patients I can treat with a shot of sterile water in the arm."

And yet, as absurd as it appears, the strange treatment is galloping westward. In Leningrad the Bekhterev Institute has set up a special lab to find out if acupuncture really works, and if so, how. At

TRUE

"You have two separate and distinct personalities, Mrs. Ainsworth. Both of them, unfortunately, mean and contemptible."



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"The stuff about the stork was wild—but you should hear what he's telling me now!"

Moscow's Botkin Hospital and others, patients are being needled on a regular basis. German acupuncturists find interest so high they publish a bimonthly journal. Physicians in Switzerland, Belgium, and Italy are increasingly pricking their patients.

In France, the swing toward acupuncture is amazing. Three hundred medical doctors are using it on a regular basis, while a thousand more are dabbling. A dozen hospitals, including Paris' famous Hôtel Dieu, have either outpatient clinics or fully operational acupuncture departments.

Even the traditionally staid English apparently want to become pincushions. When rumors about the strange cure began to grow, says British author Brian Inglis in *The Case for Unorthodox Medicine,* "only a handful of doctors knew about acupuncture, but practitioners of unorthodox medicine hastened to meet the demand; and clinics mushroomed into existence in towns all over the country, attracting hordes of patients." Today, he says, untrained practitioners "have arisen to meet the British public demand like ice cream vendors to exploit a heat wave." They get the bulk of their background from the book *Acupuncture—The Ancient Chinese Art of Healing,* by the high priest of English speaking needlists, Dr. Felix Mann. (The book was published here in 1963 by Random House, but as yet, with only 1,100 copies sold, hasn't gotten off the ground.)

America's Doctor Gutman is not merely an acupuncturist. He differs from mainstream belief in other ways, too. He is against public water flouridation ("The number of fluoride poisoning cases is growing"), is not a member of AMA ("I just don't agree with their policies"), feels that vitamin pills are a crock ("Mainly, it's a big racket"), characterizes osteopathy and chiropractic as "America's great contribution to world medicine," and is medical adviser for an organic food promotion group.

He first heard about acupuncture while a medical student at the University of Vienna in the mid-'30's. "The professor derided it, but I said to myself. 'Some day I'll try that, and then I'll judge.' " But he forgot about it until 1946 when, while visiting Paris, he ran across some translations by a Frenchman named Georges Soulie de Morant, the man credited with bringing acupuncture to Europe. Gutman found more books, studied, gradually worked the treatment into his practice.

Such diseases as emphysema, cancer and tuberculosis, he says, are ordinarily beyond acupuncture. But the practice *is* used to treat a wide range of illnesses. A few years ago Indonesia's President Sukarno was scheduled for kidney surgery. But his spiritual adviser told him it was the wrong time for contact with steel. So he called in the local acupuncturist and, at least temporarily, had his kidney troubles needled away.

Gutman finds needling particularly useful in treating simple fatigue and cites himself as one of his best subjects. Some time ago he was scheduled to give an important lecture, but was in a state of exhaustion. "Since the acupuncture points I needed were in front, I was able to treat myself. I remember I seemed to feel streams of energy coming in, and two and one half hours later I felt I had taken on wings."

Occasionally the doctor gets a backache. To fix himself up he needs four needles, two in front, two in back. He puts in the front two, then calls in his blushing secretary and, with the help of a mirror, guides her in inserting the two behind.

One thing nice about acupuncture: You don't have to carry around a lot of equipment. Just recently Gutman was called to the home of a new patient, a 60-year-old businessman suffering from a slipped disc pressing on his sciatic nerve. As the doctor, empty-handed, entered the bedroom, the man's agony was obvious. "I'm sure glad to see you," the patient said, wiping his eyes with an enormous blue handkerchief. "I've been looking for an acupuncturist ever since I left France last year. These pain-killing drugs are worthless."

The doctor examined the patient and diagnosed the problem. Then from his breast pocket he took a silver box the size of a cigarette lighter, slipped from it one gold and two silver needles. He stuck the gold needle into a spot just below the patient's left ankle. Then with the man lying on his right side, Gutman felt the skin along his back, carefully inserted the silver ones. Fifteen minutes later he pulled them out. "That's the first relief I've had in weeks," said the man, smiling for the first time.

As with most of Gutman's acupuncture patients, this man sought out the doctor. "Usually a patient is recommended by someone else who had good results; he doesn't just come in from the street," says Gutman. "So on that basis none of my patients has shown the slightest shock at the treatment. My old patients, of course, trust me, and when I say, 'Now we'll try something different' and give a brief explanation, they accept it."

The practice of acupuncture began sometime around 2500 B.C. Chinese healers declared then that if a man were sick and you pricked certain points on his skin with needles, the red and green dragons *Yang* and *Yin* which control the forces of good and evil in each man's body as well as in the whole universe, would be reestablished in harmony. The sick man would become well. ("But you must not talk too much about dragons," Gutman cautioned me. "Use 'sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous system' instead.")

Why is this strange treatment now finding so many followers in the West? "It is difficult to explain," wrote Doctor Veith in the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* "It may be a reflection of the failure of scientific medicine to provide the cures for certain diseases and its tendency to ignore or slight their psychological aspects."

Then again, maybe there's something to acupuncture after all. Laboratory experiments in Russia, France, and Korea purport to prove that although to the eye acupuncture points look like any other spots on the skin, to electrical instruments they are obvious.

One experiment, for example, claimed to show that the points are poorer electrical conductors than the surrounding tissue. Another indicated that the spots conduct *sound* better. In another experiment, radioactive phosphorus was injected into an acupuncture point, then traced. It slowly moved through tiny ducts which, strangely, closely paralleled the paths of the classical *meridians.*

In still another bit of research, a patient with auricular fibrillation (fast, usually irregular heartbeat) was hooked to an electrocardiograph, then needled at various points. When touched on non-acupuncture spots there was no reaction, but when the needle was stuck into a certain point on the inside of the right wrist, an acupuncture point that's supposed to control the heart, the fibrillation stopped. "If such findings are confirmed," commented a French professor of medicine, "acupuncture may then be integrated without too much difficulty into the system of Western medicine [as] a branch of medical electricity or of radiology."

No long-range, scientifically controlled experiment on any aspect of acupuncture has ever been run in this country. And there's little likelihood of one soon starting. I asked Doctor Gutman what would happen if he applied to the National Institutes of Health for a grant. He shrugged and said, "Oh, they would be very, very polite, but they'd say no. They're not going to underwrite research of anything not now in the running."

There's no doubt that acupuncture, in some cases at least, has brought about remarkable results. But the reason behind it, say detractors, is that the results

actually come from suggestion, the so-called "placebo effect"—curing with sugar pills because the patient believes them potent. Dr. Michael Kelly, a rheumatism specialist with particular interests in what he calls "medical myths" (and who calls acupuncture "an ancient and arbitrary myth which has no foundation in logic or in anatomy"), maintains that ". . . a proportion of the patients will doubtless be relieved because (1) they believe in the method; (2) they like their doctor; (3) their doctor is sincerely interested in their troubles."

However, if relief is only transient, remission of pain may mask underlying ailments which, undetected and untreated, may lead to far greater problems later. Reporting from behind the Bamboo Curtain, the former Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Hanoi, North Viet Nam, says that he knows of "definite cases of acute appendicitis in which (acupuncture) led to the disappearance of pain, fever and resistance without stopping the process of perforation" and usually the result was death.

One step toward a confirmation of acupuncture's effectiveness may have been taken recently at Rumania's University of Bucharest. Doctor Gutman explains: "There is a specific acupuncture point that is supposed to increase the flow of gall bladder conditions. At Bucharest, a fistula, a permanent little drain, was put into a horse's bladder. Now whenever a needle is inserted into that acupuncture point on the horse, the gall begins to flow. This is unexplainable by conventional anatomy or physiology. And there's certainly no power of suggestion influencing that horse."

Organized American medicine is ready to mock anything not in the mainstream, Gutman contends. "When you ask a true scientist his opinion of something, either he will say, 'I tried it, so I can tell you . . .' or, 'I'm sorry, I have had no experience, so I cannot pass judgment.' *That* is the true scientist, not the one who sacrifices the most guinea pigs.

"Doctors here are not educated to think scientifically; not in the way physicists or chemists are taught to think. Doctors are taught just haphazard observation. It's *because* of this training that they have derisive attitudes toward such things as acupuncture."

It is unlikely that William Gutman is the only medical man in America who thinks scientifically. But he has faith in his needles—and so do his patients.

—Robert Gannon

COMING . . .

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(Advertisement)

They laughed when we took our family kayaks to ALASKA

Exploring Mendenhall Glacier — 20 minutes from downtown Juneau.

by Murray Morgan

Coals to Newcastle? Coffee to Brazil? How about kayaks to Alaska?

My wife Rosa, daughter Lane and I carried a pair of folding kayaks — veterans of two Rhine journeys — in our station wagon when we boarded the Alaska ferryliner, Taku, at Prince Rupert, B.C.

The kayaks didn't touch water until after a fascinating voyage up the Inside Passage and the Taku reached Juneau. There we paddled out under sunny skies to touch the blue-green thrust of Mendenhall Glacier as it butts the water — and chipped cocktail ice from a crystalline berg.

Driving off the Taku at Haines, we continued north over a birch-lined highway to Fairbanks. Here the Chena glides through the Gold Rush City, imperious and inviting; but paddle wheel riverboat tours make personal boating unnecessary.

The highway from Fairbanks to Anchorage passes so many tempting rivers and lakes that the two-day drive could last indefinitely, but we had other fish to fry, including an Arctic char or two. Reluctantly, we declined the tempting offer of the motel cafeteria cook who was a big game guide, a licensed pilot, and possessor of a plane that came to point on moose, bear, other fauna.

Then Anchorage, nested amid sea-girt mountains; a swinging metropolis; an international transportation center that has produced luxury hotels topped by roof-garden restaurant lounges that look down on an inviting world of mountains and channels.

From Anchorage we flew—down a chain of symmetric volcanoes—to King Salmon, there to transfer to an amphibian which deposits you at a lodge on Lake Brooks. Half-a-morning away from Anchorage you are just off-scene of the western world's greatest explosion: the Mount Katmai eruption of 1912. Today, the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes is a mecca for hunters, fishermen, rock hounds, and just plain tourists. Even those too blase to be moved by geology or scenery are fascinated by the fact that the lakes and rivers are so full of migrating salmon that no skill is needed: just patience and enough muscle to land your catch. Average catch: 8 pounds, 6 ounces — what a spot to dip a kayak!

From Anchorage, flights leave daily for Eskimo country. At Nome, we assembled our two-seater kayak on the dark sands once covered with gold camps, and hesitantly looked Bering Sea-ward. Our misgivings were erased when there appeared unexpectedly a carver of ivory, carrying his seal skin boat, who offered to guide us through the breakers out into the rolling sea of the walrus hunter.

It was like Harmon Killebrew asking a Little Leaguer if he wanted to catch a few fungo flies.

Later, on another Alaska ferryliner carrying us to Kodiak Island, where even the Russians admitted the bears were big, we decided that while our 1400-mile Danube journeys evoke memories of castles and villages, seeing America with one of its original guides is an unforgettable travel experience. You ought to try it first.

Want to know more about how to get to this big country and what to see when you arrive? Write your name and address across the bottom of this page and mail it to me, Murray Morgan, Box 2391-T, Juneau, Alaska. I'll see to it you get a packet of full-color brochures and maps. They'll send you heading north fast.

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Robert Halmi

Rows of slot machines take in plenty. But how often can a player expect to collect?

"On a recent trip to Las Vegas," writes John Drostyn of Revere, Massachusetts, "I contributed some of my hard-earned coin to the one-armed bandits there, and this set me to thinking about the laws of chance. How do slot machines work? How can you figure the odds?"

Slot machines are designed to make beating them a miracle. And as for the odds, don't worry, they're all figured—28 percent to 60 percent against you.

The typical "fruit salad Liberty Bell" machine has three reels (some have four). Each reel carries 20 symbols which, right off, gives you 20x20x20 or 8,000 possible combinations.

The symbols vary in number on each reel; this is what controls the odds for the payoff. Reel One may carry seven cherries, three oranges, three lemons, five plums, one Liberty Bell and one bar. Reel Two may change the fruit pattern and go up to three bars. Reel Three may drop back to one bar with again varying numbers of fruit. For the big jackpot, which calls for three bars across, you can draw on only five bars in three possible combinations, or odds of 2,666 to one that you don't make it.

The machine is set in motion by a pull of the lever, which sends all three reels spinning freely at the same speed. They do not coast to a stop but are checked by a retard mechanism; Reel One first, then Reel Two, then Three. The stops are random on an "honest" machine, and do not control the odds, which are based entirely on the probabilities built into the number of symbols selected by the designer. If any winning combination is lined up when the reels come to a stop, holes in the reels permit a payout rod to push through and release the correct number of coins into the cup.

Mathematicians who have studied the odds on slot machines point out that your chances of winning decline the longer you play. In 8,000 plays there will be about 1169 wins and 6831 losing plays. Most of the wins will be small ones and you generally will wind up losing from 25 to 60 percent of your money.

This is with a legitimate machine. Some operators, who resent giving the sucker back any part of his dough, can easily rig a machine so the jackpot will never come up. All it takes is a weight attached to one reel in such a position that if a bar comes into the payoff spot, the weight pulls the reel down another space, ruining the jackpot.

M. A. Riddle, president of the "Dunes" at Las Vegas, once said: "No smart gambler plays the slot machines, the odds against him are too high." He went on to say that most people think that a machine is fixed to pay off after a certain amount has been fed into it. They are wrong. The machine pays off only on the probabilities, and the player has exactly as much chance of hitting the jackpot on the first play as on the hundredth.

So if you see someone give up after pouring coins into a slot machine, don't rush in because you think the bandit is now ready to disgorge. People who thought that can be seen hitchhiking back from Las Vegas.

Q: Does motion speed the aging of whisky? *John Cocoante, Keewatin, Minn.*

A: No. Natural flavor development is a time not motion study.

Q: How did the blimp get its name? *J. F. Kerklo, Cleveland, Ohio.*

A: From the noise a British air commodore got when he flicked his thumb against one. On December 5, 1915, Lt. A. D. Cunningham of the Royal Navy Air Service was conducting a weekly inspection of his assigned airship station. He broke the solemnity of the occasion by playfully flicking an airship's gas bag, and audibly repeating the sound it made, "blimp."

Q: Are there any wild whooping cranes left in the United States? *Thomas Fraser, Mountain Home, Idaho.*

A: Yes. The world's only wild whooping crane flock winters at the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge on the Gulf coast of Texas. This winter 44 birds returned to the refuge from their Canadian summer home, 2,500 miles away. In 1938, when the birds were in danger of extinction, there were only 14 whooping cranes left in the flock. Then, mainly through an intensive conservation program, their number began to rise.

Q: I've heard of a famous artist who mixes birdseed in his paint. Is somebody putting me on? *Janet Weston, Boston, Mass.*

A: In this age of "pop" and "op" art it is not unusual for an artist to use anything from tin cans to old radiator caps in his work. The painter you are referring to is the well-known Belgian artist, Robert Helsmoortel, now of New York and Florida. This artist achieves a heavy sculpture effect in his abstract paintings by forming a thick texture of birdseed and sand on his canvases before the paint is applied.

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Q: Can the moon cause rainbows? ***Mrs. Champ Clark, Prescott, Ariz.***

A: Yes, but these reflections are called "moonbows." They rarely occur, however, and are difficult to see due to the faintness of moonlight.

Q: Did Lyndon Johnson receive history's largest percentage of the popular vote when he was elected President in 1964? ***Leonard Carey, Rossford, Ohio.***

A: Yes. The final returns showed that Johnson's percentage of the total national vote was 61 percent. This beat Franklin D. Roosevelt's 60.7 percent when he defeated Alfred M. Landon in 1936. Although George Washington was elected without opposition, his electors were chosen by the state legislatures rather than by popular vote.

Q: Does worrying cause gray hair? ***Donald Brinkley, Vandenberg AFB, Calif.***

A: No. Graying of the hair is a normal part of aging. However, premature graying may result from over or underactivity of the thyroid glands, mental and physical shock, and severe illness.

Q: How did the Los Angeles Dodgers, formerly of Brooklyn, get their name? ***Frederick Nichol, Goshen, N.Y.***

A: In 1883 Charles H. Byrne built a baseball park in Brooklyn Heights on the approximate spot where Washington fought the Battle of Long Island. The professional team that played there was dubbed the Dodgers because its fans got much of their physical exercise dodging trolleys which had just been installed in the area and which were considered more of a menace than a convenience.

Q: Does cupping one's hand to his ear really help a person hear better? ***Burton Spickler, Bakersfield, Calif.***

A: Yes. It increases the area of the normal ear funnel and in a sense pushes sound into the ear in an amplified manner. Before electronic hearing aids were developed, old-fashioned ear trumpets worked on the same principle.

Q: Where and when will the next U.S.A. versus U.S.S.R. track and field competition be held? ***John Klemper, Bedford Village, N.Y.***

A: It's scheduled for the Los Angeles Coliseum on July 25 and 26 in 1966.

Q: Why are silos built round instead of in square or rectangular shapes? ***Dave Reed, Phoenix, Ariz.***

A: Because the circular shape provides the greatest strength and capacity for any given amount of building material.

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CAN HYPNOTISM DEFEAT JUSTICE?

[*Continued from page* 42]

remember back two weeks. By questioning he discovered that between one and two on Tuesday afternoon Gourley had been on the campus. "That's fine," Crismon said. "Now when you wake up, you're going to be walking across the campus and you're going to have a conversation with a woman who has lost a dog. You're going to remember this conversation clearly and you're going to remember that it took place on Tuesday, two weeks ago."

As soon as Gourley opened his eyes, Mrs. Tomlinson hurried up to him. "I'm Virginia Tomlinson," she began, "and I've lost a dog—a big, golden-brown dog named Muff. Have you seen him?"

Gourley nodded his head emphatically. "Yes," he said. "I've seen him."

Now this was impossible. The dog Muff was 3,000 miles away in Wilmington, North Carolina.

"Where did he go?" she asked.

"I don't know," Gourley told her. "He just ran on by."

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Tomlinson cried. "He belongs to my son-in-law, and he was brought up on a Coast Guard ship. The boys there will simply kill me if I've lost him."

As she hurried off, Crismon turned to Gourley again—"You're going deep, deep asleep. . . ." He told Gourley to remember the conversation, and to remember that it took place two weeks before on a Tuesday. Then, at a signal from Duval, he said, "I'm turning you over to Pierre."

"This is Pierre," Duval said, leaning toward Gourley and speaking in a confidential voice. "You're sure you remember everything that happened that Tuesday. There may be people here who will tell you that the recollection is part of hypnosis, but you will know you have not been hypnotized today and you will tell them so. Nobody will be able to make you change your story."

When Gourley was awakened we all questioned him. He turned out to be the sort of witness defense lawyers dream about. There was complete conviction about everything he said. Yes, he had seen Mrs. Tomlinson before. She had come up to him one day when he was walking along a campus street. It was two weeks ago, on Tuesday, between 1 and 2.

"You're positive you saw this lady?" Doctor Kirk asked.

Gourley was positive.

"How was she dressed?"

"She was wearing a black coat and a hat with some white on it." He looked at Mrs. Tomlinson. "She was dressed just the way she is now."

"You could be mistaken."

Gourley shook his head. "No, I'd know her anywhere. She has a very distinctive face."

"In what way?"

"The round cheeks and the firm chin. She asked me if I had seen a dog," he added. "She seemed very distressed."

To test his memory, Doctor Kirk asked him details about other happenings that Tuesday. Gourley had been told under hypnosis to remember the day clearly, and the answers came with no apparent effort.

He insisted that he had not been hypnotized now in the laboratory. I reminded him that he had come here to take part in a demonstration. "Yes," he said, glancing at the clock. "When are we going to begin?"

As Doctor Kirk put it later: "He did not slip up on a single detail. I haven't had any confidence in eyewitness testimony for years. I've heard too many witnesses lie—some because they were bought, some because they were influenced and some because they were confused. This demonstration refutes the belief of law enforcement officers that one eyewitness is worth a ton of circumstantial evidence."

Duval explained that we had been shown only one method of exploiting a witness. "Another trick is to distort his memory. This is done by emphasizing one or two false details while he is in hypnosis. These details he will stick to through thick and thin. They are the only things he feels absolutely sure about. Maybe one of them is the idea that the man who committed the crime in question had a broken nose. The broken nose bit has been stressed a dozen times while the witness is in a trance. Later he would never recognize the real crook. He would be looking for a man with a broken nose."

FIGHT CANCER WITH A CHECKUP AND A CHECK

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Despite the significance of this demonstration, there is one hopeful note. Some censor in the brain prevents any person from being hypnotized into falsely accusing a particular person of a crime. The subject may, under suggestion, visualize the crook as having a broken nose or a red beard. But he will not say, "I saw John Doe do it," if he did not actually see John Doe do it.

Unfortunately, if such an accusation cannot be made directly, its effect can be achieved through other means. "It can be arranged," says Duval, "by methods which law enforcement officers can use just as well as defense lawyers."

Hypnotism is occasionally employed by police to help a witness remember an important clue—the license number of a hit-run car, for example. Even under hypnosis the witness may recall only that the car was a dark one. But if a zealous officer is sure he knows the culprit, he may try to help the witness "remember" more than was actually seen. The officer might say, while the witness is in the trance state, "You see a dark-green 1965 Buick pulling away. You turn around to look at the license number." Then the officer holds up a card with the number of the suspect's car on it.

The witness, when awakened, will probably discover that his memory has greatly improved. He'll remember that the car was a dark-green 1965 Buick, with a license number belonging to the suspect.

What does this perversion of facts lead to? "If you are on a jury," Duval says, "and strong material evidence seems to be contradicted by eyewitnesses, take a hard look at that eyewitness testimony."

John A. Nejedly, district attorney of Contra Costa County, in California, sees the defense the courts must make to the threat of hypnosis this way: "It would certainly be wise to include in cross-examination the possibility that a witness might be reacting to posthypnotic suggestion. If a witness lied without exhibiting the usual signs of lying, some insulation from normal moral responses could be suspected. Then we'd suggest a polygraph test."

Since such a witness would have no idea he was lying, there would be no indicative reaction from the polygraph machine when he was questioned about his testimony— no increase in blood pressure or heart beat or respiration. If law enforcement officers suspected his testimony was false, this very fact might convince them. "In that case," Nejedly says, "it would be necessary to ask the court to determine whether there had been hypnotic contact."

Superior Court Judge Gerald S. Levin agreed. "If there is a suggestion that the witness is influenced by posthypnotic suggestion (or any other external factor), then the court would wish to hear expert testimony to determine his credibility."

But how could hypnotic tinkering with the truth ever be proved? As Duval points out, if skullduggery is afoot, a hypnotist would tell the witness, in trance, to let no one else hypnotize him. This is a difficult block to overcome. It has even been suggested that a witness might have to be given Sodium Pentothal, the truth drug, before he could be believed. The question then arises whether Sodium Pentothal itself could break through a hypnotic barrier. As one pharmacologist put the problem: "It's an iffy. I could make a guess that there would be a time during the action of Sodium Pentothal when the block could be overcome. But it would be chancy. Out of three attempts in a row, you probably would be successful once."

Doctor Kirk summed up the situation: "I have no doubt we'll have to take the possibilities of hypnosis into consideration." With a wry expression he added, "It's going to make things pretty rough."

—**Jean Muir**

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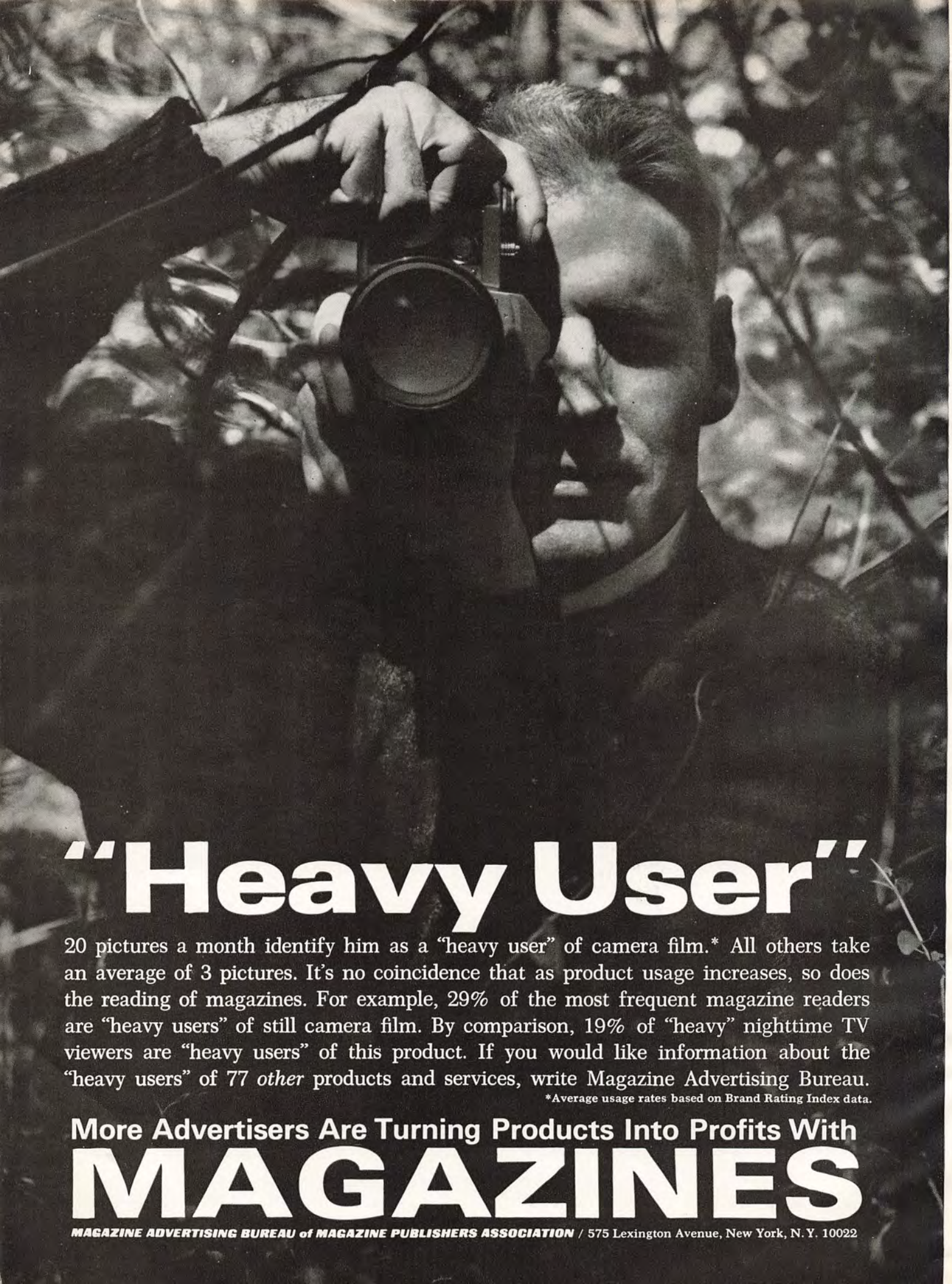
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DAWN OF THE DEEP-SEA KILLERS

[*Continued from page* 51]

U-15; and, for unknown reasons, *U-13* had simply never returned from her first patrol. Submarine warfare obviously presented more unknowns than knowns; but Otto Weddigen's *U-9* was on her way to attempt a solution—the hard way—in the open sea.

While still off the friendly German coast, Weddigen ran his crew through a diving exercise, noting the time it took: one minute and 23 seconds to reach periscope depth. Then he ordered *U-9* back to the surface and continued on his mission at 12 knots.

Toward the end of the afternoon *U-9,* well offshore, crossed the mouth of the Ems and was off the coast of German-occupied Holland. The sea continued to build, and now the expected westerly gale broke 10-foot waves over the conning tower and splashed into the control room below. The whole boat pitched and wallowed and shook under the pounding so that Weddigen was forced to slow to eight knots.

By nightfall *U-9* was out of sight of the low coast. Around midnight the Executive Officer, Lt. Johannes Speiss, reported to Weddigen that the compass had become so erratic, as a result of the continuous sloshing of the alcohol in which it floated, that it could no longer be trusted. In fact, since the trouble had occurred progressively over several hours, *U-9* was in all probability well off her intended track already.

Weddigen checked the wildly swinging compass himself, then slowed and ordered a man, equipped with life jacket and safety line, on deck to take a sounding. They got a reading of 17 fathoms.

Weddigen and Speiss exchanged looks in the darkened, spray-swept barrel of the conning tower—they should have been in 10 fathoms.

Again the lead was swung and dropped; again a shielded flashlight glared for a moment as the line came vertical—and again the reading was 17 fathoms. In the control room the two officers rechecked the chart. The soundings put *U-9* miles off course to the north and much farther out into the British patrolled North Sea than she belonged.

Now Otto Weddigen had a decision to make, knowing that on his decision depended not only his own life but the lives of 25 other human beings as well.

Was his vessel capable of performing her assigned task with a faulty compass? Should he continue, thus handicapped, in the hope either that the compass could be repaired underway or that he could somehow make do without it? Or would that be foolhardy and an unwarranted risk of his ship and the lives of his crew?

Weddigen was not worried about his ability to navigate on the surface; there were ways of doing that. What did worry him was his ability to fight, to operate his submarine submerged, to be successful in the lethal game of blindman's buff that would ensue when he made contact with the enemy. How could he determine direction after the dark waters closed over the lens of his periscope and direction became the one factor on which depended success or failure, life or death?

Weddigen's mind scanned smoothly back and forth across the problem. It was a familiar process, one to which he had been first born and then trained. His naval training had seemed only to reinforce and strengthen an innate authority so natural that, quiet and easy-going as he was, blond, slight and of only average height, no man under his command had ever felt the slightest doubt that Weddigen was totally in charge of every situation. Largely because of this inborn ability to lead, he had acquired even before the war the reputation of a highly competent seaman and an expert in the brand new art of commanding submarines.

He looked at the chart again and the treacherous compass and at the men around him—and decided to go on.

At daylight on the 21st, *U-9* turned south, rolling heavily with the sea abeam, angling shoreward for a glimpse of the land, and slowing once a watch to heave the lead. Slowly the water shoaled, and in midafternoon the low shadow of the Dutch coast came in sight off the port bow through the streaming binoculars of the lookout. Weddigen changed course to the southwest to parallel it.

By late evening, Weddigen could tell by the lights ashore that he was off Ijmuiden at the base of the little thumb which Holland pokes up into the North Sea and which forms the western side of the Zuider Zee. To the south the lights of Scheveningen and The Hague cast their looms on the bases of the clouds. Knowing that any vessel encountered in these waters could be assumed to be hostile, and knowing from the experience of the past night how limited was the visibility from his low, lurching, spray-swept conning tower, Weddigen decided to remain where he was for the night and proceed down the coast toward Ostend at daylight.

Further, his crew was approaching exhaustion. In the oil and sweat-smelling interior of the tossing submarine, sleep had been almost impossible. Only half a dozen narrow bunks existed anyway, wedged up under the piping and between the spare torpedoes, and the men curled up wherever there was sufficient space on gear lockers, parts boxes or oily deck plates.

With the surface rough and dangerous, and unable to run submerged and deplete his storage batteries which he would need to fight the next day, Weddigen took *U-9* to the bottom where she could lie silent and motionless, expending neither diesel fuel nor battery power, while her crew rested for the coming action and the enemy keels passed harmlessly overhead. The hatches thudded closed and were dogged down tight, the vents opened as the air hissed out of the ballast tanks and the sea flooded in. The throbbing of the diesels stopped and in its place came the hum of the electric motors. At the diving planes, sailors turned their control wheels and the little black sub angled gently downward through the dark waters of the

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North Sea. The bottom was a hundred feet down, almost as far as the sub could safely go, and after a few minutes of descent, *U-9's* hull bumped to a stop. The motors were switched off, additional ballast was taken in to put her solidly down, and Weddigen and his crew waited for the stillness they so badly needed. It never came. The great seas rushing shoreward overhead so stirred the shallow ocean that even on the bottom there was no peace. *U-9* was lifted and dropped, lifted and dropped, banging each time heavily into the bottom so that her machinery jarred on its foundations and her weary crew was jolted awake to stare apprehensively at the sweating bulkheads, fearful the sea would break through at any moment. After trying all the tricks he knew, Weddigen could no longer risk damaging his boat, nor could he afford to expend the few hours of submerged endurance stored in his batteries. He went back to the blustery surface.

But that autumn night off the Netherlands was not slated to hold much rest for these red-eyed German sailors. Shortly after midnight Weddigen's voice boomed out of the voice tube: "Dive! Dive!" In streaming oilskins, Weddigen then half climbed, half jumped down into the control room. The hatch slammed and locked, the planesmen frantically turned their control wheels to full dive position. To Speiss and the expectant faces around him, Weddigen, without taking his eyes from the moving needle of the depth gauge, reported, "Destroyers. Blacked out and headed north, fast."

After the bottom pounding and the surface grazing, Weddigen had had enough. *U-9* remained submerged, gliding slowly in a narrow band of calm water with just enough power to retain control, conserving as much of her precious electrical energy as possible while the men off watch slept at last.

Sunrise off the Dutch coast on the 22nd of September occurred just before 6 a.m. At precisely 5:45 the thin, black broomstick of *U-9*'s periscope poked up through the surface, rotated slowly in a full sweep of the empty horizon and disappeared. A minute later her conning tower broke clear, then her low, dark hull. Human heads popped above the tower rim. The diesels took up their dual task of driving the little vessel and turning generators to recharge batteries. Weddigen and Speiss looked out on a world that seemed totally different from the one on which the sun had set the previous evening. The sea still ran high but was obviously beginning to flatten out. The wind had decreased to a light and shifting breeze—and best of all, the sky was clear and visibility almost unlimited. Weddigen estimated his position to be 22 miles northwest of Scheveningen, and soundings showed between 12 and 13 fathoms of water.

Speiss took the watch, heading slowly south and sweeping the horizon constantly with his binoculars while his skipper and Schon, the boat's master mechanic, stretched their legs and filled their lungs with the fresh sea air below on the foredeck. Except for the sails of a few Dutch fishermen between *U-9* and the coast, the ocean was vacant.

It was 10 minutes past 6 when Speiss picked up through his binoculars a tiny break in the sharp line of the horizon ahead. The break resolved itself in a minute or two and became unmistakably a mast, clearly that of a warship.

"Captain! Captain, to the bridge!" came his voice strong and resonant through the brass voice tube. "Diving stations! Stop diesels! Shift to motors!"

Weddigen erupted out of the hatch into the conning tower. Speiss pointed and Weddigen took a careful five-second look through his glasses, swept the horizon all around, grinned happily at Speiss and ordered, "Dive! Dive!"

Despite the heavy swell left over from yesterday's storm, *U-9* rode steadily at periscope depth, responding nicely to her planes and her helm as she headed for the enemy. In her crowded control room, Weddigen stood where he could see depth gauge and compass, planesmen and helmsman, and at the same time have instant access to the periscope. Speiss stood behind him, his hand on the lever which controlled the periscope hoisting motor and operated it on Weddigen's signal.

The atmosphere in the little sub was one of impatience. The men's mouths were dry, their palms damp. On helm and planesmen's wheels knuckles were white with the hard grip of tension. Speech was in whispers as if the enemy could overhear.

After perhaps 20 minutes, Weddigen announced that he could make out "three small four-stack cruisers." Speiss went forward to double check the arming and preparation of the reserve torpedoes and returned promptly to report it accomplished. On his return Weddigen had even better news. The enemy ships were, he said, "Three English cruisers of the *Birmingham* class." The name echoed through *U-9*'s tense compartments as it was picked up by the young German voices. They remembered that it was the cruiser *Birmingham* which had rammed and sunk *U-15* in the opening days of the war.

With *U-9* making six knots toward the cruisers which were steaming in her direction at 10, the range closed rapidly.

TRUE

Weddigen put his scope up less often and kept it up less long as he drew closer, knowing that each time it broke the surface it threw up a continuous "feather" of spray which could give him away to an alert enemy lookout.

By quick glimpses through the tiny lens a foot or two above the wave tops, Weddigen could see that the three British ships were in a triangle formation some two miles on a side—unescorted (probably because the rough weather of the past few days would have made the escorts ineffective anyway) and steaming in a straight line at a steady speed—giving Weddigen the easiest possible torpedo shot. He selected the middle or leading cruiser and headed *U-9* for a point just ahead of the apex of the English triangle, calculating the time it would take to get there at the combined speeds of attacker and attacked, and resisting the temptation to take just one more look.

U-9 was now close under the guns of the British, known since the days of the Armada for their marksmanship. All that protected the thin plating of *U-9*'s tiny hull from the point-blank salvos of a score of heavy guns was her invisibility, the couple of fathoms of opaque North Sea water beneath which she slid in toward firing position.

Like all trained men in combat, Weddigen and Speiss concentrated on the problem at hand, on calculations of enemy course and speed, on the direction in which to launch their torpedoes so that at some point well ahead of its position at the moment of firing, target vessel and torpedo would collide. They tried, almost successfully, to exclude from their minds the doubts that nagged at them, the unanswered questions which would be answered one way or another in the next few minutes. In the heavy sea, for example, and with the sudden loss of weight forward caused by the firing of the torpedo, could *U-9* be kept from broaching into full view of the English gunners? And what damage could *U-9* expect herself as a result of the torpedo explosion? When *U-21's* torpedo had hit *Pathfinder,* at a range of some 1300 yards, the whole submarine had been severely jarred by the detonation. It was the general opinion of German submariners that at a range of less than 600 yards, damage could be expected to the bow of the submarine and possibly to the fragile diving planes without which she would be uncontrollable.

With two minutes to go according to his stopwatch, Weddigen ordered, "Prepare all tubes for firing!"

Speiss had anticipated him. "All tubes ready, sir."

"Which tube do you want to use first, Lieutenant?"

"I suggest number two, sir."

"Very well, number two it is."

Speiss flipped up the metal safety cap covering the electric firing button for tube two and stood with his right thumb on the contact. His left hand was on the periscope control lever, his eyes on Weddigen.

Weddigen glanced again at his watch. "We are on the enemy," he said, his voice loud in the tense silence of the control room. "As soon as we fire, take her down

to 50 feet and hold her there. Up periscope. Tube two, stand by."

Weddigen grasped the periscope handles, swung them slightly and stopped. The target cruiser filled almost his whole field of view as she ploughed straight ahead, dark smoke rolling from her four tall stacks, her white bow wave breaking well down her sides, her guns manned and trained out and the white ensign of the Royal Navy stiff and proud at her truck. She could not have been more than 500 yards away.

"Tube two, fire! Down periscope!"

Speiss's right thumb jammed the firing button.

The little sub jolted as the torpedo left the tube on its jet of compressed air, and every eye in the control room went to the depth gauge, waiting to see if *U-9* would surface before the guns and keels of the cruisers. Speiss, at the moment of firing, felt that he was performing his own execution, that if *U-9* did not broach, the explosion of the torpedo at such close range would surely sink her. But the men at the diving planes cranked their heavy wheels and drove her down, and exactly 31 seconds after the order "Fire," there came, not a shattering blast, but only a remote, hollow boom ending with a muffled ringing sound.

The terrible tension was broken. It was a hit! *U-9* had neither broached nor been crushed by the explosion. The narrow cylinder of the sub rang with cheers; even Weddigen and Speiss forgot the dignity of their rank and shouted and clapped each other on the back in relief and triumph.

As soon as a check of the boat had been made and Weddigen was sure she was intact and under good control, he ordered a return to periscope depth both to see the effect of his hit and to reattack if the situation allowed.

His first glance showed a drastic change in the surface picture. One cruiser lay dead in the water, so heavily down by the stern that already the seas were washing over the afterdeck. Clouds of thick, white smoke billowed from her four stacks and her decks were dense with small figures knotting around the lowering boats. While Weddigen watched, a burst of smoke occurred amidships followed instantly by a flash of flame; part of the deck seemed to rise and fall back. The ship began to settle more rapidly and the stacks tilted to starboard. Scores of the white-clad figures left the boats and began to jump and dive into the sea. In another few minutes she was gone, sliding down stern first with a rumble that could be heard clearly in *U-9*. For a moment the sea bubbled and swirled where she had been and then there was only a litter of floating wreckage, a few heads and a boat or two pulling uncertainly this way and that. A few miles to the north the two other cruisers had turned and were hurrying back to the scene of the sinking.

While Weddigen maneuvered for a second attack, Speiss went forward to supervise the reloading of a spare torpedo into tube two. At attack depth and slow speeds in the heavy swell, the planesmen were having trouble keeping *U-9* level. The man on the after planes, which were manually operated, was exhausted and had to be relieved. All the men not concerned with maneuvering or firing torpedoes were kept in constant motion by the orders of the planesman, to help with their weight to maintain the vessel's trim. The order "All hands aft" and then "all hands forward" rang through *U-9* followed by a rush of sweating, panting men from one end of the boat to the other.

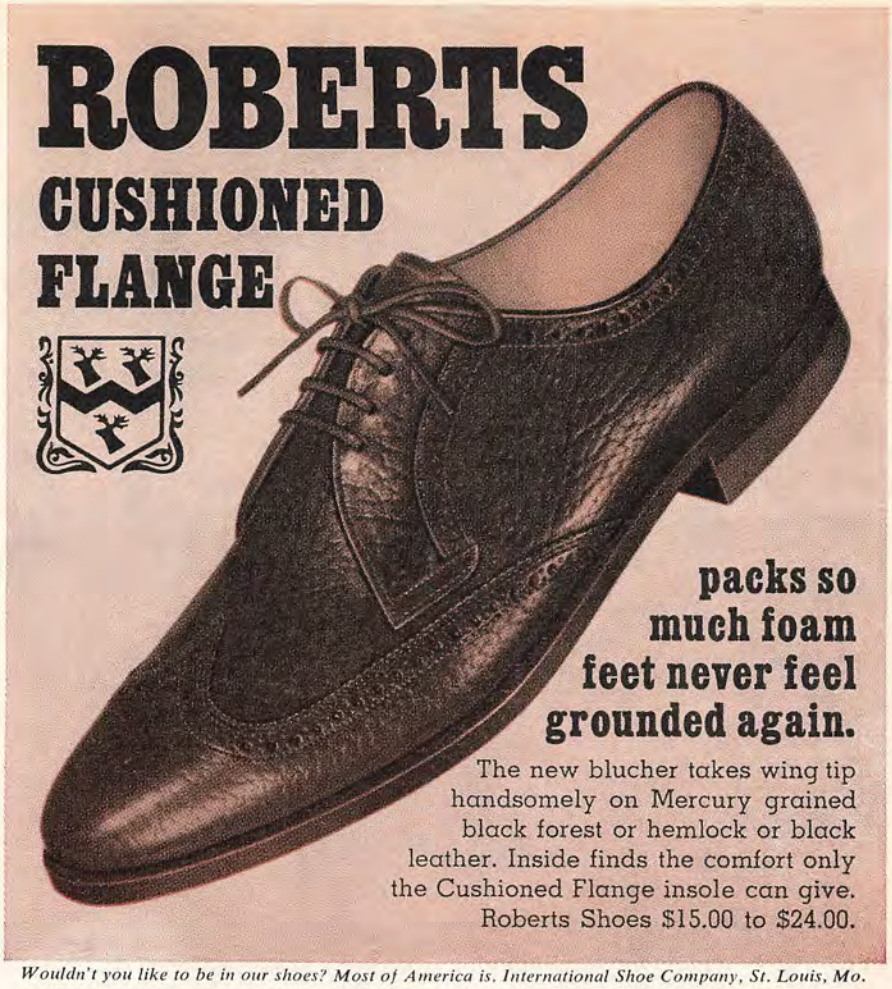
But somehow in the litter and confusion and the rancid, oily air, the tube was reloaded. When Speiss returned to the control room, Weddigen was in position for his second attack. Incredibly, the skipper of the second cruiser had stopped his ship at the scene of the sinking and was calmly lowering his boats to pick up survivors. His guns were trained out fanwise to cover a threat from any direction, and a string of signal flags fluttered brightly at his yardarm. It had apparently not occurred to him that a submarine was in the area. Royal Navy captains of those days were not inclined to worry about the smelly, fragile, little "pig boats" which seemed always to be sinking and requiring arduous and usually unsuccessful rescue operations even in peacetime training exercises.

Weddigen gave Speiss a turn at the periscope and the exec, seeing the double turrets, informed his skipper that these were not the little ships they had thought, but big, tough, armored cruisers. Weddigen was not convinced but decided to fire two torpedoes at the second ship just in case.

Again the captain cautioned the planesmen to hold her level at the moment of firing—neither to let her broach, nor point dangerously down. The first torpedo had left its tube at 7:20 a.m. At 7:55 the order to fire came again and Speiss sent both bow torpedoes on their way. Down came the periscope, again the little sub churned down to a safer level, and again came the sound of hits, two this time and louder because Weddigen had fired at a point-blank 300 yards. The last bow torpedo was loaded into tube one; after that there remained only the two in the stern tubes. At 50 feet Weddigen, with one motor in reverse and hard over rudder, swung in a tight circle to attack the last of the three cruisers.

Many of the men felt he was pushing his luck and theirs. The navigator called through the voice tube to ask how much longer their attack would last and the chief engineer chimed in that it would have to end very soon because the batteries were almost entirely discharged.

Weddigen, it was true, was pushing his boat and his crew to their limits. The batteries had furnished power for submerged operation most of the previous night and had had less than an hour's charge before the sighting of the enemy had driven *U-9* down again. The high-speed maneuvering necessary to gain attack position had depleted them still further. Before he could return to port, a final 800 amperes would be demanded to start the diesels. But Otto Weddigen had the enemy in his sights and he was not going to let him get away.



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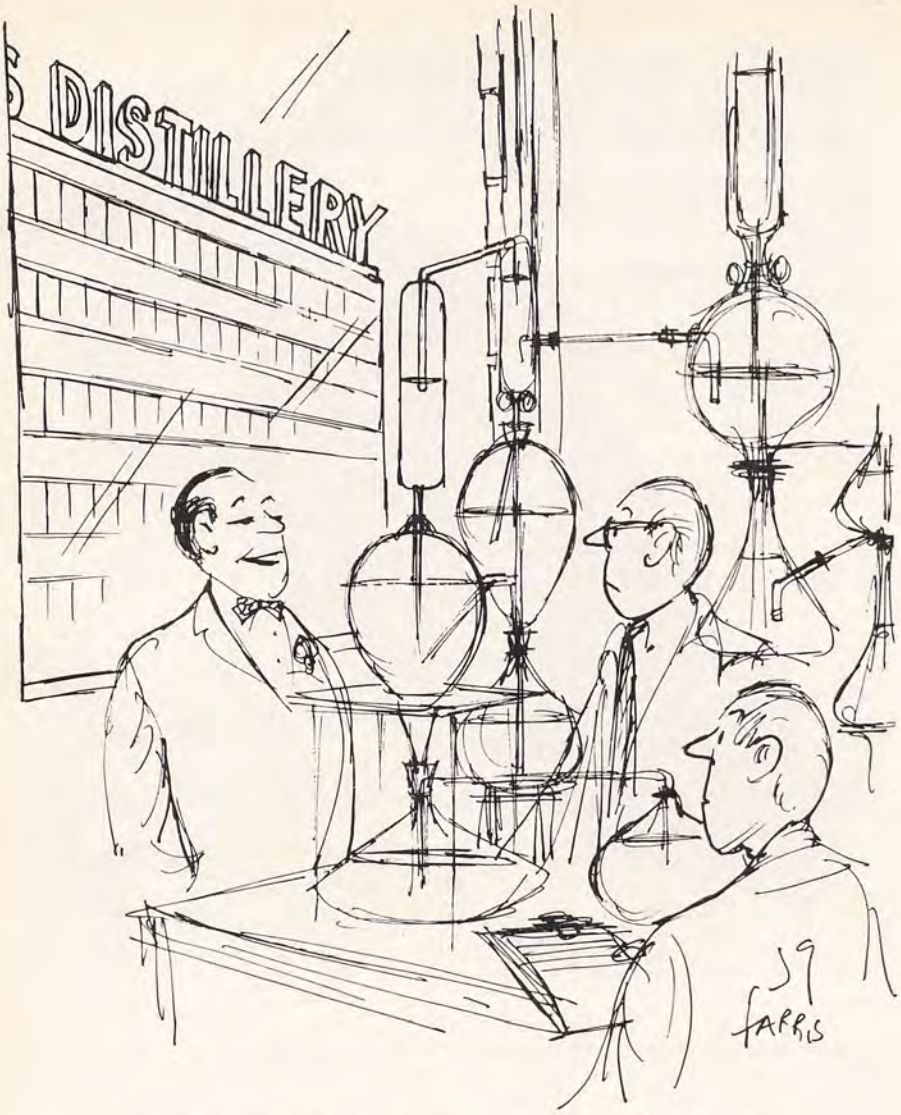

"Drop what you're doing and work on a low-cal whisky."

About 15 minutes after hearing the hits on the second ship, Weddigen came back to periscope depth for a look at the situation. Only one cruiser was in sight, slowly circling a vast area of wreckage. Lifeboats and a steam launch with its thin funnel moved among other capsized boats and pieces of floating debris, picking up survivors.

Weddigen swung his little vessel to bring the stern tubes to bear.

"Tubes three and four stand by."

"Tube three, fire!"

"Tube four, fire!"

But this time the *U-9*'s periscope was sighted. A gun flashed on the cruiser's forward deck and in the submarine they could hear the smack of its projectile in the sea overhead. Smoke chuffed from the enemy's stacks and water boiled under her stern as full power was ordered to evade the torpedoes and to ram. And the enemy captain was almost in time. One of *U-9*'s torpedoes missed his stern by 20 feet but the other slammed into his starboard side aft. In *U-9*, they heard for the fourth time that morning the remote and hollow boom of a torpedo hit, and again a cheer rang through her narrow hull. Up went the scope again and Weddigen announced the last cruiser dead in the water and listing to starboard.

No longer bothering to go deep since there was no enemy left in condition to threaten him, Weddigen circled the last cruiser, periscope periodically extended, awaiting developments. There were none. The wounded ship hung there with about a 10-degree list and he could see her boats being lowered and objects being thrown overboard which he assumed were anything floatable for her crew to cling to. But the cruiser did not look badly hurt and Weddigen knew that ships more severely damaged than this one had been towed in, repaired and returned to sea to fight again; so at 8:35, an hour and 15 minutes after the first one, *U-9*'s last torpedo was fired from tube one. It hit the cruiser dead center in her starboard side.

As man after man came to *U-9*'s periscope to observe, the big ship's list increased rapidly until her stacks were horizontal in the sea, then with a lurch she rolled completely over showing her incredibly long, flat keel to which a few men managed somehow to cling. Fifteen minutes after the last hit, with a rush and a rumble she too was gone.

Suddenly, with the disappearance of their last enemy, the men of *U-9* were sick and empty. War or no war—and however bitterly they hated the English—they were human beings and seamen, and the sight of sailors like themselves struggling in the water had a depressing effect. But they also knew that with the first torpedo hit, the cruiser radios had alerted destroyer squadrons based only hours away and that rescue (and revenge) would be arriving very shortly.

At 8:50 a.m. the little sub rose to the surface and with the last few amperes in her batteries, the diesels were started. Weddigen set a course first to the northwest to throw off any pursuers, then, well out of sight of the boatloads of survivors, back northeast toward the Dutch coast.

At 7:30 that evening *U-9* was nearly rammed by an enemy destroyer, largely because Weddigen's exhausted crew was slow in getting the sub down. With the destroyer overhead and no torpedoes left with which to fight and still insufficient battery power to escape submerged, *U-9* had to spend the night on the muddy bottom of the North Sea.

Early the morning of the 23rd, approaching the entrance to the Ems, she rigged her antenna and managed with her puny little radio, which would not reach the 70 miles to her base in the Jade, to report her accomplishments to the German cruiser *Arkuna* for relay. It was a most matter-of-fact report. "*U-9* has sunk," it read, "with six torpedoes, on the 22nd of September, three English warships, probably armored cruisers of the Third Squadron."

A few hours later, she encountered a friendly destroyer which passed close aboard while its crew lined up on deck to shout three loud "hurrahs" across the water to the little sub. By the destroyer's signals, *U-9* learned for the first time the names of her victims: *Aboukir*, *Hogue* and *Cressy*—big, armored cruisers of 12,000 tons each.

Otto Weddigen, even with his memories of that busy morning and faced with the official reports, found it hard to believe that in less than an hour and a half he had sent to the bottom 36,000 tons of British warships and taken the lives of some 1300 officers and men. Even after the cheers and the bands and the ships full dressed in streaming flags in his honor in the basin of the Jade, even after the congratulatory wire from General von Moltke, his country's supreme military authority, even as he stood stiffly before Kaiser Wilhelm himself, and the proud man with the spiked helmet and the withered left arm pinned the Iron Cross to his uniform, Weddigen found his accomplishments nearly incredible.

But at every naval headquarters in the world, the facts were accepted, and everywhere began the planning that still goes on. In the four years after Weddigen's fight with the cruisers, U-boats sank 5,000 ships, displacing a total of 11 million tons, and came close to starving England out of the war. They paid for the 5,000 with 199 submarines. Twenty years later, when history repeated itself, bigger and better U-boats sank twice as much tonnage and again came frighteningly close to severing the Allied jugular in the Atlantic—at a cost of nearly 800 subs.

—Edward P. Stafford

THE GREAT HOT-CAR CON

[*Continued from page* 59]

approach an old friend, a shrewd, barrel-chested, 42-year-old dealer named Val Culwell, who ran one used-car lot in El Monte, California, and another in Phoenix, Arizona. Evans sketched the plan to Culwell when the trio met. "Would you be interested in taking the cars?"

"I guess so," the used-car man said, "what's the deal?"

"How about $200 below Blue Book? If the car lists 3,000, you've got it for 28."

"That's fair enough," Culwell agreed.

"Will you have cash every day?"

"Every day, or as near to it as I can," Culwell promised.

That took care of distribution. But Evans and Gross still needed capital. The next day at lunch destiny beckoned. Evans heard his name called. He turned, a look of delighted surprise settling on his face. "Friend of mine," he told Gross. "I hear he made it big."

The friend was Thompson Ellsworth Elwell, a tall, thin, 28-year-old sharpie with a receding forehead and a degree in business administration from the University of Southern California. Since his graduation, he'd had a couple of brushes with the law and currently was under a grand theft indictment for running a phony home-improvement scheme.

Evans said he had an idea, and the three made a date to meet at Elwell's mansion in Beverly Hills. Next day, as Gross walked into the $150,000 home, he was flabbergasted. It was almost bare. In the living room there was nothing but a couch.

Evans whispered, "The kid's very eccentric—don't mind this."

Waiting with Elwell was Robert (Duke) Hall, 32 and dark haired, a fashion plate addicted to $300 suits.

"What'll it be to drink?" Elwell asked hospitably.

After a moment of talk Evans decided to broach his scheme.

"I don't think it'll work," said Elwell.

Hall was doubtful, too. "There can't be that many cars you can get."

"I'll bet you $50 it checks out," Evans said.

A couple of days later they met again. Hall was bursting with enthusiasm. "We checked these people advertising cars and you are right. We can get all the cars we want."

"How much front money do you need?" Elwell asked.

"About $40,000," Gross said.

"You've got it," Elwell assured them, with a careless wave of his hand. "Get the lot and then come back and I'll give you the money. By the way, how are we going to divide the profits?"

Evans and Gross said they each wanted a third. The other third would be split between Elwell and Hall.

TRUE

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It was agreed that Hall could be useful as a telephone pitchman and he was to get an extra $100 bonus for each customer he brought in.

With financing in sight, Evans and Gross cruised around looking for a location. They found what they needed on Culver City's Washington Boulevard, across the street from MGM Studios. The only condition Evans made in closing the deal with the landlord was that the existing signs be thrown in.

"I don't understand, Murry," said Harry in bewilderment.

"Geez, look at those signs. We can save a few thousand dollars."

Harry looked, still uncomprehending. The signs all read: CRENSHAW CADILLACS.

"I got it!" said Evans. "We'll drop the CREN and paint in TOM. You'll be Tom Shaw and I'll be John Shannon."

They reported their progress to Elwell and Hall the next day at a coffee joint on the Strip. Elwell had promised he'd have the first $2,000 in front money.

Harry insisted they count the wad Elwell offered. When he finished the tally, he angrily pounded his stubby fist on the table. "There must be a mistake! You were supposed to give us $2,000. There's only $1,400 here. I can't open a Cadillac agency with $1,400."

Elwell explained he'd come up with the rest of the $40,000 in a day or two.

Momentarily mollified, Gross, with Evans and Hall as flankers, went to the bank and opened an account under the name of Tom Shaw Cadillacs.

With the advance, Gross and Evans paid the first month's rent, got a couple of telephones, and went to a printer for contracts, stationery and business cards. They bought a checkwriter and had the lights turned on at the lot. They also ordered the signs repainted.

It was early November, less than a month since Evans and Gross had been paroled. Everything was set—except the balance of the front money.

But Elwell was having trouble. At the next meeting he whipped out a roll and announced, "Five grand. It's all I could raise."

Gross was plainly disappointed. "You should have told us in the beginning you didn't have the cash."

Elwell explained he scraped the $5,000 together by getting a loan on a piece of property. The fact that he didn't own the property had him jittery. "I can go to jail. I'm breaking the law doing this."

"Geez," said Murry, "the first deals should have been legit. Another 20, 30 grand would have given us a shot at an extra million at the other end." He shrugged. "But we'll do the best we can."

For the scope of the operation Evans and Gross had planned, $6,400 in capital was a shoestring. Running that into $3,000,000 in the allotted time was going to take all the ingenuity they had.

To dress up the lot, Evans leased six new cars: Caddies, T-Birds and a Continental. Two boys were hired to keep the cars spit-polish clean. Three girls were also employed—an office manager, a bookkeeper and a secretary. The five salaries were an expense of over $600 a week.

With the preliminaries out of the way, the 40 days that were to shake the high-priced used-car market in Los Angeles began officially on November 9.

The three girls were put to scanning the classified car ads in the Los Angeles *Times.* They underlined the suitable ones and transferred each owner's name and phone number, and make and year of the car, to a file card for Hall to use.

But Hall soon felt overworked. "I'm bringing in a friend," he told Gross and Evans.

On Hall's word, they accepted the new confederate—tall, wavy-haired, 30-year-old Larry Mathes. He came in as a phone pitchman and, like Hall, he was to receive a commission of $100 for each customer he snagged.

Despite the bickering and crosscurrents among the boys, the operation now settled down to its purpose of fleecing the suckers.

One of the first victims was Owen R. Carter, a wealthy manufacturer. His experience was typical of the way every other victim was taken.

On November 11 he received a telephone call from Hall. The conversation went like this:

"Mr. Carter, I see you have a '61 Cadillac sedan de ville for sale. Can you tell me the color?"

"Red."

"That's perfect. Air-conditioning?"

"Yes."

"Good. What price are you asking?"

"Six thousand dollars."

"That's not too far out of line."

Actually, it was about $1,000 more than the car was worth, but Hall and Mathes had ironbound instructions from Evans never to quibble. "Let 'em all think they are putting it over on us," Evans had told them.

An appointment was arranged with Carter. Since several other pigeons had been contacted, the appointments were staggered so that none of the marks would run into another.

When Carter arrived he was met by Hall. "That's a beautiful car, sir," the latter purred. "I have a customer who is looking for exactly this model and color. If you can leave it here, I'll have him look it over."

"Why can't I stay and meet the buyer?"

"It's not allowed," Hall explained. "The Motor Vehicle Department does not permit it—sales tax is involved."

Carter was hesitant—but Hall was prepared. "I will sign a 24-hour consignment slip for your car."

The gambit worked and Carter left his car. The Caddie was parked in a corner —where it remained unviewed by any prospective customer.

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In a few hours, Hall made the follow-up call. "Mr. Carter, I sold your car. If you'll bring down your papers, I think we can close the deal this evening."

When Carter came, Hall shuttled him into the office. Gross and Evans, masquerading as Tom Shaw and John Shannon, were waiting, with pearly shark teeth agleam.

"Congratulations!" said "Tom Shaw," pumping the hand of his obviously satisfied customer. "It was a little rough, but we got your price. This is Mr. Shannon, our sales manager."

"Now here's the deal." Evans began smoothly. "The fellow who bought your car is an engineer at Douglas Aircraft Corporation. He's just been transferred here from Wichita, Kansas, and his home there is tied up in escrow for 30 days."

Carter shifted restlessly in his chair.

"He has given us a deposit on your car," Evans continued, "and he wants to complete payment at the end of 30 days. Meanwhile here is Tom Shaw's personal check for $1,000, good at this moment. You can cash it at the bank, and we will give you a draft for the $5,000 balance payable in 30 days."

"I don't know." Carter looked thoughtful. "I've never sold a car this way."

"If you like, call our bank or your attorney." If the sucker made the calls, the bank would inform him accurately that there was a "four-figure" balance in the Tom Shaw account, and his own attorney would advise him that a postdated draft was a customary way of doing business.

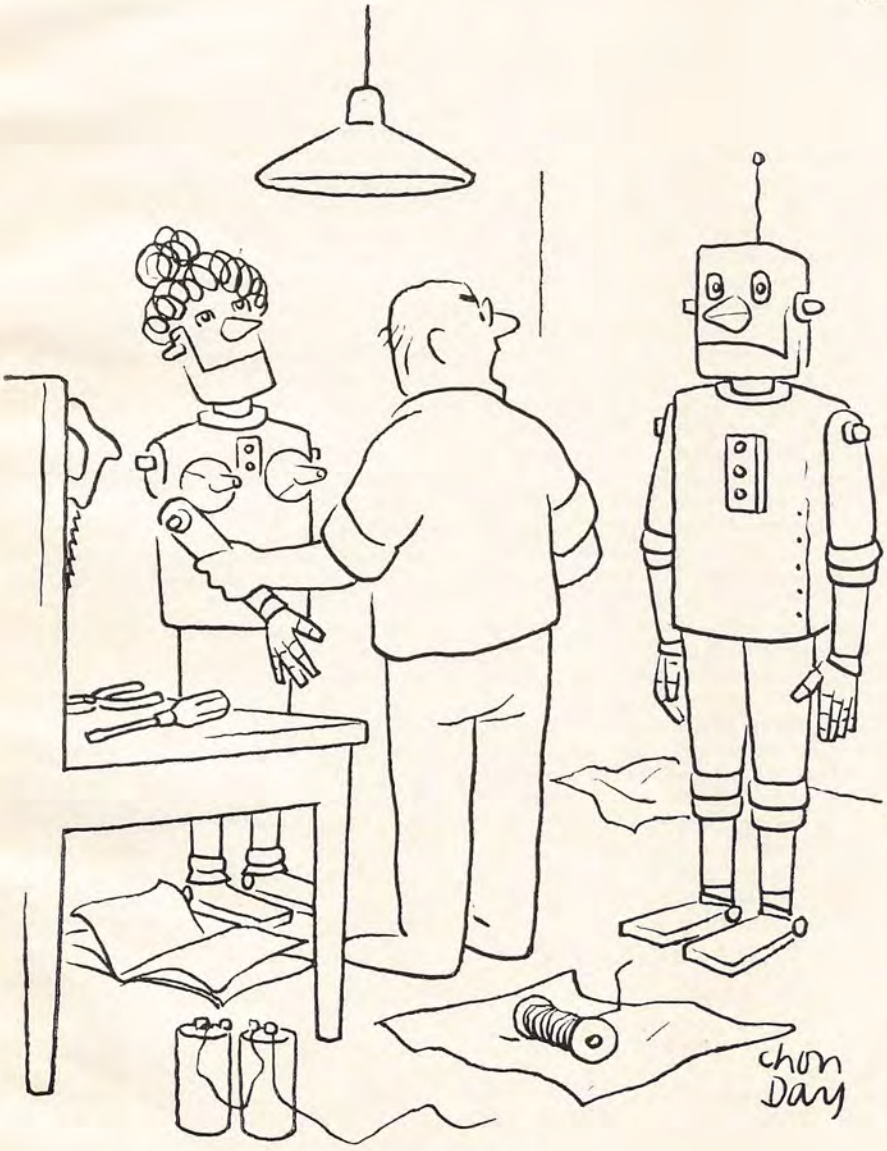
"But what guarantee do I have?" Carter asked. "Suppose my car is in an accident before the draft comes due?"

"We have allowed for that," Evans said, pulling out a document from the folder. "Here is an insurance policy which I'll throw in free. So you have nothing to worry about."

The "insurance policy" was with a nonexistent company. But to Carter it was the convincer. He signed his car over. He also signed a power of attorney, thus giving up forever any legal claim on his automobile.

The next morning Carter presented Tom Shaw's $1,000 check at his bank. It was as good as gold. But the draft for the balance would not be good. The heart of the scheme was to get out before the promissory notes became due.

TRUE



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As the cars began to roll in, everything hinged on how fast they could be turned over. Culwell arrived shortly with a half-dozen drivers to pick up the first bargain chariots. He gave Gross $6,000 as an advance against their sale. "I'll bring the balance as soon as I liquidate," he promised.

"Six grand only covers the money for the front checks," Harry pointed out unhappily.

"Look, I have to sell these cars," Culwell countered. "But I'll make good the deposit checks you give out.

Harry wasn't overjoyed with this arrangement, but he was a businessman in the position of having only one outlet for his product.

In the next few days the busy bunco artists increased their inventory by 16 cars. Culwell became a regular visitor, turning up with his drivers for the haul-off as soon as the deals were closed. But he kept insisting that he couldn't merchandise the cars as fast as they were being taken in.

Evans and Gross, however, kept the pressure on Culwell, who finally ponied up about $40,000 for the first 22 cars. But that amount barely allowed them to keep the business going. They had to deduct $22,000 for the checks to the sellers, plus general overhead, and still keep a balance at the bank.

The arithmetic wasn't adding up for anyone except Culwell. He was still short $55,000.

Another problem developed for the plan. Harry Gross, who had been growing restless, spilled it at a staff meeting.

"Boys," he declared, "I am leaving."

"For God's sake, why?" Evans asked with genuine shock.

Harry explained that he was in love. He had told his young lady what he was involved in. She wanted him to get out.

It was obvious that Harry had more compelling reasons, although he kept them to himself. But he felt uncomfortable in the car business. The operation had been disappointing and he was disenchanted with the gang.

Though the boys tried to change his mind, Harry had made his decision. He and Evans went to the bank to close the Tom Shaw account. The bank had already requested that Mr. Shaw take his account elsewhere. There had been too many inquiries about postdated drafts, and the money specialists were getting nervous.

Gross, Evans, Elwell and Hall had another meeting to split the cash. Harry gave Elwell his original $6,400 in capital, plus the $1,000 interest he was paying for the loan he had himself taken out. Hall got $750. There was about $4,000 left.

"Okay, Harry," said Evans, "take that for your end, and we get you out. Don't worry about nothing."

Harry dropped from sight then, but Evans continued the scam.

A couple who ran a nursery school in Downey was talked into leaving a Lincoln. A Beverly Hills doctor contributed his Jaguar. A young movie idol left his racy Porsche. And the wealthy wife of a businessman fell head over heels in love with Evans, and he spent precious time with her away from the lot—even as he was swiping her Imperial and adding it to the operation.

When the payments lag from Culwell continued on the next 13 cars, Evans decided to free-lance in disposing of further acquisitions. Over the following couple of weeks, he bagged another 62 of the toniest cars in Southern California and peddled them to suburban car dealers, or tossed them into the Los Angeles auto auction.

Finally it was December 11 and the first postdated drafts were falling due. They bounced like the chorus line at the Folies Bergére. A stream of outraged customers invaded the lot.

Gross' departure gave Evans a handy excuse to his creditors. Suavely he explained that settling accounts with Mr. Shaw had left the business short of funds, but all of the drafts would be made good. Evans not only managed to sell this bag of hot air to the pigeons, but he also convinced them to accept new promissory notes to be honored on December 19.

Eight more days were thus eked out. The gang took in and disposed of 28 more cars.

Inevitably, December 19 arrived. That was Evans's D-Day. He vanished.

Pandemonium broke out on the lot. Hall and Mathes lamely tried to reassure the suckers, but the swindled owners turned their shouting to the authorities. An investigation was begun under Deputy District Attorney Richard W. Hecht. His task was helped considerably when Harry Gross turned state's evidence.

Culwell, Hall and Mathes chose to bluff out their thin alibis. But Elwell, like Evans, skipped. He was nailed in New York City, and Evans was picked up in a bar in Shreveport, Louisiana. Both were returned to Los Angeles.

It took District Attorney Hecht almost 18 months to untangle the swindle. In the face of the overwhelming evidence, the five pleaded *nolo contendere* in Superior Court. Evans drew 1-10 years. Elwell was sentenced to concurrent 90-day and 1-10 year terms. Culwell was given five years' probation and fined $3,000. Hall and Mathes each got five years' probation and individual fines of $1,500.

In all, 125 Californians gave up their expensive cars for the total loss of half a million dollars. The insurance companies denied most of the victims' claims on the grounds that they had voluntarily signed the cars away.

The grifters themselves never came close to the anticipated score. But Hecht's investigation showed that Culwell had received approximately $175,000 worth of merchandise, only a fraction of which the car dealer paid. The take on the 90 cars that Evans free-lanced came to about $250,000, minus expenses and what Evans took out of the till to maintain his ladies. When he was arrested he didn't possess a kopek.

Only the honest bookmaker, Harry Gross, admitted a profit—the $4,000 he made as he left the operation. This was a far cry from the $3,000,000 pot he and Evans had dreamed of. Harry wasn't prosecuted for his share in the scheme because he had told all to the State. But he ended up in San Quentin for another year as a parole violator.—**Walter Wagner**

SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET KILLED

[*Continued from page 62*]

and finally Boston until I quit in 1963. I came into the league thinking that basketball was a limited-contact sport, a game of finesse. I learned quick that in high school and college they finesse. In the pros, they punch, shove, grab and hold.

It is bloody and violent because that's what the customers pay to see. Knock out the rough stuff and what have you got? College basketball. Sure the pros shoot better and jump higher, but if you've seen one jump shot, you've seen them all. And after you've seen a seven-footer stuff a ball through a hoop, you can bet your life he isn't going to do it differently the second time around. What makes the pro game so appealing is that it offers the bang-bang speed of basketball with the flesh-ripping violence of football.

Not that all NBA players go into games with the idea of ripping anyone's flesh. The games just end up that way.

They end up that way for several reasons. First of all, there are those great scorers like Oscar Robertson and Wilt Chamberlain and Jerry West and Walt Bellamy. With the exception of Robertson—he can score from anywhere—all good scorers have favorite spots from which they shoot. Let Elgin Baylor of Los Angeles shoot from the corner, Jerry Lucas from the side of the key, Jerry West from 15 feet out, Chamberlain from underneath, and that scoreboard will be blinking like it was flashing election returns.

You have to muscle the scorers out of their favorite spots. You shove Baylor out of the corners; stand in Lucas' spot if you get there first and bump him out of there if you don't; make life unbearable for Russell or Chamberlain underneath.

Life in the butcher shop was never happy for Wilt or Bill when I guarded them. When they turned their backs to the basket, I pulled the hair on their legs. I sneaked punches to their kidneys, tugged at the elastic of their pants, tried to step on the backs of their low-cut shoes. Get him out of his shoes and not even Wilt can score in his socks.

You do that to someone for three periods and he's going to start to steam. He may throw a punch at you. Or sneak one to *your* kidney. Or aim an elbow into your mouth.

That's good. Not necessarily for you, but for your team. You've taken his mind off what he should be thinking of: how to score points. In taking time to bloody your mouth, he may have wasted two baskets, and that could mean the game. So you're even. Of course, if he cuts you up badly enough, it's a long season and you'll pay him back. You'd better or they'll punch you right out of the league.

A second reason for all the violence in the NBA is the crushing pressure to get rebounds. If you're a forward or a center, into the butcher shop you go to hit those boards and get that ball. "You can't win," Coach Red Auerbach used to tell us at Boston, "if you don't get the ball. You can only score when you have it and the other team can't score without it."

Of course, rebounding is just as important in college basketball. But if you don't get the ball in college, all you lose is a game. In the pros, if you don't get those rebounds you lose a job—a job that pays maybe $20,000 and sometimes a lot more for six months' work. Every time you go up for the ball—in every one of 80 games a season—it's your job against the other guy's.

Though blood and violence will always be a part of pro basketball, I'm hoping that the NBA and the players will clamp down on some of the violence before they carry a player out of the butcher shop dead. To make sure that doesn't happen I'd offer two suggestions: First, the NBA should insist that its referees call fouls consistently. I know this hardly seems a solution to a matter of life and death, but let me explain.

If I grabbed Wilt Chamberlain and a referee saw it, he called a foul on me. After he called six on me, out of the game I went. But if Wilt grabbed me, the referee rarely saw it and never did he see it six times. Last year Wilt played in 73 games and didn't foul out once. The owners—and the officials—figure customers come to watch Wilt; if he plays only three quarters of a game, the customers might not come back. The result is that Wilt never fouls out.

If fouls were called against stars and nonstars alike, tempers would flare less often in the butcher shop. Fewer players would be out to "get" somebody. The game would still be violent but senseless violence would be reduced.

My second recommendation: Write a league rule against undercutting.

For years there has been an unwritten law among the players against undercutting and with good reason.

I saw Dolph Schayes, who's now the coach of the Philadelphia 76ers, get undercut. He came down hard on his right wrist. I can still hear the bones splintering all the way up his arm. I saw Bob Pettit break his arm the same way, and I can remember Charley Share of the Hawks—a big-fisted type who stayed in the league for years on muscle alone—hollering at the guy who did it: "You hurt my meal ticket. I'll get you for it."

It was more than having Pettit, our big scorer, out of action for a month. It's this: You don't like to see a defenseless man get hurt. And besides, the next time

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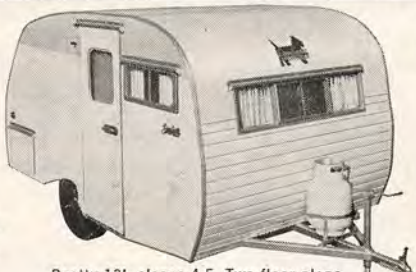

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it could be you, so you are supposed to pay back the undercutter.

One guy we continually paid back was Shellie McMillon, a whippet type who is now retired. When I was with the Hawks, McMillon dumped Pettit. The next time we played against him, McMillon cut past his man and someone shouted: "Let him come through!"

His man moved clear just as Shellie took off up into the air, legs tucked under him, and you could see his eyes go wide because he knew what was coming, hanging up there all alone and defenseless, nothing in his hands but that basketball and wishing it were a bomb.

I took three steps and threw my hip into him. I played at 235 pounds, stood 6-foot-9, and wore a size 48 suit, so you know I had the hips. Not that you need to give a man much of a hip when he's up in the air with nothing to hang onto. When I hit McMillon, he took off like there was a booster rocket under his tail.

If you want to get an idea how he felt when he landed, just place a half-dozen folding chairs on a concrete floor. Stand back about 30 feet, then take a running leap—headfirst—right into those chairs.

When Shellie hit, it sounded like all those chairs—they were empty—were being thrown down a flight of stairs. He got up, dazed and bleeding around the mouth, and the ref took him to the line for his free throws. He was welcome to them.

The all-time champ at paying back undercutters was mountainous George Mikan, 6-foot-9 and 250 pounds, who fought under the boards like there was a wildcat on his back. Often there was a scratching, clawing guard ripping at George's arms, slamming a knee into his spine.

George gave as much as he received. Old-time NBA players still talk about a snowy night in Rochester when he paid back Bobby Davies, a quick guard. The arena was a small one; not far from the sideline were doors, the kind you open by pressing down on metal bars. Davies leaped for a lay-up and George threw a hip into him. Bobby rocketed out of bounds, crashing into one of those doors. He hit smack against the bar, the door flew open, Bobby sailed out, and the door slammed shut behind him. They had to stop the game while someone went outside and pulled Bobby from a snowbank.

Now I'm no crusader for Let's Play Clean Fellows and I'm not going to make a lot of hypocritical suggestions for taking the violence out of pro basketball. But I want to say this to NBA players: For your own protection, perhaps through your players' association, insist on a written league rule against undercutting, with heavy fines and even suspensions as penalties. Take money out of the undercutters' pockets and the practice will stop.

Actually I *was* once a clean player. Those were the days when I was young and naive in the ways of NBA rebounding. As a result, I got to see a lot of good, red Lovellette blood. I didn't stay naive long.

Wilt Chamberlain once put me down for the count, all 7-foot-1 and 250 pounds of him. I'd been harassing him real good one night, using all the illegal stuff I knew, when he suddenly turned and punched me in the mouth.

I went down on my knees, the floor doing nip-ups beneath me, and I felt my lips bloating like inner tubes being inflated. Off in the star-spangled distance I heard my coach, Red Auerbach, screaming at the ref: "Aren't you going to throw Chamberlain out of the game?"

The ref said no, he wasn't. Yet the league rule is clear: The first man to throw a punch gets the heave-ho. But since stars like Chamberlain never get the heave-ho, he stayed and that will tell you something about the courage of NBA referees.

I paid Wilt back. In another game I jumped in front of him to intercept a pass. Just as he lunged forward to fend me off, I threw back an elbow. My elbow was shooting back as his face was coming forward. For weeks he had to wear a face mask when he played and the side of his face looked like a painted Easter egg.

I went on harassing Wilt, keeping him away from the basket. Both he and Bill Russell are close to 100 percent accurate within seven feet of the basket, but Wilt won't hurt you much from seven feet on out, and Russell is pathetic from even halfway out to the foul line.

When Russell or Chamberlain moved close to the basket, I'd place my hand in the small of their backs. Every time they moved a foot to the left or right, looking for a pass into the pivot, I pushed them a half foot away from the basket.

I learned that stunt from Harry "The Horse" Gallatin, who recently got fired as coach of the Knicks. When The Horse was guarding me in the pivot, he waited until I moved left or right. Then he stuck his knee under the seat of my pants and *lifted* me a couple of inches from the basket.

Now that took strength because I was the original Baby Bull. What amazed me was this: When Harry lifted me, not only did the referee fail to see it, I didn't realize I was being lifted myself. That's how delicate Harry could be with that big knee of his. I'd get a pass, wheel for a

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hook shot, and—ooops!—my jaw would flap open because somebody had moved the basket five feet back.

Muscle. That's what defense is all about in the NBA. Sure, against the smaller men—Robertson, West, Don Ohl of Baltimore, Hal Greer of Philadelphia—you also have to be quick, but when they beat you by a half step in quickness, then you lean on them with muscle to keep them from running you out of the league.

In the NBA right now there are Tom Meschery of San Francisco, Rudy LaRusso of Los Angeles, Tom Sanders of Boston, Bob Boozer of Los Angeles and Wayne Embry of Cincinnati—tough, hardheaded types who have the strength to punish the scorers with muscle for period after period. They go face to face with the shooter and put thumb prints on him, meaning they hammer at his arms when he doesn't have the ball. When he has the ball and tries to go around them, they stick out a stiff arm to hold him; if he barges past the stiff arm, maybe they trip him, even tackle him.

Of course the whistle will blow. That's okay. You're better off having Robertson shoot one pointers than two pointers. He's not going to beat you from the foul line.

And sometimes the whistle won't blow when it should. I fouled jump shooters like Robertson all the time and seldom was caught. As Oscar went up, I'd reach high with my right hand as if to block the shot. Nineteen out of 20 referees will fix their eyes on that hand, looking to see if I touch the shooter. With my left hand I'd poke a finger into Oscar's chest. It would be just a tiny poke, but because he was up in the air, it'd knock him back a foot or so, enough to make his jumper fall short.

For years there has been talk of NBA "hatchet men," players sent into a game by the coach to hurt someone. "Jungle Jim" Loscutoff of Boston was called a hatchet man, as was Charley Share at St. Louis. The truth is, I never heard of a player being sent into a game to hurt an opponent, but in the late stages of a close game, a coach will send in someone to give the other team's scoring star a hard way to go.

Usually the coach will pick the eleventh man on his squad, someone who is expendable. If he fouls out, you won't miss him. Gene Guarilia was this kind of player for the Celtics. Let's say there are two minutes left in the game, the Celtics against the Lakers. Auerbach motions Guarilia off the bench and says something like: "Gene, I don't care if you get six fouls in a minute, I want you to stop Baylor. Lay on him, lean on him, hold him, wear him down."

Guarilia goes into the game and, as the ballplayers say, he jockstraps Baylor. He face-guards him nose to nose and when Elgin tries to go around him, Gene grabs him.

The whistle blows. Foul on Guarilia. That's okay with Auerbach. Baylor may get two, but the Celtics get the ball and the chance to get two or three.

They're getting something else: Elgin's goat. Just walk in front of someone, nose to nose, for three minutes and see if he doesn't steam. Then block his path, bump him, push him.

He may swing at you. If Baylor swings at Guarilia, Gene has done his job. The ref may throw Baylor out of the game—if he feels brave and this game is at Boston. But even if Gene only makes Baylor *want* to swing, he is doing what he came in to do: taking Baylor's mind off scoring points.

The all-time champion hatchet man, if that is the word, was big, balding Alex Hannum, who now coaches San Fran-

[*Continued on page* 114]

TRUE

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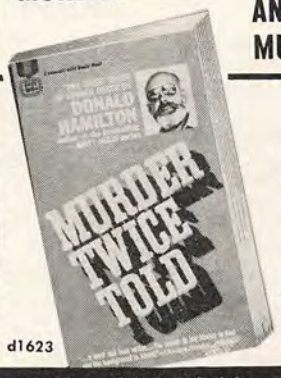

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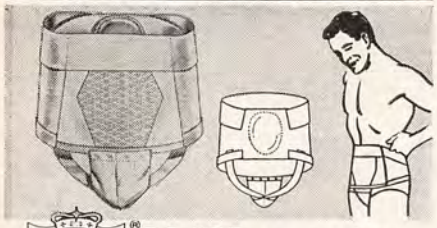

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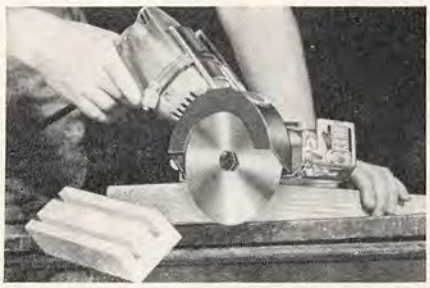

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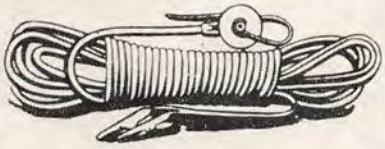

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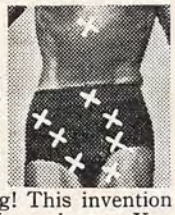

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[*Continued from page* 109]
cisco. When I played for the Lakers, I remember Alex being sent in to work over Mikan. George would be ready to strangle Alex after being fouled four times in a minute, but at this stage of the game, George had four or five fouls against him. He couldn't come close to Alex without risking a foul that would put him out of the game. Referees weren't so careful about who they called fouls on in those days. Getting Mikan to commit that foul was exactly what Hannum wanted, of course, so he'd go on chopping at George's arms, legs and back, grinning, rattlesnake mean.

A guy no one wanted to do a job on was Sweetwater Clifton, an ex-Globetrotter who played with the Knicks. He was 6-7, maybe 240, and I've never known anyone stronger. One night I was in the pivot for Minneapolis, with Sweets guarding me. I reached behind me to feel where he was. He grabbed my thumb and yanked all 250 pounds of me to the floor, just as a pass was thrown in to me. The ball flew over my head, Sweets grabbed it and raced downcourt, while I sat on my britches, holding a mighty sore thumb.

Once Sweets had words with Syracuse's Earl Lloyd, now a scout for Detroit. "I'll see you after the game," Clifton told Lloyd.

"Okay," said Lloyd. But after the game he had second and sounder thoughts. He dressed quickly, but just as he was slipping out of the dressing room, along came Sweets. Lloyd ducked back into the dressing room, picked up two suitcases, one in each hand, and walked out again.

"Put those down and put up your fists," said Sweets.

"Not a chance, baby," said Lloyd. "You want to hit a defenseless man, okay, but I'm not putting down these bags."

And he didn't, either, which infuriated Sweetwater, but Earl got out of there with his life.

Some ballplayers are lucky to get out of any NBA town with their lives. Right now Guy Rodgers of San Francisco will never win any popularity awards. When I was with Boston and Chamberlain with San Francisco, Wilt and I squared off to fight one night. Rodgers sneaked around behind me and hit me on the back of the head. Some of the Celtics chased him under the stands, where Rodgers showed he could have taught Juan Marichal a thing or two. He grabbed a stool and started to wave it like a bat.

But wherever they end up, most fights begin in the heat of the butcher shop, where for 40 minutes or so you're using all the dirty tricks you know to get those rebounds. I had some tricks that got me hundreds of rebounds I had no right to get. For example, if I was behind a man, he had the better position for taking the ball off the boards. But sometimes I beat him to the ball with this dodge: Just as he flexed to jump, I'd stick my knee in the cup made by the back of his knee. My knee would stop him from flexing his knee all the way. He'd straighten his legs to get free of my knee. When he did, up I went over him for the ball while the poor sucker was still on the ground.

Not one ref in a thousand would catch me doing that. Not one in two thousand caught me messing up rebounders who jumped higher than I did. We'd be standing side by side, both of us flexing our knees to jump. As he was midway through his flex, I'd nudge the side of his knee. It would be the slightest of nudges. But it messed up the sequence of his jump and he wouldn't go three-quarters as high as he would normally leap.

Of course, the man next to you can always nudge *your* knee. That's why, in the NBA, you'll often see two good jumpers form a pyramid under the backboards —backs flat against each other, legs far apart. That way neither can hit the other's knee.

At this point, I guess, I give away no secrets when I say that you have to like physical contact to stick in the NBA. Some players were willing enough, but weren't big enough to take the punishment. Ed Macauley was a fine center for Boston, but at 180 pounds he sometimes was giving away a hundred pounds under the boards, and the Celtics couldn't win a title until they got Bill Russell to get the ball for them.

Other All-Americas found they didn't like the NBA action. Bill (The Hill) McGill, at 6-9, was a tremendous center in college. When he came to the pros, he got the going over every rookie gets. "You never know about a guy until you hit him under the boards," Dolph Schayes used to say. "And if the kid shows he can be bossed under the boards, it's worth his life."

McGill showed he could be bossed and the big men in the NBA made life miserable for him, finally riding him out of the league. Another one I have doubts about is Walt Bellamy, who hits pretty good for New York, but who screams when he's hit back. Last season, Bellamy, talking about himself in the third person, was complaining to referee Norm Drucker. Someone hit Bellamy and he hollered: "Walter does that and it's charging."

Drucker ignored him. A little later someone blocked his shot and Bellamy yelled: "Walter blocks a shot like that and it's hacking."

Still Drucker ignored him. A minute later someone pushed him under the boards. Bellamy shouted: "If Walter. . ."

That was enough for Drucker. He blew his whistle, grabbed the ball, and said to Bellamy: "Tell Walter that he just had a technical foul called on him."

In the butcher shop, Walter, it's murder, but it does you no good at all to go screaming to the cops. —**Clyde Lovellette**

TRUE

"Now as soon as you're inside the wall. . . ."

SARKHAN

[*Continued from page* 44]

mistaken me for someone else. I am Buan Suang, the merchant."

The leader, the squat one with the pistol, kicked him and laughed. "I will tell you who you are. You are a filthy spy. You are Coldstream, a filthy manure-in-your-mouth spy. Now get up, you pig." He kicked Coldstream again.

Coldstream knew the routine. He got up quietly. The leader jerked at the line secured to his wrist and pulled him into the jungle.

Coldstream was prodded uphill through a heavy forest for about a quarter of a mile. He dragged his feet to leave a trail.

At the top of the hill was a log house, camouflaged on three sides. Inside the open door Coldstream saw a pile of rifles. They were all U.S. Army rifles, M-14s, with the South Vietnamese Army blaze on each stock. Coldstream thought: Whenever we arm an Asian ally, we really arm the enemy.

The squat man shouted, "Captain Coldstream."

Coldstream turned. The leader hit him across the face with the flat side of his rifle butt, knocking Coldstream down. All four men kicked him, but not hard, almost disinterestedly.

Coldstream said, "What do you want?"

The squat man with the revolver pulled a knife from his sheath, and tried the edge with his thumb. "It is sharp and ready."

From inside the cabin came Jan Ti, his *bonze* robe torn and muddy. Coldstream knew he must have hurried over the short-cut trail which led first through the swamp and then over the mountains to get here so quickly.

Jan Ti looked at Coldstream curiously. "So you know who organized us?" he said.

Coldstream did not reply.

Jan Ti asked him again, "Who is it? Give me his name?"

Coldstream did not know how to answer. He had been bluffing back in Boa Binh Village. Now it was clear that the *bonze* was a Communist, but Coldstream did not know to whom the man reported.

"I was lying in Boa Binh," said Coldstream softly. "How could I, a foreigner, know the affairs of Jan Ti? I lost my temper and lied."

The Vietnamese spat in his face. Another beat his bound hands with a stick.

"Liar. You're not dealing with bourgeois Sarkhanese now. You told Jan Ti you know who his superior is. Do you deny that?"

"I was angry. I lied."

The leader nodded at one of the other men. He went into the shack and came back with a junko bag, a big canvas sack with a rubber tube at the end. The tube is designed to be put into a man's throat and the water from the bag forced into the stomach. When the stomach is suitably distended, the torturers punch the victim in the stomach. The pain is among the most excruciating known. As the water pressure increases, one internal organ after another is destroyed and death becomes welcome.

"Captain Coldstream, do you know what this is?" the leader asked.

Coldstream nodded.

The leader smiled. "I want you to talk. To tell us everything, unless you want us to use the junko bag."

"I know nothing of politics or your leaders."

The squat one said, "Get the water and see if our little persuader will help the Captain's memory."

Coldstream knew his words made no impression on the leader. He felt fear crawl down his back. This man was experienced. He was not angry. He was professional. And he expected Coldstream to be professsional. They spoke a language of gestures and attitudes to one another. Coldstream knew he could, if he said the wrong thing, be dead in a very few minutes. Or he could live miserably for days. Or he could live miserably for many years. It depended on the whim of the man with the cruel face and the *sumo* wrestlers' thick body.

The canvas bag was filled with water.

"We must be careful," said the Vietnamese. "He is a white man and has no stamina. A few punches and he may die without giving us the information. Should we not use the religious persuader?" he said. "*Mentado* is just as painful but it lasts longer."

The squat man laughed uproariously. "Yes," he said, "*mentado* will make him talk, and it will be amusing to hear this white pig squeal with pain."

To Coldstream's knowledge, the torture of *mentado* had not been used in six centuries, not since the end of the religious wars between the Sarkhanese Moslems and Buddhists.

"Coldstream, do you know what the *mentado* is?"

He nodded.

"Tell us the name of Jan Ti's superior," the leader said. His voice was mocking, full of understanding, enticing—the voice of the torturer.

"I do not know."

The men pulled Coldstream to his feet, untied his wrists, and pushed him over to the southeast side of the building. One went into the house and came out a few moments later with a hammer and two spikes.

They pushed Coldstream close to the building. Another man brought out two ammunition boxes and placed them in front of Coldstream. The man with the hammer climbed on top of a box and stretched Coldstream's arm up and against the wall of the log house.

"This is your last chance, Captain. Give me the name," the leader said. His voice was bored and listless. "Please."

"I don't know."

"Stand on your toes."

Coldstream did so. He was spread-eagled.

"Higher, you lying swine," the squat man said.

The man on the box jerked Coldstream's right arm. His

shoulder socket ached, but Coldstream ignored it. He knew much worse was to come. Placing the sharp end of the spike in Coldstream's palm, the trooper drew the hammer back and smashed it against the flat end of the spike.

An explosion flashed through Coldstream. A terrible pain shot downward from his right palm through his arm and into his abdomen. Simultaneously he heard the crunch of metal tearing through flesh, he smelled the peculiar urinelike odor which comes with fear, and he felt the blood trickle down his arm. He concentrated on being silent. Then the same searing flash and pain and smell and blood crashed downward from his left palm.

Coldstream knew what was coming next. The foreknowledge gave him something to fasten on. With a hard, black-lined artistry his mind made pictures which broke against his closed eyes, hit the back of his eyeballs, held for a long moment, then slowly vanished as each was fulfilled. The pain did not diminish, it was simply ignored.

Someone would now cut away his clothes. Almost instantly he felt the sharp knife going through the cloth, hesitate and dig when it came to his belt, then cut through. His pants fell away. With a quick nick the elastic band of his shorts was cut and they also dropped.

Now they would cut away his shirt rather than unbutton it. But they would not cut his skin. It happened. The blade cut his collar, sliced easily down the front of his shirt, a half inch from the line of buttons. In a series of quick expert motions the shirt was cut and peeled away from his body.

Now he was naked except for his shoes.

In a few seconds there would be a terrible moment of pain. He felt hands undoing his shoe laces—and then Coldstream completely removed himself from the scene.

First, there was a chess problem. Behind his closed eyes he saw it clearly. It was beautifully simple. Black King's pawn to eight, protected by Black Knight and Black Bishop. White King left with only one move. . . .

The shoe on his left foot was yanked away and the pain screamed down his arm. Without the shoe, he barely touched the ground. He made a neat compensation—part of the weight on his left big toe, a smaller part on his left palm.

Not perfect, but all he could do.

The new pain had destroyed the chess problem. Now he had a bright red image held fast in the center of his head—medula, res elongata, cerebella . . . He could not get the words right, they were wrong, but the bright red image was fixed, immutable in his head.

The girl was naked. She had a bright red ribbon in her hair. The color from the ribbon flowed over the rock on which they lay. He moved toward her, completely confident, delighted by the compliance in her eyes, amused by her lips ready to say "no." It was so hot that movement must be slow. He ran a finger down the curve of the girl's hips . . .

He came moaning back to reality. Someone had taken off his right shoe and removed the debris of pants and shorts. Equilibrium was ended. The pain was a rod of hot iron shoved down his right arm.

Coldstream scrabbled with his toes. His body came to an uneven balance. No alternative was anything but painful. But his crabbed posture was the best his body could work out for itself. He had no sense of control. He only knew he was completely naked.

Withdraw. Most wounded people die of shock. Withdraw. It was a command.

Back in the 14th century some of the crucified men had died more quickly, devoured by insects. Coldstream sucked in his breath. The hardwood forest was where the white flesh-eating ants lived.

The men left him, but came back every half hour and asked for the name and spat at him. They talked to the darker man in Vietnamese. Coldstream shut his eyes so he would not disclose that he understood. From their conversation he learned that they had not really planned to give him *mentado*. Their orders had been to intercept him, follow him, and see whom he was meeting in the jungle. They had only wanted to frighten him into naming the person he thought to be Jan Ti's superior.

It rained hard the first night. Coldstream was thankful for that. The rain would wash away the blood smell from the ground and make him safer from the white ants.

By noon of the second day Coldstream's tongue began to swell. The sun had sucked him dry and he had no more saliva. He relaxed by concentrating so hard and completely that he did not know where he was. He no longer felt anything in his palms and arm. Only a tingling around his ankles. He wondered if he was dying and this was the beginning of the creeping numbness. The tingling moved slowly up his leg to the knee, and then he felt a soft prick on his side. He looked down but it was difficult to focus his eyes. His eyelids were stiff and his optic nerves almost paralyzed from continually looking into the sun, but he did focus.

It looked as if his legs were covered with feathers slowly moving up. It was a swarm of white ants, the flesh-eating ants which at last had found him.

Coldstream banged his heels against the building, putting weight on his palms. The flash and the pain exploded through him again. Blindly he kicked through the pain until all the ants were off. He knew that they would not eat his flesh until they reached the membrane of his mouth or nose or eyes, or found the open wounds on his hands. All afternoon he kept kicking them off.

The men watched. Every few hours the leader asked if he wanted to talk. When Coldstream tried to explain he had nothing to tell they went back to their tasks of cleaning and sorting guns.

At twilight the blessed rain came again and Coldstream knew he was free from the ants at least until midmorning of the next morning.

During the second evening the leader decided he needed counsel. He said he would take the jeep and go find the patrol near Three Mountains.

The leader walked down the hill. A few moments later Coldstream heard the noise of the coughing jeep.

By 10 o'clock the next morning, Coldstream knew that he couldn't last another day. His skin was black and crusty. His legs would barely hold him, and the weight hung more and more on his torn palms. His thoughts were foggy and his eyes saw only two large sunbursts of orange. He was beyond pain and close to death.

The three guards were getting impatient. The leader should have been back by now. They went to the top of the next hill to watch for him. Jan Ti walked into the small valley beyond the cabin. He wanted to find wild honey to dab on Coldstream's face. "We will see how he likes it," he laughed, "when the wasps come."

Coldstream felt the tingling around his ankles again. He tried to bang his heels against the wall, but was too weak to move his legs. He could feel them coming up over his knees, slowly, exploring their way. Now they were on his thighs and crawling over his genitals and up his stomach. Smelling blood, the mass of ants moved more quickly. One crawled onto Coldstream's lips, and then another. He tried to mash them and take them into his mouth. Now several were going to his nostrils.

He could feel their tiny nips as they bit into the mucous flesh. Dully he was grateful that his nose and mouth were dry. Two columns of ants ignored his nose and mouth and went straight up his arms, heading for the bloodied palms.

Below on the road, Coldstream heard the sound of jeeps. He felt one of the ants bite inside his mouth. My God, he thought. If they're not up here in five minutes, they'll find a skeleton. He tried to scream, but could not. When he opened his mouth, more ants came in.

There were six jeeps at the bottom of the hill. About 20 men in Sarkanese Army uniform climbed out. The squat man led them up the hill. The three who had been left behind ran from the hilltop to meet the captain in charge of the Sarkhanese Army squad. They apparently knew him. He was young, slender, and had a gold tooth. They waved at him and the captain waved back. When the two groups met, the captain raised the submachine gun, aimed it at the three men, and began firing. They dropped. The man built like a *sumo* wrestler screamed, "Nam Tho, are you crazy?" and ran for the trees. The captain raised his gun, carefully aimed it, and shot the squat man down.

Two of the soldiers grabbed buckets of water and doused Coldstream. Two others pulled out the spikes.

When he was released and lay gasping on the ground, Coldstream heard the captain say quietly to another officer, "How could those fools have made such a blunder? Now it is too late."

The captain turned to Coldstream and said, "Buan Suang, were there any other bandits around?"

"Yes, about six, but I don't know where. One was dressed like a *bonze*."

The captain told his men to fan out and find the others.

When the officer had disappeared over the hill, the naked Coldstream staggered toward the men who had just been murdered. Every step took total concentration to prevent his collapsing into unconsciousness. He drove himself the 50 yards to where the bodies lay. He heard two shots on the other side of the hill, and then the voices of the men returning. So they've killed Jan Ti also. Coldstream didn't quite understand. Despite his shock and almost total physical debilitation, he had recognized Nam Tho, the captain, as the terrorist he had once heard described. Nam Tho had a gold tooth. But why was he now in Sarkhanese Army uniform?

Coldstream bent painfully over the dead men and searched them. In a little waterproof container pinned inside the shirt of each, he found papers and identification cards. He made thumb prints on their cards, using his blood as ink.

He staggered back to the shack. He found his torn pants there and put them on. It was an excruciating experience to pull his trousers up, but he had to have some place to hide the papers, for the papers proved that the two men also served as undercover agents of the FIA.

the dossiers

16

It had taken Coldstream half an hour to tell his story. Other than his quiet voice, there was silence in the conference room in Washington. No one moved. Now Coldstream had stopped and was massaging his palms through his gloves.

Cogswell said, "Jeremiah, what do you think?"

The director of the FIA sighed. "I'll check the fingerprints on the cards as soon as I get back to my office. It's a terrible story. But strange. We're living in the 20th century, not the Middle Ages. Who the hell ever heard of crucifying in our time?"

Coldstream stood up, slowly unbuttoned his gloves and carefully removed them. He raised his arms to shoulder level and opened his hands. The scars were a dark purple and flamed across his palms. On the backs of his hands the scars were smaller, but still the dark purple.

"It happened six weeks ago," Coldstream said in a clear voice, "and you are right, Mister Stuart, there is something strange. For one thing, it is strange that men who work for your organization should be Communists and engaged in the torture of American nationals."

The men around the table sat motionless, most of them looking at Coldstream's hands.

"Mister Cogswell," Coldstream said, "these two men were double agents, taking money from us, giving us information, but, in fact, working for the Communists.

Stuart said, "What we are really trying to determine, however, is whether or not there is an invasion on the *Plateau des Luminaires*. These two gentlemen, amateur intelligence agents, come in and tell us there is not."

"Mister Stuart," McCauley interrupted, "we said that *on the evidence you have* there is no invasion. We are suggesting that there be no U.S. action until you have more proof of it from reliable eyewitnesses. We were deceived by this same kind of a lie in Laos and we almost went to actual war over an invasion which was described from day to day in loving detail by the Laotian government. But, as we learned later, the invasion never occurred. It was merely a bid for more U.S. aid."

Silently Stuart opened an envelope of blurred aerial photos that seemed to show troops in Vietnamese uniforms, tanks, howitzers, trucks, bulldozers, and crudely constructed barracks. The actual number of troops pictured appeared to be several thousand. They had come from General Hajn to Ambassador Brown.

As McCauley and Coldstream pondered the pictures, Abbott, the State Department man, said, "Captain Coldstream and Professor McCauley apparently believe the invasion is a fraud, yet they believe Sarkhan is in danger. Would they be good enough to explain that again?"

McCauley slumped a bit in his chair, making himself comfortable. His coat bunched and wrinkled. "I will be glad to explain it again," he said, with a touch of sarcasm. "In Sarkhan, the Communists are educating and brainwashing the best people in the rural areas, which are 90 percent of Sarkhan. Almost daily, they are visiting villages which have almost no communication with the government in Haidho except when the tax collector comes or the Army requires recruits. The Communists soon will have a network of communications through Sarkhan, just as they have in Viet Nam, to carry their lies and their propaganda. They are starting all kinds of disquieting rumors. They are creating religious dissension between Buddhist priests and Moslem leaders. The North Vietnamese were obviously the ones who arranged the bombing of that old temple in the north so important to the Sarkhanese . . ."

"Professor," Stuart said, "we are not interested in religion and rumors."

"Which is, my dear Director, exactly what you should be interested in," McCauley said and pointed a professorial finger at Stuart. "Just because a thing is intangible, like religion or rumor, is no reason to conclude it is not important. The Communists have used the invisible everywhere around the world. By the time they move to the visible—weapons, rifles, mortars—they have already won the battle."

"This all has a familiar ring," Stuart said. "This talk about morale and peasant support and ideology. Sounds like Mao and Fidel . . ."

"That's right, Mr. Stuart," Coldstream said, "and Mao is now running China and Fidel runs Cuba. And you, when you tried to overthrow Fidel, found you had made a fatal miscalculation on one of the invisibles—the peasants were not with you."

Cogswell drew up taut. No one to his knowledge had ever challenged the director so directly. Coldstream and McCauley had the valor of the innocent.

"What can the United States do?" asked Cogswell, shifting the discussion.

"The only sure victory is a solid political victory," McCauley said. "But Americans are not prepared to travel that harder, slower, more tedious route. The Communists are."

"What is this other route you suggest, Professor?" Cogswell asked.

"American men must go overseas as patriots, preferably without families, willing to die, willing to learn the language and the customs, the emotional patterns, the historical and religious backgrounds. They must be willing as Americans to suffer and be as dedicated as saints."

"I conclude," interrupted Stuart, "that the United States should forget about the invasion and start Sarkhanese language schools on university campuses for bachelors whom we, some day in the future, will send to Sarkhan on goodwill missions? And meanwhile, what about the fighting on the plateau?"

What the U.S. should do, McCauley contended, was use its power sparingly. Timing is the essence, Stuart answered: use power *early* and hard. Politics, said McCauley, is more important than power. Politics brings a Peace Corps lad to a village—power brings a napalm bomb.

"In short," Stuart said, "the pacifist view. Mr. Chairman, I propose to give the Committee some information I consider relevant concerning our two guests."

He removed from his briefcase two fat dossiers, one marked "Coldstream" and the other "McCauley."

From Coldstream's, Stuart established that he had resigned from the Navy when he was posted to Sweden instead of Sarkhan, and then had gone to Sarkhan to enter business. Stuart ignored Coldstream's proficiency in Sarkhanese and interest in the country and made him sound grasping and unpatriotic.

"Now, Captain, let me ask you one question. What would happen to your business interests in Sarkhan if the United States gave Sarkhan full-scale help and Sarkhan went to war to repel the invaders?"

"I probably would have to pull them all out, if there was a war up north. But I don't . . ."

Stuart said, "That's all I wanted to hear. If the United States helps the Sarkhanese repel invaders, your business suffers. Thank you, Captain Coldstream, and now I would like to address Professor McCauley."

Stuart opened McCauley's dossier. "Professor McCauley, you have told us Americans should be trained well before they go to Sarkhan. That they should be patriotic and dedicated, but that they should be brave and zealous and highly motivated. Is that correct?"

"It is. You said it well."

Stuart said slowly, "Professor McCauley, what did you do in the line of military service for the United States of America, your country, at the beginning of World War II?"

Without an instant's hesitation, Professor McCauley replied to Stuart, "At the beginning I was a conscientious objector."

Ignoring McCauley's three years as a guerrilla medic against the Japanese, Stuart addressed the Committee with a little sigh, saying, "Well, gentlemen . . ." and with that he raised his hands and let them fall to his sides.

Cogswell drove Coldstream and McCauley to the airport. Stuart had overpowered them, he observed, and destroyed the value of their advice to the President. "Can you imagine the President's diplomatic and military policies being influenced by a pacifist?"

"Let me make something clear, Mister Cogswell," McCauley said. "I am no pacifist. I have studied history too long not to know that at times force must be used to save a nation or an ideal. Further, when force is used I think it should be used fast. If something is worth fighting for, win it fast and economically and make it clear what you are trying to win."

"But what about Sarkhan. . . ." Cogswell began.

"I am opposed to the use of military force in Sarkhan now because that is not what is needed now," said McCauley. "What is needed now is political and economic help."

Cogswell looked at McCauley appraisingly. He nodded, indicating he understood.

Something gnawed at the back of Coldstream's consciousness. "Those photos showed some yellow mango trees, I think. They never grow above two hundred feet and certainly not on the plateau." He stopped and then voiced another thought, slowly, feeling his way. "And how did they get those pictures here so quickly? The invasion supposedly began only 48 hours ago."

Cogswell was restless and irritable.

"I don't know. I don't know. But one thing I am sure of—the bureaucratic pressure is so strong that aid for Sarkhan will probably go through in a few days. I'll have to support it to preserve my usefulness here. But I'd like you two to find out what in hell goes on out there." He paused.

"Find out where Prince Lin is," he said.

17 the American buildup

Every half hour, day and night, a broad-beamed transport roared in and bumped to a landing at Haidho International Airport.

The generals, the clerks, the quartermasters, the civilian subcontractors, came off the planes in a jovial mood. But some men filed off silently, glancing quickly at the terrain, sniffing the air. These men were the Marines, the Special Forces, the helicopter pilots, the captains and majors who were going to be "military advisors," the corpsmen and doctors who had been in Korea and Viet Nam.

The seagoing transports arrived several days after the planes. Holds were undogged, booms swung out, winches creaked, and from the ship's cavernous bellies came the massive entrails of war. Trucks, prefabricated houses, artillery, helicopters, rockets, ammunition, tanks, hundreds of cases of liquor, food, cigarettes, and 10,000 small items to stock the shelves of the post exchange and commissary.

The noise of airplanes, jeeps, and clanking troops drowned out the softer native sounds of the city. Within one fortnight Haidho had freshly painted restaurants, whorehouses, black market stores, saloons, nightclubs, garages, and two motion picture houses.

The Hotel Ritz's 70 rooms were quickly renovated and turned over to American officers. The Imperial Hotel, which was second-rate, had been turned over to the press. The 44 cockroachy rooms were jammed with "war correspondents."

In the basement of the Imperial was a briefing room. Here, against a backdrop of a large "war map" complete with green pins for Sarkhanese troops and red pins for enemy troops, General Hajn gave daily briefings on the progress of the fighting. Because of the monsoons, no reinforcements could be sent to the plateau, but the 2,000 Sarkhanese troops regularly stationed there were fighting desperately and bravely. Pointing to the American general who was listening, General Hajn added, "And with his help you will be witness to a great Sarkhanese victory." The American general already had come to rely on the intelligent interpreter Hajn had provided. Hajn had made the appointment on the orders of Tuc, leader of the Communist underground.

Hin Boo, the owner of a string of herbal shops—dried bat wings, boa constrictor kidney, white elephant's blood—had other interests also, among them smuggling and the sale of stolen goods. If there was money to be made, Hin Boo could smell it many miles away. Now he sat at a table in his shop, sniffing vigorously and drinking tea with his son and two nephews. As he talked he fingered an abacus.

"Fortune is smiling upon us, friends. There, across the street, are almost 2,000 American soldiers. They have only been here a few days and already they are roaming the streets looking for women. We have estimated that there will be about 10,000 soldiers here and most of them will be stationed at Haidho." He beat his left hand on the table. "When will the second shipment of girls arrive?"

His son looked at him through thick glasses and replied without hesitation, "The steamer from Hong Kong will arrive tomorrow night."

"How many girls?"

"Two hundred and sixteen, Papa."

"The usual?"

"Yes, Papa, a mixture of Chinese, French, Negro, some Germans and some Thais."

"But, of course, no Sarkhanese girls?"

"You know that Sarkhanese girls will not become prostitutes. I have arranged for 40 Vietnamese from Hanoi. They will arrive on the smuggler's junk in three days."

The girls, plus the record players for music and the western whisky his clever son had arranged through none other than the U.S. Army itself—in the form of an obliging supply sergeant—would translate into genuine wealth within weeks.

For Ambassador Brown life became faster and more complex. High-ranking officials now routed their junkets through Haidho. He spent many hours briefing them carefully until he learned they weren't listening. What most of them wanted was a photograph of themselves with King Diad or General Hajn, an evening of native dances, and an escort to help their wives shop for the fabled Haidho glass. Brown cabled requests to Washington for more personnel.

Coldstream felt an unexpected pang of nostalgia when he saw the Navy ships moored at the Haidho docks. He visited the flagship and called on the admiral whom he had known slightly back at Annapolis years before. The admiral had not invited him to stay for dinner and had been blunt about it. "Eddie, we knew each other 30 years ago—so I'll level. We've had instructions to stay clear of you. FIA put out a report that you may have fellow-traveler tendencies. I know it's not true—but, well, you know how it is when CNO orders us to do something or not to do something."

In Washington, the President phoned Adolph Cogswell and directed him to take the Committee to Sarkhan and determine, once and for all, the facts on the invasion. Press reports described a ferocious battle at the invasion point while U.S. armor and troops lolled in Haidho waiting for the monsoon to end.

18 the rain jungle

As the Committee drew itself together for the trip halfway around the world, Coldstream and McCauley prepared for a trip of their own. McCauley, relying on his vast knowledge of Sarkhan and of Prince Lin, had deduced where the prince might have gone to meditate: an ancient fort called the Three Mountains. The prince, an excellent student, had made half the temple over into a parchment library, and it would be an ideal place for the meditation which Sarkhanese law demanded of him before he assumed the throne.

McCauley and Coldstream went upriver in one of Coldstream's South East Asia Trading Corporation boats modified with a powerful engine. The river would take them within a mile of the fort of Three Mountains, but soon they saw a government patrol boat following them—alerted, they supposed, by Tuc, whom they had seen carefully watching them. The boat flew a "heave to" signal and its bow men were stripping the canvas from a 20 mm. gun. Coldstream directed his helmsman to beach around a river bend, drop McCauley and him off and go on without them. It meant a long hard trek ahead through the rain jungle.

They walked for hours through an ankle-deep mixture of almost liquid mulch of decaying foliage and dead insects. The light was a filtered greenish gloom with a peculiar distorting

quality and the air that enveloped them was thick and warm.

Finally they stood in the late afternoon sun on a treeless hill which sloped away to a wide river. Across the water was the huge symmetrical form of the fort, a dull red color, almost exactly like the Red Fort of New Delhi, and out of place in the lush greenness of the jungle that surrounded it. In front of the fort was a small Buddhist temple.

A red-necked heron, legs dangling below the improbable body, came up the valley on cooling airstreams of approaching night.

"The red-necked heron is everybody's victim in Sarkhan," McCauley said. "The Sarkhanese want it for plumes, the aborigines for meat. The fishermen train it to do what the cormorant does in China. And so the heron has become the most wary bird in the world. . . ."

Coldstream turned and looked at McCauley with admiration. "What you're saying is that the valley is quiet and no one is moving around. No men with guns, for instance. Right?"

McCauley nodded.

"We have about a half-hour of light, fading light," Coldstream said, when they had reached the river. "If we swim hard, the stream will carry us to the beach below the fort just about the time that last light fades."

They stepped into the warm water.

At least, McCauley thought, I'll wash off the jungle on the way over, then present myself to the prince clean. And wet.

the temple and the fort

19

The sun was setting. The center peak of the Three Peaks was quite incredible. Nothing McCauley had read prepared him for it. The tip of it glowed like pink jade. In the clearing below, the small red temple with its perfect proportions and its graceful cupolas was an exquisite Oriental composition. Twenty yards behind it loomed the old fort with its high lava rock walls and slate roof. The color of the roof and the rock blended with the brown-red temple.

In front of the temple a man in a loincloth sat. It was the prince and he obviously was in the midst of a religious ceremony. They waited until he and his retainers were moving into the temple. McCauley and Coldstream walked forward. "Strangers who interrupt the meditations of royalty—especially at night—well, it's not exactly in the best Buddhist tradition," McCauley made a wry face. "Well, here goes."

He breathed in deeply and shouted, *"Grahnatumoko! Grahnatumoko! Grahnatumoko!"*

They were near the temple. It was almost dark.

The door opened. A servant came out slowly. "Why do you come to the Sacred Valley? Only royalty is permitted here."

"We are friends of His Royal Highness," said McCauley in the same dialect as the servant. "I am Professor McCauley from America. I am the Prince's guest. I bring him peace and love and respect."

With tropical suddenness, night darkened everything. Simultaneously millions of fireflies rose from the banks of the lake and flew over the water in a luminous cloud. Nearby a Sarkhanese nightingale began to trill.

The servant insisted that the intruders leave. Finally McCauley called, "My friend, Prince Lin, do you not recognize my voice?"

A few moments later a soft voice within the temple recited a poem in the ancient Sarkhanese language:

Oh Sacred Valley
Guarded by the three tall giants
At evening twilight thou art
The place where all the beauties of the earth gather like little children at happy play.

There was a pause, and the soft voice said, "What is it that follows?"

"Your Highness," said McCauley, "the second verse of the poem is as follows:

The stars come down and dance above the lake
The birds of night sing gaily
And with love.
My heart and brain unlock
And gentle Buddha holds my hand."

From within the temple the soft voice called, "It is Professor McCauley! Bring him in."

As McCauley and Coldstream reached the door, a slight man in the saffron-colored monk's robe rushed up, carrying a small altar lamp in his hand. The light caught a lean face, sharp cheekbones, a newly shaved head, and a pair of uncertain eyes. Prince Lin was almost a perfect average in terms of Sarkhanese stature. He was five feet, two inches tall, weighed 115 pounds, and his chin, like most Asians', was beardless.

Lin embraced McCauley. "It is the poem I wrote for your birthday." He held McCauley at arm's length, peered at him through wet eyes. "Yes, it is you. Welcome. Welcome."

"I have brought you a small and worthless present," said McCauley, taking a book from his bag.

It was McCauley's latest book, *Sarkhan, A Thousand Years.* The Prince held it close to the oil lamp, inspected the binding and the title and then opened it. He read the dedication: "To my dear friend, His Royal Highness, Prince Lin Jhivonsang, the greatest living scholar on Sarkhanese history, art, and tradition, without whose library, encouragement, and generous assistance this book never could have been written."

Coldstream had been watching the prince carefully. Lin had the small, almost delicate bone structure of the Malay, yet a Mongol strain was obvious in the broad face with its high cheek-bones. Coldstream had the fleeting impression of a man who was delicately balanced among a number of pressures. There was the suggestion of a hard, sure personality beneath his manners.

McCauley had once told Coldstream that Prince Lin resembled his ancestor Boshtunj III, the warrior priest. Boshtunj, who reigned from A.D. 561 until 597, had been a recluse, a mystic, a scholar, until the Khmer invasion of 570. He then became a brilliant general, ruthless, vigorous and cruel.

The servants lighted eight oil lamps. The walls of the temple were lined with books and manuscripts and scrolls. Tall ladders leaned against the walls in several places, and Coldstream noted that they could be used both for reaching the high bookshelves and also for pointing rifles out of the latticework.

"Was it a strenuous trip?" the prince asked.

Coldstream, aware of how dirty and ragged they were, said, "Yes, Your Highness."

"It was Hajn who told you I was here, so I assume you came by government boat," Lin said. "It should have been a pleasant trip on the river. And then an hour through the swamp by pirogue."

"Hajn did not tell us where you were, Your Highness," Coldstream said. "Professor McCauley deduced it from reading The Ancient Books and from his conversations with you. A government boat followed us and tried to stop us. We went ashore near Point Bodhi and walked here."

Lin's face changed. The slight smile faded and his eyes narrowed. His lower lip trembled and then steadied. He knew there was trouble and quietly asked to be told. McCauley blurted, "Your Majesty, you are two weeks overdue from your meditation. The coronation is approaching. The people are worried. There is much talk . . ."

"Your Majesty," said Coldstream, pointing to the portable radio on the table, "have you listened to the news?"

"No, I have not," Lin said. "We have been unfortunate here. First, my battery-operated radio was crushed when it was unloaded from the helicopter. Second, the helicopter had a breakdown so that it can neither fly nor operate its radio. The pilot has walked out of the valley and will bring back spare parts. The pirogue disappeared. So all I have received are messages which are trotted in."

Coldstream went to inspect the helicopter and Lin turned to McCauley. "I am puzzled. I cannot put things together," he said. "Things have gone well in Sarkhan. The king and I have had good advisors. We were strangers in the Western world, but our advisors became familiar with those ways. We are not rich, but we are far from poor. But then suddenly there is a different mood, the air smells different, things seem to be tense. For some reason I do not feel I have been on a meditation. Rather, I feel I have been isolated."

Coldstream returned suddenly, without knocking and out of breath. "You have been kept a prisoner, Your Highness," he said abruptly. He was wiping grease from his fingers. "That helicopter did not break down. It was sabotaged. Someone cut the wire running from the ignition key to the starter button. I repaired it with adhesive tape out of my pack."

Lin's head ducked away from Coldstream for a moment, then he brought himself erect. His face was expressionless.

"Captain, I am grateful," he said. He turned to McCauley. "It can mean only one thing. Someone wants to keep me out of Haidho. Why?"

McCauley took a moment to gather himself, then he went ahead.

"The Royal Council," said McCauley slowly, "has requested American aid. Your government said that Sarkhan had been invaded by North Viet Nam on the Plateau des Luminaires. At this moment Haidho is heavy with American troops and arms. More are arriving every hour."

"It is incredible," Lin said. His face was working in small muscle spasms, but his eyes were steady. "Both my father and I are neutralists. We believe that Sarkhan must walk the middle road unless it is threatened by an external force. Our views are known to the Royal Council."

He paused and his concentration was so strong that his left hand started to tremble. He grasped it with his right hand.

"Merciful Buddha! Merciful Allah!" he sighed. "Why do all problems come at once?" He turned to McCauley. "Friend, you must know, of course, that I have the tjah fever from time to time. (Tjah is peculiar to certain Asian peoples. In some ways it resembles epilepsy.) The sickness comes perhaps once or twice a year . . ."

"The illness of Boshtunj, the prince who was first a priest and then a warrior," McCauley said.

"Can you tell me what happened to Boshtunj just before his coronation?" Lin asked.

"Yes, Your Highness. Boshtunj's tutor, who was acting as Regent, replaced Boshtunj's servants with spies and tried to murder him so that the regent could sign a vassal treaty with China."

"Professor, the astrologers say I am the reincarnation of Boshtunj," said Prince Lin. "I do not believe it. So far my life has not paralleled his. As for my sickness, the trembling you noticed is the first sign. Fortunately, I always receive a warning. Sometimes during the night, the sickness will come. There is a drug for the actual attack." The prince pointed to a small box on his desk.

Coldstream said, "But what about the permanent cure?"

"I don't understand," said the prince.

"The permanent cure was discovered two years ago by a U.S. Navy medical team in Formosa. It is the common penicillin. I sent you the paper on this two years ago, Your Highness."

"To me?"

Coldstream hesitated. "Not directly. I gave it to General Hajn. He even wrote me a letter expressing your appreciation."

"General Hajn?" Lin asked, his voice puzzled. "Roshuro is one of the few people who know about my affliction. He should have. . . ."

"Roshuro?" said Coldstream, tensing almost to rigidity, "who is that?"

"It is General Hajn's nickname to his intimates."

Coldstream stood up. "Your Highness, have you ever heard the word 'Konku'?"

"Of course, it is the bird who puts his head in the sand. People call scholars 'Konku.' When the palace people want to make jokes on me, they call me 'Konku.' "

Coldstream put out his hand, requesting quiet. He was trying to put together wild and fugitive fragments of the past, words he had heard, expressions. They slipped away, and then came up from some deep well of pain—and he remembered.

The words had been spoken often during the *mentado*. Then, shortly after he had been rescued, they had been spoken again by the officer in the Sarkhanese uniform riding in the jeep through the jungle back to Dao. Coldstream vaguely recalled how the officer with the gold tooth had prodded him, then said, "He's unconscious, but not dead. Well, comrades, when Roshuro takes the Konku's place, we'll nail all the white swine in *mentado*. And we'll leave them that way."

Coldstream held out his palms and told the prince the story.

The three men stood silently in the gloom of the temple. Outside frogs began to croak and the first mosquitoes began their search for blood. Smells of hot oil and cooking vegetables came from somewhere in the fort.

"The lines of logic cross and they cross over the head of one man," Prince Lin said. "General Hajn. He may be planning a *coup*. He may be a Communist. He may be an instrument of the Communists. Nothing else is possible."

"General Hajn," McCauley said slowly, "the great friend of the United States, the West Point graduate," not quite believing the deep-seated significance of his own words. "But why?"

For 15 minutes they talked over past events, trying to find a flaw in their logic. But there was no escape. They felt humiliated. They had been manipulated like puppets.

Prince Lin shook his head. "I won't deny it! General Hajn has been running things. I am a historian and a priest. For years I have been groomed to be a king who legally has unlimited powers, but in reality is nothing but a royal *zhavogh*." (The closest this can be translated into English is "flunky" or "stooge.")

McCauley said, "It was the same with your illustrious ancestor, King Boshtunj."

"You are right, Professor," Lin said.

McCauley was thinking: Can he change into Boshtunj?

Coldstream was thinking of his list. It was growing. And the pieces were falling into place. Some of the nicknames still haunted him—"Mali" (the quick one), "Nuoc Tucki" (the big shrimp), "Gateg" (the crab).

The first visitor to the house high on the hill came not long after Coldstream left. He was a State Department man and he wanted the secret list of Communists in Sarkhan which Coldstream had keyed to the map, a copy of which he had left in Washington. Amazed at his presumption, Taja sent the man away, then hurried into the vault. She committed the list to memory, then sealed it in a tiny capsule and swallowed the capsule. As she burned a few papers in the fireplace, General Hajn himself, with four cars of troops, arrived to demand the list. When she refused it Hajn searched Coldstream's office. At last Taja remarked, "Edward said that there were particular papers that I was to see that no one got." She pointed to the ashes. Hajn stared at her in rage and then hit her on the side of her head with his open hand. She was still lying on the floor of the big house when she heard their cars leave.

battle at the sanctuary

20

For dinner the three men had rice, bean sprouts, watercress, and fruit. The prince and McCauley talked animatedly about old parchments and early rulers. Coldstream was both amused and perplexed. Amused at the detachment of the other two men, talking of parchments while a nation crumpled. Perplexed as to the next step. Radio the American Embassy? Fly back in the helicopter? Disappear in the jungle? Make a fight?

After dinner, the two Americans went outside.

It had turned chilly. The fireflies were no longer over the lake. The only sounds were those of the frogs and the owls.

They both saw the lights, strung together like beads on an irregular necklace, one or two disappearing from time to time, then sparkling on again.

"We'd better assume it's a patrol," Coldstream said. "Hajn probably had men in the hills overlooking the sanctuary. He must have sent word that we were on our way after the government boat returned to Haidho and reported us."

McCauley trembled a bit. He remembered the days of the Japanese occupation when he had crawled cautiously through sharp grass toward a wounded comrade. Always he had dreaded the moments before the first bullet cracked, when the first yellow gush of flame came flashing out of a gunbarrel. And now the old, almost forgotten fear came back to him.

"We'd better move the prince out of here," McCauley said. "Fast."

They returned to the temple.

Inside, McCauley's manner changed. He put his hands, palms together, to his forehead and bent his head. Coldstream, watching from the corner of his eye, did the same. McCauley no longer acted the part of a scholar talking to a scholar. He was a subject talking to a sovereign. But he spoke with authority. Lin's demeanor changed.

"Your Highness," McCauley said, "men are moving down the hills toward us." Quickly he sketched a plan.

"If the men come with evil intentions, we will do what you propose, Professor McCauley," Lin said. He smiled sadly. "Only an intellectual with a sense of history could devise so cruel and spare a plan."

Lin sent his retainer out to rouse the servants and instruct them. Two lamps were lighted inside the temple, and the young

bonze who cared for the temple spread his mat outside the door and squatted.

All others, following McCauley's instructions, moved into the fort. The gate was left open.

Lin, McCauley and Coldstream went up the stairway to an aperture in the thick walls which afforded a view of the fort, the interior courts and also the temple. The stars provided a dim illumination. The outer wall of the fort was really a double wall, McCauley saw, with 10 feet of space between the two walls. The passageway was blocked every 50 feet, and it extended into the maze of passages within the fort.

As Coldstream looked down he saw not the fort, but McCauley's plan unfolded beneath him, and he was astonished. The builder of the fort had intended that the outer wall should be breached and then the fort commander could run the enemy, like a herd of cattle, into various *cul-de-sacs,* squares, or cells.

"Men are approaching the temple," a servant said.

There were 20 men in Sarkhanese uniforms headed by a captain whom Coldstream had seen before. Coldstream's palms throbbed. The captain was the same man who had cut him down from *mentado,* the man who carefully had murdered his torturers.

The captain had a handsome face, with flat angles unusual in a Malay, and a sharply defined nose. He had a gold tooth and a slash along his right chin. It looked new and raw.

"Where is the prince?" the captain asked the *bonze.*

"The prince is alone," the *bonze* said.

"But where is he alone?"

"He is alone within himself."

In a quick movement the captain went behind the *bonze* and swung his grease gun down in a savage arc. The butt of the gun against the *bonze's* head made a small sound, like a blunt ax going into hard wood.

The *bonze* collapsed forward, his arms splaying out to each side. His face rested on the stone of the steps.

"The captain meant to kill him," Lin whispered on the wall above. "We will go through with the plan."

Lin turned to his closest retainer and nodded. The old man went down the stairs quietly and walked out into the loom of light from the temple. One of the spread-out patrol saw him, hissed a warning to the others, and 20 guns wheeled and pointed at the misty figure. When they saw the uniform of the royal retinue, they relaxed.

The servant said, "Captain, I'm glad you're here. The Americans arrived hours ago. They have the prince prisoner. They have persuaded Prince Lin he must move out of the fort. They said it is your intention to kill him. He believes a *coup* is taking place in Haidho. He wants to return there."

"Are they still in the fort?"

"Yes. They are preparing to leave from one of the rear exits. We will have to move fast. The fort is a madness. There are many turnings."

"All right. Lead us," the captain said.

They trotted into the fort, the old servant leading.

Coldstream, McCauley, the prince and their small group quietly moved to the rear of the fort, where there was a command tower from which the passageways below could be seen.

It took them only a minute to reach the tower. It would take the platoon three minutes or more to reach the open area just below the tower.

"The ancient people were clever," Lin said, looking down at the maze, "clever in the ways of killing."

They heard the platoon moving through the labyrinth. Lin reached back and took a Schmeisser machine pistol from one of the servants.

"How does it operate?" he asked Coldstream.

Coldstream showed him the safety, the trigger, the trigger guard and how to reload. He laid two full magazines on the parapet in front of Lin.

"If it is necessary to fire, I will fire first," Lin said. He repeated, "I will fire first." He held the gun inelegantly against his robes, his posture uneasy.

The sounds came closer and then, with a clatter of shoes on stone and clearly outlined by the servant's flashlight, the platoon came rushing into the *cul-de-sac.*

Coldstream scratched a flare against the stone of the parapet and, while it was still only sparking, lobbed it behind the platoon so that it blocked their exit. Instantly the *cul-de-sac* was brilliant with the hard light which comes from burning phosphorus. The platoon turned toward the source of light.

Coldstream watched the servant duck and disappear.

Lin said in a loud clear voice from above, "I am Prince Lin and I order you to put down your weapons. At once."

The captain wheeled in the direction of the voice, the gun came up in a beautiful smooth gesture and squeezed off a burst. The sound was enormous in the hard walls of the *cul-de-sac.*

The men opened their mouths, looking as if their eardrums were about to burst. They milled in confusion—away from the blinding flare, away from the walls and finally together in a phalanx in the middle of the courtyard.

One of the men started for the flare, but Coldstream lobbed a second toward the other side.

"Back the way we came," the captain yelled. "Jump over the flares. I'll give cover."

He crouched and his left hand was scrabbling for a second magazine. He fired bursts up toward the tower.

The first of his men broke and ran toward the flare. Lin, handling the gun easily, fired a warning burst that spattered the stone in front of them and stopped the troops cold.

Coldstream lobbed out still another flare, which landed only a few inches from the first one. The light narrowed the confines further.

"Captain, I ordered you to surrender," Lin said.

"Move out," the captain shouted. "Jump over the flares. Move. I'll shoot the first person who hesitates."

The first man jumped over one flare, started for the other and was in midstep when Lin's burst caught him.

Instantly the *cul-de-sac* was a queer diminished battlefield. The odds were hopeless. Coldstream and McCauley fired almost straight down and it was impossible to miss. They simply hosed bullets across the exits, and the troops ran into the fire.

The captain died last. He had been hit in the thigh and the shoulder and the neck, but he could still walk. He staggered from dead soldier to dead soldier, picking up magazines and firing wildly into the sky.

At first light the prince and the Americans inspected the carnage. There were 18 bodies. Two men left outside had fled. Coldstream walked over to the body of the captain. Stooping, he lifted the dead man's upper lip. It was stiff. Coldstream looked at the gold tooth, then straightened up.

"Two must have escaped," said Coldstream.

Prince Lin fingered the *bonze* robe he wore. "My role has changed," he said. He removed the uniform from one of the dead soldiers. The back of the shirt was stiff with dried blood. He put it on.

Prince Lin said, "At first light we will fly to the plateau to witness this invasion by the North Vietnamese—if there is an invasion."

"It is dangerous," said Coldstream.

"If something happens to us," Prince Lin asked, "they will believe the lies in Haidho?"

"Yes, Your Highness. Someone should know," said Coldstream. "We can send a message to Taja. She can be trusted. But, Your Majesty, have you someone who can deliver it?"

"Write the letter," said Lin. "Describe what has happened. I will sign it, too. I have a young servant who will get it to your Taja."

A half-hour later, a royal servant jogged through the jungle with an envelope for Taja. It included a personal note from Coldstream, instructing Taja to put Hajn's name next to the nickname "Roshuro," and also to send the letter and the lists to Cogswell if anything should happen.

at the plateau

21

"Where do we land?" the prince shouted over the noise of the helicopter's engine and the monsoon's thunder. "How near to the plateau?"

Coldstream pointed to the map in the prince's lap. "We go down here. With guides leading us, it is three hours of walking to the plateau."

"Who will guide us?"

"At my trading post, there are. . . ."

"There are no trading posts there," interrupted the prince. How could Coldstream have a trading post near the plateau, that wild mountain area with no people except Meo tribesmen? The Sarkhanese words for tribesmen were *Rasam Raito* which, literally, mean "thieves and marauders." Both men and women

had black hair to their waists and usually wore only loincloths.

Coldstream explained: "Twelve years ago I made friends with the Meos and began bartering for herbs and furs. We cleared 30 acres and built log shelters. Now, during the monsoon, three tribes live there. About half of them stay all year and plant flax, and on handlooms they make fine linen. They are loyal friends. Also, the Meos hate the Vietnamese. . . ."

When they landed, the morning sky was dark. Rain was rattling on the helicopter. They were in the middle of the small circular clearing of the mountain jungle. Five people with rifles trotted toward the helicopter.

Coldstream quickly opened the hatch, and jumped down into the rain. Then the man in front raised his hand and ran toward him. The two embraced. "About your son I am sorry, Apayki," Coldstream said in the Meo dialect. "You know I talked to Bui on the radio just before they shot him?"

"He died a Meo death," Apayki said. "One must die in some manner. It is important to die well."

Lin and McCauley came toward them from the helicopter.

"Your Highness," said Coldstream, speaking in Sarkhanese, "this is Apayki, chief of the five tribes of these mountains."

The prince saw a small skinny man barely five feet tall and naked except for a loincloth. Around his waist were two straps. One supported a pistol and cartridges, the other a long knife in a sheath. He had dark eyes in a dark, wrinkled face. He stared at the prince, then walked forward, fingered the jade amulet which hung around Prince Lin's neck and asked in the mountain dialect, "Are you king?"

Prince Lin, staring back at the tribal chieftain said, also in dialect, "No, leader of mountain men, I am the son of the king. I came to see the battle on the plateau."

"The son of the king should know that his troops are not fighting. They are playing war games. Half of them make believe that they are Vietnamese. They have a good time. There are not enough Vietnamese to have battles."

"There are Vietnamese here?" said the prince.

"A patrol of them, 21 men in all."

Apayki led them to the village. "In three hours the rain will stop on the plateau and the make-believe war will begin," he said. "And then the plane comes overhead. If we go quickly, we can get there in two and a half hours." He looked into the prince's face. At 2 p.m. he said, General Hajn was to make an important radio speech for all of Sarkhan. Apayki suspected trouble—for if it was for all of Sarkhan, why wasn't the prince making it? Lin made no answer.

"We will start immediately," said Apayki.

When they reached the rolling hills Apayki made the call of a mountain dove. Seconds later, a similar call came from ahead. They moved on and soon the flat cleared part of the plateau came into view. On the northern half, scattered about in various camps, were some 1,500 troops in black North Vietnamese uniforms, and beyond them was an airplane. Its two propellers were turning slowly.

Apayki said, "The make-believe fight will begin soon. The sky should clear in a few minutes."

Coldstream gave the prince his binoculars. Men in Sarkhanese uniforms were pulling on black North Vietnamese uniforms and unfurling North Vietnamese flags on sticks. A DC-3 with North Vietnamese markings took off. An officer, now in North Vietnamese uniform, blew a whistle and abruptly everyone began moving. Tarpaulins were yanked off equipment. Heavy machine guns were swiveled so that their barrels pointed south toward the Sarkhanese troops. Mortars were dragged into place, also pointing to the south. All covers now had been removed from a line of what had looked like covered haystacks. Through the binoculars Prince Lin saw there were 12 Russian heavy "Stalin" tanks that were actually replicas made from wood. Underneath each a wagon was pushed by several men.

Then the plateau erupted in noise and spurts of flame. The prince was startled by the sudden explosion of sound and action. On both sides, machine gun tracers made an intricate pattern in the air. Crews jammed projectiles into mortars and the projectiles came out with a hollow belch. The masquerading tanks on wagon wheels ponderously moved toward the troops in Sarkhanese uniforms. A squad of Sarkhanese ran to blow up the tanks. The men appeared to be shot down, the whole squad reeling and staggering and dying slowly along the side of the road. Patches of explosion brought the black-uniformed men out of trenches and some of them also died. The whole area where the two small armies met was blazing—and staged.

The black-uniformed troops were pushing back the Sarkhanese, who had nothing but rifles and a few light mortars.

Out of the fog bank, flying at about 2,000 feet came the DC-3 with the North Vietnamese markings. A second plane, up considerably higher, was a U.S. Navy photographic plane.

For about 15 minutes the action, which appeared to be a ferocious battle, continued. Prince Lin watched the sham violence without expression, missing nothing. There were explosions and bullets and flames, but no one was shot. The desired effect was clear: to make it look as if the North Vietnamese with superior equipment and arms were driving back a brave, ill-equipped Sarkhanese Army.

The wind changed and the fog drifted back in. Almost as abruptly as the weather had cleared, the skies became dark gray. A heavy drizzle fell on the plateau once more.

The officer blew his whistle, and the battle stopped.

"Make-believe is over until the sky clears again. Maybe in several days," said Apayki. He put his hand on Coldstream's shoulder and said, "The important broadcast."

They walked away from the troops, farther into the woods. The fog had moved in heavily, giving the trees a ghostly appearance. The group stopped and Coldstream took the small radio from his knapsack. It was almost 2 o'clock.

The radio announcer said, "The news is of such importance that it is being announced personally by His Excellency, General Panir Hajn, the Minister of the Royal Department of Defense. General Hajn."

The deep, well-modulated voice came immediately over the loudspeaker. "Fellow Sarkhanese citizens, today I am the bearer of sad and tragic news." He paused for fully five seconds, then continued. "Our beloved Prince Lin, who was to be crowned the 42nd monarch of Sarkhan in a few weeks, has been kidnapped. We do not know where our prince is. We do not know if he is dead or if he is alive. This foul deed was done by two American spies. A Captain Coldstream, to whom we have given hospitality for 15 years, and a Professor McCauley. This traitorous deed was done yesterday. The two American criminals entered the temple where our beloved prince was meditating.

"Members of a Royal Sarkhanese Army patrol came to rescue the prince. Coldstream and McCauley murdered most of them. The next morning, shortly after dawn, they ordered the prince at pistol point into the helicopter and flew toward the north. Our beloved prince is either dead or in the hands of these murderers.

"It is the duty of every Sarkhanese to be on the lookout for Prince Lin. His Majesty, King Diad, has offered a reward of one million rupees to anyone whose action brings the prince back to Haidho. A description of the two Americans will follow this announcement. They are dangerous and should be killed on sight. Long Live Sarkhan!"

Everyone looked at Prince Lin.

Apayki said, "Son of the King, is it true that these two Americans murdered your guards and kidnapped you?"

Prince Lin walked slowly to Coldstream and McCauley. He put one arm around each and then touched his cheek to the cheek of each. Apayki smiled and took his hand off his knife. Then he stiffened. He had heard something. He gave the dove whistle, and the answer came back, slightly from the north. Apayki repeated his signal and a minute later two mountain men arrived, out of breath. One of them spoke immediately.

"The North Vietnamese who live in the cave in the mountain have discovered the iron bird in which the Son of the King flew."

22 ambush of the ambushers

Senior Gunner Vat of the People's Army of North Vietnam, now part of a 21-man detail on temporary duty in this curious charade of war, had been fighting for almost 20 years. He was a veteran of the siege of Dien Bien Phu and many battles since, and gradually he had acquired a fatalistic outlook in which he concentrated on surviving the next battle and thought of little more. Now he listened to the instructions of the captain who had talked to headquarters on the radio after they found the helicopter. They were to stage an ambush at the helicopter and they were to kill three men—two white men and a Sarkhanese who happened to be a prince. Gunner Vat expected Captain Hien, the political officer, to begin one of his

interminable harangues, but Hien was wise enough to keep silent before action. After a meal of rice and salted fish, they moved to the helicopter and dug in. Presently a tall white man, whistling cheerfully, walked into the clearing to the helicopter. Just as Vat was ready to fire, there was a terrifying roar and the ground all around them erupted. Bullets were slashing them down and Vat, realizing that the ambushers had been ambushed, prepared to die.

"Two prisoners, remember two prisoners," a voice shouted. An old Meo bounded toward the half circle. "Stop firing. We have our two."

The other man still alive was Captain Hien.

Moving quickly the Meos pulled Gunner Vat to his feet and bound his hands behind his back with a thin copper wire. They did it quickly, with hard jerks, the way one would truss a pig. It hurt, but Gunner Vat knew that the long pain that must end only in death was just beginning.

He was marched into the clearing. The first white man had been joined by another and a brown man, probably a Sarkhanese. The Meos crowded around and suddenly Gunner Vat was ashamed, ashamed because so many people had been able to surround them without being detected.

"Say nothing," Captain Hien said to Gunner Vat.

"Bind their ankles and put them in the helicopter," the Sarkhanese said.

Senior Gunner Vat was not frightened for he had seen death before. He examined the helicopter with interest as he was placed aboard it. He was surprised at how it shook in the wind, even on the ground. Suddenly the motor roared, the helicopter vibrated violently, and Vat felt the swaying as the craft became airborne.

He looked over at Captain Hien. Hien trembled like a man in a fever. He had always been a political officer and he had not been in many fights. Gunner Vat felt no pity for Hien. Political officers were always disliked by the fighting men, but Hien was one who especially deserved to be. He had cashiered three men in the battalion when they had drifted into a brothel in Saigon a year before. Hien was certain they had gone for reasons of espionage.

"Captain Hien, who is the combat officer in charge of your unit?" the short fat white man shouted over the engine's roar, glancing up from the papers he had taken from the Captain.

Gunner Vat was surprised to hear the white man speak Vietnamese so well.

Captain Hien stared back at the white man, his face flat and expressionless.

"You really are no use to us if you cannot speak," the white man yelled above the noise. "We must get rid of you, for there is no reason in taking you to Haidho. We will get some distance in the air and then I will roll you out of the hatch."

Gunner Vat did not believe the white man. Neither did Captain Hien, he could tell. The white man was soft to look at, clumsy in his movements.

The white man turned to the tall one who was the pilot and gave a punch upward with his thumb. The helicopter shuddered, then, with a sickening swoop, went straight up. Gunner Vat was more frightened than he had been since his first combat moment.

The fat white man, breathing hard, first opened the hatch, then rolled Hien toward it. The third man, a Sarkhanese, sat toward the rear, his face impassive.

The white man had rolled Hien over twice before the political officer sensed that he might be serious. He arched his body backward, strained against the wires, writhed away from the open hatch. His eyes bulged.

"You wouldn't dare," Hien hissed at the white man. "It's against the Geneva Convention."

Geneva Convention? Gunner thought. What was that?

The white man laughed. He grabbed Hien by the collar and pulled him to the hatch, then pushed him half-way out, head first.

"Friend, you never signed the Geneva Convention," the white man panted. "Remember what old Uncle Ho and Uncle Mao told you about the Convention? Murder in the service of the revolution is good. So you went out and murdered women in front of their husbands and killed Catholic priests and Buddhist *bonzes* and everyone that got in your way. Don't tell me about the Geneva Convention."

The white man laughed again and it occurred to Gunner Vat that he must be insane. No one could laugh while slowly pushing a man out of a helicopter, hundreds of meters in the air, unless he was insane. Gunner Vat wished he had been killed in the ambush.

The short white man spoke to the larger man in a strange language. Then the short man grabbed Gunner Vat by the neck and pulled him to the hatch, face first. He was close to Hein. Gunner Vat's head was over the edge and he was staring down through empty space. He could see the river far below and the huts of the Meos. He looked sideways at Hien. Hien was rigid with fear. His eyes were expanding, turning red in the corners, almost bursting out of his skull, and he was screaming.

"Now watch your political officer go, Gunner Vat," the fat white man said.

Then, unbelievably, he gave Hien the final push. For a moment Hien was hanging in the air below him, his contorted face staring up directly at Gunner Vat. Then he was the size of a doll, growing smaller each second.

"Take a very good look," the white man yelled in Gunner Vat's ear. "Watch him all the way. You're next."

Gunner Vat stared. Hien's figure was now tiny, a dot, and then he hit the ground. He landed on the bank of a stream. Mud flew in the air. He could see Hien's figure for a moment, flattened on the bank. Then the mud seemed to roll back and Hien's tiny body vanished.

He had seen many men die, but this was a new way to die, Gunner Vat thought. His body cringed at the awful seconds ahead of him when he would hit the ground and explode in side and die. He ached to die in a familiar way.

The hand on his collar pulled him back into the helicopter. He was yanked across the compartment and wedged against a seat just behind the pilot. The other white man had shut the hatch. He knocked on the window of the cockpit and yelled something. Instantly the helicopter swayed with forward movement.

The fat one grinned into his face.

"All right, comrade," the man said. "Tell us what company you belong to."

Gunner Vat paused. He did not expect to live past sunset, but he would do anything rather than be pushed from the plane. His stomach convulsed at the thought.

"We are a special unit put together for this single operation, to observe the false battle and spy."

"False battle?"

"Captain Hien said it is a new type of strategy."

The Sarkhanese bent forward and spoke for the first time.

"Gunner, if you are truthful with us, I will personally guarantee your security," the brown man said. He spoke flawless Vietnamese. "What is your permanent company?"

"Company A, 4th Regiment, 316th Division."

"What does your company do?" the Sarkhanese asked.

"We are an artillery company," Gunner Vat said. The fear was still there, the awesome black fear, but it was overlaid with a slight flush of pride. "We fought at Dien Bien Phu—brought in and fired 105-millimeter cannons."

The Sarkhanese said, "Tell me when you started to fight for the liberation forces."

Gunner Vat told him the story. The Sarkhanese seemed surprised that Gunner Vat had been a fighter at the age of 14. They talked about the campaigns which had ranged up and down the length of Indochina for the last 20 years.

"Why did you join the army?" the Sarkhanese said finally.

"I joined a People's Liberation Front. To fight the French, and later the Americans and the traitors in Saigon."

But when the Sarkhanese mentioned communism, Gunner Vat's jaw set. Despite his fear, he felt irritated. All he and his comrades wanted was to drive the white men out of Viet Nam. He knew nothing of communism or democracy. In the political lectures to which he was subjected, communism was never mentioned.

"Tell us about the battle of Dien Bien Phu," the tall white man said. "It is very difficult to move a 105-millimeter cannon through a jungle."

"That is what the French thought," Gunner Vat said, "but we carried the cannon in."

"But it takes an entire regiment," the tall white man said, never removing his hands from the controls of the helicopter. "The truth now. You are not talking to fools."

"I am telling the truth," Gunner Vat said. "Yes, sometimes, it took a regiment. We carried the gun through more than one hundred kilometers of jungle. We were patient. We had peasants

who volunteered to help us. We knew the French would never suspect us of being able to do it and that gave us determination. And when we fired down on them, they were caught by surprise. Later the captured French told me that they did not know of the existence of my gun until it fired. When it did fire, they expected it to fire only a half-dozen rounds. How could the ammunition be hauled for hundreds of kilometers through jungle which had no roads?"

"They came on the backs of thousands of coolies?" the tall man suggested.

"They came on the backs of *hundreds of thousands* of patriots," Gunner Vat said. Talking to this white man was reassuring. He was a soldier of some kind. He understood.

"The French laughed at us, called us ants, and we accepted the name. Like ants, we crawled through the jungle and built slowly, but every ant worked hard, and there were many of us."

"When we emplaced our gun above Dien Bien Phu, we could see the whores flown in for the French brothels. We thought the French were mocking us. And so we fought very hard."

And Vat gave them a lesson in jungle war. Tanks were useless, victim to a single handful of *plastique* in the tread. The great jets could be downed with a machine gun slug.

"To shoot down such a plane calls for great amounts of ammunition," the Sarkhanese said. "How will you move it into my country?"

"By bicycle," Gunner Vat said. He was pleased with the look of surprise that went over the Sarkhanese's face. "You find that hard to believe. But before Dien Bien Phu we bought two thousand Peugeot bicycles in Hanoi. Then we strengthened them with struts and wire and bits of iron. Each of them could carry five hundred pounds of material. That is as much as an elephant can carry. Five bicycles, each pushed by a single man walking, can carry as much as one of your trucks. And the bicycles do not need fuel or roads. Just pushers—ants."

"There is about this man something to admire," the Sarkhanese said slowly. "He is sure. He believes in something and that belief gives him a steadiness. In a way this man is admirable. But I would not like my people to be admirable in this way. This man has cut a part of his mind out, he has thrown away judgment and he has substituted faith."

"What did you want from the war for yourself?" the Sarkhanese asked.

"A chance for ants to build a new society," Gunner Vat said. "I do not know what the new society will be like, but it will be ours. We will make it with our own hands. In one of the battles, I will be an ant that gets stepped on. I will die. But the revolution will go on and I will have had a part in it."

the briefing

23

The President's Special Sarkhan Committee had been meeting for three hours in the American Embassy at Haidho. Bandor, the Sarkhanese finance minister, persuasively outlined the economic aid he felt Sarkhan needed in the emergency. General Hajn made a vigorous presentation of the military situation, which satisfied most Committee members.

"General Hajn," Cogswell said, "we appreciate your attitude. But it is still difficult to believe in this bizarre kidnapping of Prince Lin by two Americans."

"It is not a question of belief, Mr. Chairman, it is a fact," said Stuart, referring to photos of the bodies left at the Fort of Three Mountains. "They *did* murder the guards and kidnap the prince." Perhaps, he said delicately, they were like other famed traitors; homosexuals.

Something about the whole thing angered Cogswell. Sarkhan was misty, slippery, hard to grasp. But Stuart's intention was not. He was trying hard to make up the minds of the others. He was changing the value of information by emphasis.

Then Cogswell was summoned to the communications center; the President was calling.

"Adolph, I got the full story. Those two so-called informants of yours have kidnapped a head of state. They are being called traitors, maybe homosexuals, and God knows what else.

"I know things are complicated out there. But this sensational kind of thing gives everyone a chance to make it simple —dirty and sensational. And they're doing it."

"Sir, there is no proof. . . ."

"Listen, Adolph, straighten it out. Fast. Unless this is cleared up, and cleared up completely, I'm going to have to make a statement. I'll have to call the shots just as I see them from here. When I do that your usefulness is ended. Understand?"

"I understand, sir."

The communications officer was waiting to tell Cogswell that a voice transmission said that Prince Lin's helicopter, with Coldstream as pilot and a North Vietnamese prisoner aboard, would land at the Embassy in 30 minutes. Cogswell returned to the meeting room and told the men there that Lin was arriving. "Thank God!" said Hajn.

"I hope the prince is alive," said Stuart.

"Coldstream and McCauley will be under arrest," said Hajn.

"I will handle that, General," said Ambassador Brown. "As long as they land on Embassy grounds, I will handle that."

General Hajn knew he must get Lin out of the Embassy as soon as he landed—and McCauley and Coldstream out of Sarkhan. He went to the nearest telephone.

In the fish-packing plant of the South East Asia Trading Corporation, Tuc picked up the phone. "I am calling for the fish-gutter," he heard the general say softly.

Tuc knew something was wrong. He listened carefully.

"That's enough," Tuc broke in. "It is clear. The ambush of the helicopter failed. We have to assume that our three friends got to the plateau and saw what is going on. You must block them from telling what they saw."

Tuc's mind raced back over tactics.

"General, I'll take care of things outside," Tuc said, harshly but calmly. "You get the prince out of the Embassy and back to the palace. Then get the other two into the street. The people will gather outside to welcome the prince—they will be angry at the two Americans. Call me in 30 minutes. I'll be in the office across from the Embassy."

From a public booth Tuc telephoned the Sunrise Hotel. The phone operator there was a member of the Sarkhanese Liberation Front, a patriot who had never heard the word Marxism. He put Tuc through to room 201.

"Today is crucial," Tuc said. "The imperialists are trying a *coup*. The only sure force we can rely on is the people."

Tuc gave the 19-year-old boy in room 201 detailed instructions on what he must do within the next hour.

From his seat at the conference table, from which he had not moved, Jeremiah Stuart watched General Hajn stride purposefully back into the room. Hajn's commanding height and confident bearing reassured Stuart. So long as Hajn remained strong and the country under U.S. military control, Stuart's plan would succeed. But now the return of that neutralist Lin might unbalance a beautiful and intricate plan—to turn this neutral country into a bastion of anti-Communism.

If Prince Lin has the facts, Stuart thought, he'll fire Hajn. If he has *all* the facts, he could execute Hajn by sundown. America's future in Southeast Asia could be made or broken within the next hour. Three men—a weak neutralist prince and a couple of American crackpots—might destroy U.S. foreign policy for Asia, the one Stuart had planned alone, independent of the President or the Department of State. Stuart knew it was the right plan. And it was in danger.

The Committee went to the lawn where the helicopter would land. Cogswell noticed a crowd gathering in the square in front of the Embassy. He wondered how the populace had learned the news so quickly. Hajn, standing nearby, stared at the crowd, his eyes narrowed, his neck muscles tense.

haidho confrontation

24

As the helicopter circled over Haidho, the embassy radio told Coldstream that the Special Sarkhan Committee was meeting and that General Hajn was present. "You are going to have to have a showdown with Hajn," Coldstream told Prince Lin. "Are you sure the Embassy is where you want to do that?"

Lin smiled, a slow tough smile, an expression Coldstream had never seen before.

"That is where it counts," he shouted into Coldstream's ear.

The helicopter landed. Coldstream opened the hatch and Prince Lin, caked with mud, his uniform torn, his royal medallion showing against his chest, stepped down the small metal ladder. Coldstream and McCauley followed, carrying Senior Gunner Vat feet first and were surrounded by Marines.

Coldstream watched Hajn. The general bowed to the ground, apparently greatly relieved to see his prince. Lin responded quietly and it seemed to Coldstream his eyes lingered overlong on Hajn's handsome face. Hajn introduced him to the Embassy officials and the Sarkhan Committee, who stood in a formal line.

A Sarkhanese Army officer approached.

"I am Major Phong of General Hajn's staff, and I will take custody of the prisoner," he said, touching the North Vietnamese with his foot.

The Marine captain had no intention of releasing the prisoner, but Major Phong was quietly insistent. It was important to question him immediately about the plateau battle. The captain asked the Ambassador, and Brown, after a moment's hesitation, said, "You may interrogate him but within the Embassy. I cannot permit his removal."

"Mr. Ambassador, don't you want an American intelligence officer at that interrogation?" Coldstream asked as Phong led Gunner Vat away.

"Captain Coldstream, you are hardly one to give me advice," Ambassador Brown said. Coldstream shrugged.

"Hajn and I had a moment with Prince Lin," the ambassador said. The anger went out of his voice. Coldstream thought he detected honest confusion. "The prince said you two did not kidnap him, that in fact you saved his life, and he wishes to give you a medal. Frankly, I do not know how to evaluate this. We have information about Prince Lin's medical condition not known to you." In any event, Sarkhan had withdrawn Coldstream's and McCauley's visas, and if for some reason it relented, Brown said he would pick up their passports. "It is not in the interests of the United States to have the two of you meddling about out here."

The prince approached, and Brown bowed. The prince said that he was prepared to meet with the Committee immediately. He wanted Coldstream and McCauley present.

Over the prince's shoulder, Coldstream saw Hajn hurrying alone toward the Embassy building. He's going to telephone someone, Coldstream thought.

After one ring, Hajn heard Tuc's voice say, "Yes?"

He described what had happened.

"Hajn," replied Tuc. "The objective is exactly as before. Only the tactical situation is in danger of disintegrating. Do not allow it. Discredit Lin and the two Americans. If you are unable to do that, signal me through the window. Within fifteen minutes I will be close enough to the Embassy to see you." Tuc hung up.

In the conference room, Lin pointedly waited until Coldstream and McCauley were brought in. Lin began by explaining to the committee that he had been not kidnapped but rescued by Coldstream and McCauley. He paused. "I fired the first shots into men wearing Sarkhanese uniforms."

"The circumstances are somewhat unusual," Cogswell said.

"Quite," Lin said. His voice had a sharp quality.

The single word hung in the air, changing the ambience. Stuart made a single slashing mark on his pad.

Lin said, "Now may I ask the chairman what is the view of this Committee concerning the invasion on the *Plateau des Luminaires?*"

"We have been persuaded by considerable evidence," said Cogswell, "that there is an invasion by North Vietnamese troops on the plateau."

Stuart passed the prince a sheaf of photos. Lin nodded toward Coldstream and McCauley. They looked over his shoulder.

The pictures showed the mock battle they had seen. Lin examined each in silence, then said, "Charming as a composition. Ten minutes after these pictures were taken all these 'dead' men were walking about. The Russian tank is a camouflaged truck which was pushed by coolies onto the plateau."

"How can you know that?" Stuart said. His face was composed. He did not use Lin's title, and spoke with the voice used to subordinates.

"Stuart, I was there," Lin said. "Who took those pictures?"

"What difference does it make?" Stuart said, his voice sharp and condescending. "Evidence is evidence."

Coldstream glanced at Cogswell. The old man's eyes studied Stuart. Coldstream felt a sense of relief: Cogswell no longer trusted Stuart. It showed in his eyes and in the tightening of his mouth. Stuart's rudeness to Lin and his too-obvious effort to pass over critical information solidified a feeling which had been tentative and inchoate.

Cogswell said, "Answer the question, Jeremiah."

"The pictures came from General Hajn."

Cogswell, startled, jerked his head up and said, "What?"

"That's not what I understood from the earlier briefing," said General Patrick, the Marine, surprised. "I thought these photos were made by reconnaissance planes from the Seventh Fleet."

"A U.S. Navy plane was up there. . . ." Stuart said.

"We saw it," interrupted Lin.

"But," Stuart continued, "it was too high and there was too much haze. The Navy pictures lack detail, they were indistinct. These pictures were made at a thousand feet by General Hajn's photo men."

"Did our photo interpreters look at the Navy pictures?" Cogswell asked.

"No. They were too blurred."

General Hajn remained impassive. He had been scribbling on a pad. Now he pushed it toward Stuart, on his right.

First, His Highness is ill [the note said], *hallucinations, and also stress of abduction. He may even be drugged. Second, thousands of Sarkhanese will come here when they learn Prince Lin returned. Already assembling. Unless I take prince to palace I cannot guarantee the security of the Embassy.*

Stuart asked for a recess and showed Cogswell the note.

Cogswell said, "I suggest you bring this up so that Prince Lin can reply."

"In front of Coldstream and McCauley?" asked Stuart.

"Stuart," said Cogswell, "for God's sake drop your cloak-and-dagger game, whatever it is. There was no kidnapping and you know it." He turned and went back to the table.

"My God!" said Assistant Secretary Abbott, pointing out the window. "Look at the crowd outside the gates."

Coldstream, too, was looking out the window. The crowd in the square was considerable and growing. It was the largest crowd Coldstream had ever seen in Haidho.

Tuc's assistants had spread the word over Haidho. They did it by telephone and messengers. Each had a dozen students belonging to the Sarkhanese National Youth Front at his disposal. The messengers were equipped with bicycles.

In room 201 the assistant hung on the phone, making calls asking how many "crystals" had been contacted, how many placards had been assembled, what the Sarkhanese police were doing, how large the crowd was in the square.

Some of the "crystals" had been hard to locate. Most of them had jobs in schools or government bureaus or factories. Room 201 called up an additional two platoons of the Youth Front to carry messages to the "crystal" elements. The Youth Front people were already excited. They had heard of the kidnapping of Prince Lin and they thought the messages they carried were part of a plan to rescue Prince Lin from the American oppressors.

In the Embassy conference room, the Committee members heard the murmur of voices in the square outside grow louder. Brown commented that the citizens of Sarkhan were anxious to see their heir apparent after the kidnap stories and the radio broadcast. Prince Lin was again pressing Stuart concerning the Navy photographs. He asked to see them and a messenger was sent to the photo lab. Lin began to detail the phony battle.

Hajn spoke humbly. "Your Highness, on a matter of such extreme importance to our country, I believe you should acknowledge that in the past you have had certain difficulties in perception," Hajn suggested. "Your illness. . . ."

Lin turned and looked steadily at Hajn for a moment.

"It is true I had the *tjah* fever. Recently I discovered that penicillin cures it permanently, a fact with which you are familiar. You can rely on my perceptions, General Hajn. Can I rely on yours?"

Coldstream sensed the heightening tension. Then Stuart broke it with a question. "You brought back a North Vietnamese prisoner? Doesn't that mean there are communists in the country?"

"There are communists in Sarkhan," Lin said. "Some of them are masquerading as patriotic Sarkhanese here in Haidho."

Just then the ambassador was told that the photo lab could not find the negatives.

"They can't find the negatives?" the Air Force general said. "That's ridiculous."

"They were not usable anyway," said Stuart gently. "It's no loss."

In a small office near the conference room Major Phong was impressing on Gunner Vat the necessity for his sticking to a story that his entire battalion was on the plateau. Vat thought

Tuc felt a deep envy, a pulse of rage, something close to pain. This soft, soft little man, this sheltered prince, had by inheritance a grip on the people which Tuc, with all his skill, would never achieve. He moved closer. Still behind the hedge, he was within 15 feet of the soft man.

"We are in danger from a high and unsuspected source," Prince Lin said.

Tuc took a pistol from inside his shirt, aimed through the hedge, and fired three times. Each shot hit the prince in the back.

Lin's face took on a look of surprise, then fearful realization, finally a smile of embarrassment. Then came the first hardening grimace of physical shock which would deepen quickly and, if not arrested, end in death.

Lurching forward, Prince Lin turned to Coldstream and reached for support, missed and fell. His royal medallion hit the pavement, its 2000-year-old jade shattering into pieces.

Coldstream and McCauley bent over the prince, not noticing that Tuc had pushed through the hedge and was running toward them.

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A shock of animal heat and odor preceded the horde. Coldstream knew he must get Lin to the Embassy, 50 yards away. He saw McCauley nearby, still sprawled openmouthed and unconscious. Coldstream hesitated. Could he drag both men? In a swift brutal decision of survival, he knew he must abandon McCauley. With a jerk he hoisted Lin up, carrying him like a heavy child, and started for the Embassy.

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the traitors

28

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He did not know what to do with the bulky envelope in the inside pocket of his coat. It was the one Taja had given him when she finally reached the Embassy on the day of the riot.

Taja had touched his elbow and introduced herself. She was calm and her eyes were dry. She gave the impression of deep, sad, resigned control.

"It was Tuc who shot the prince," she had told him on that tragic day. "I was coming from the parking place in the rear of the Embassy to deliver this envelope, and I saw him. Others saw him too, but in Asia one does not step forward to bear witness."

Quickly she discussed the manila envelope and its contents: affidavits, pictures, lists, pamphlets.

"What can I do for you?" asked Cogswell.

"Nothing." She had smiled slightly, in appreciation. "You must help yourself. You are vulnerable. And when one is vulnerable, the carrion-eaters move quickly."

She had been right, thought Cogswell.

The next day Ambassador Brown, apparently full of regret, had brought him a radiogram from the White House. "YOUR ASSOCIATION WITH COLDSTREAM AND MCCAULEY HAS ENDED YOUR USEFULLNESS. YOU ARE HEREBY RELIEVED. . . ."

Cogswell had wept for Coldstream and McCauley and, yes, for himself. Later he had wept for Taja. Her body had been found in the Sekong River where, Radio Hanoi said, "an angry crowd had thrown her because of her association with the assassin, Coldstream."

ing crab suddenly sensing hostile action, drew back a few feet.

Now they have had their first instruction in movement. Later they will think they have moved out of their own volition and their own courage and to accomplish some undefined task, Tuc thought. The next time it will be easier.

Tuc, confident of the crowd in the square, worried only about Hajn's judgement in the conference room.

the testimony of gunner vat

26

The conference room was quiet.

"Do you mean to say, Your Highness, that Sarkhanese statesmen are luring, enticing, and provoking America to come into your country?" Stuart asked. He did not wait for an answer. "Do you understand that if what you saw on the plateau is the truth, some of your trusted colleagues are traitors or Communists or both?" Stuart pressed on.

Coldstream saw that Stuart, because he was unsure of himself, was pressing hard, probing for a break in Lin's argument.

"Of course, Mr. Stuart. I also know some of the traitors. They are not practicing *coup* politics. They want to deliver the country to the Communists."

"Your Highness, it is easy to get misled in such intricate matters," Stuart said, and his voice was gentle, cajoling, confiding. "I know. I'm in the intelligence business. If there were Communists in Sarkhan, my organization would know about them."

"I believe I have proof, Mr. Stuart," Lin said. "It was supplied by Captain Coldstream. He also told me about your one hundred and seven F.I.A. agents in my country. I am curious why they have not been able to assemble a list of the real Communist agitators and organizers, as I believe Captain Coldstream has done."

"Is that true, Jeremiah?" Cogswell asked. "Do you have 107 people here? The last time we met you said you had 15."

"I'll have to check. We've upped our number of agents, for obvious reasons, in the past few weeks." Stuart knew it was not convincing.

"Where is your list, Captain?" Cogswell asked.

"It's at my home, Mister Cogswell, in the possession of Taja, my secretary."

"Captain, I'd like you to telephone your home and have the documents brought here," Cogswell said.

"Mr. Cogswell," Lin said, "May I ask you to order that no American leave this room or use the telephone until the list arrives. I hereby issue that same order for all Sarkhanese present."

Cogswell sighed. Now it was out in the room.

Hajn said, "Mr. Chairman, I am sure that no reflection on the integrity of the Sarkhanese armed forces is intended here." His tone was sober, his face pinched.

"General Hajn," Cogswell answered, "consider the situation. We have not seen firsthand what is happening on the plateau. These three men say they have, and they say it is a sham battle. Unless we doubt their integrity, or there is contrary evidence of a concrete nature, we must take their accounts as the most reliable we possess. And their accounts wipe out the ground on which the United States came to the aid of Sarkhan."

In answer, Hajn summoned the prisoner.

Quickly Phong took Gunner Vat through the story they had rehearsed. Coldstream leaned toward Prince Lin. "Phong is one of the men on my list," he said. When Vat had finished there was a moment of silence. Then Prince Lin nodded to McCauley.

"Senior Gunner Vat, do you remember what I did to Captain Hien?" McCauley asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Now tell me, how many men—total, officers and men—were with you in Sarkhan?"

Hajn interrupted. "He is threatening the prisoner."

"How many men?" repeated McCauley.

"*Phori!*" commanded Phong softly.

Lin said, "Major Phong told the prisoner not to speak."

"Gunner Vat, this man is the Prince of Sarkhan," McCauley said, pointing at Lin. "Whatever you were told by Major Phong, let me assure you that I have control of your person. Speak the truth and you will be returned to the border. Lie and we will continue the questioning in the helicopter."

Gunner Vat stared. Major Phong looked at him in bafflement.

"Yes, sir," Gunner Vat said.

"Now again, how many men—officers and men—were there with you in Sarkhan?" McCauley said.

"Twenty-one, sir."

"That was all?"

"Only 21, sir."

Hajn got up and walked to the window. He looked out at the growing crowd. It was getting dark. He made the final signal.

"What were you doing in Sarkhan?" McCauley said.

"We are there to observe the false battle and spy and later to infiltrate south and capture American arms."

From outside, the noise of the mob changed abruptly, as if a switch had been pulled. A new slogan came from the crowd, and its belligerence was unmistakable.

"Amerik Augai Lin! Amerik Augai Lin!"

"Mr. Chairman, we must do something to quiet the people!" Brown blurted.

"They will only be satisfied," said Hajn, "if they can see His Highness."

Prince Lin looked appraisingly at Hajn. "All right," he said, "I will go." He started for the door and turned. "I desire Ambassador Brown and my two friends here," he said, "to come with me. And I request that everyone else remain. We have more to discuss."

When they reached the rotunda and opened the front doors of the Embassy, the enormity of the crowd swept over them in a wave of sound and motion.

The prince walked down the steps, his hand on his hips, in the traditional position of royalty. The crowd stopped screaming. For a moment there was silence, then a great roar—"the prince!"

In stately, measured gait, the man in the torn, muddy uniform walked toward the crowd. On his chest the royal medallion swung from side to side. This is his real coronation, thought Coldstream, and he recalled the last strange astrological prediction made for the prince: "On the twenty-sixth day of October Prince Lin's life will change. He will make history and gain fame. His father will still be the king, but the prince will wear a crown, and it will be adorned by the sun, moon and the stars."

The sun had almost set. There was no wind and it was hot. The women with children now ringed the edge of the crowd. Those behind heard the cries of "the prince!" They shoved and strained and clamored for a view of Prince Lin. The moment was approaching, Tuc saw, when the crowd would become a mob.

Then another movement at the edge of the crowd caught Tuc's eye. It was Coldstream's jeep, and Taja was driving it slowly through the crowd toward the side of the Embassy.

the mob

27

The two Americans followed the prince while Brown remained on the Embassy steps. Coldstream thought, it is ending well. Everyone at the conference must now know the United States has been duped and by whom. Even Stuart must see it. The prince walked slowly forward. He might have denounced Hajn immediately. But Coldstream thought him wise not to. He had managed the conference so that the evidence came out slowly, logically. The prince had wanted the Committee to make up its own mind and take action. The United States should have the opportunity to withdraw troops voluntarily, without humiliation.

Crouching low, Tuc ran along the thick hedge that flanked the Embassy walk. He must stay close to the prince. He had seen Lin smile at the two Americans. They were friends. The prince's very first words would tell the fish-gutter what he had to do. The prince stopped. The two Americans moved up behind him.

Lin held up his hands. The silence, considering the number of people, was extraordinary.

"My people, I am made joyful by your welcome," Lin said. His voice carried well. "This is a critical time for our country. We are torn by rumors that I have been kidnapped. We are torn by rumors of an invasion on the *Plateau des Luminaires*. We are torn by religious suspicions we buried centuries ago."

Lin paused, his control over the crowd almost complete. "Now I shall tell you the truth."

Tuc felt a deep envy, a pulse of rage, something close to pain. This soft, soft little man, this sheltered prince, had by inheritance a grip on the people which Tuc, with all his skill, would never achieve. He moved closer. Still behind the hedge, he was within 15 feet of the soft man.

"We are in danger from a high and unsuspected source," Prince Lin said.

Tuc took a pistol from inside his shirt, aimed through the hedge, and fired three times. Each shot hit the prince in the back.

Lin's face took on a look of surprise, then fearful realization, finally a smile of embarrassment. Then came the first hardening grimace of physical shock which would deepen quickly and, if not arrested, end in death.

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Cogswell had known the truth when he left the Embassy. He had gone directly to the United States photo lab in Haidho. The Navy reconnaissance photos made at the plateau had turned out, but the F.I.A. representative who came to claim them had stumbled and dropped them into the acid vat. The man who developed them had found two rough prints in the trash basket for Cogswell. They showed clear details of the fake invasion. These two pictures were in the envelope now.

Adolph Cogswell knew that he could not use his privileged position to attack his own government. And all other evidence had been destroyed. Taja was dead. The Vietnamese prisoner, Gunner Vat, had been shot while trying to escape immediately after the riot. During a two-day break in the monsoon, the plateau had received saturation bombing, square foot by square foot. Quick action, the press said, had nipped the invasion in the bud. Even the troops on the plateau were dead.

Cogswell had tried to telephone the President from Haidho, but had never reached him. He knew that after he got back to Washington the President would not see him. Cogswell was too firmly linked with the murderers and traitors. There were rumors of a Congressional investigation, but the President, the papers said, had squashed that by reminding the Majority Leader of Cogswell's age and past good service.

If, thought Cogswell, I give this evidence to anyone else in the government except the President, it will disappear.

At the airport, Cogswell was sitting wearily in the waiting room when a high strident voice spoke his name.

"Adolph," said Jeremiah Stuart, easing himself to the bench and putting his hand on Cogswell's arm. "I'm sorry this had to happen to you. . . ."

"Nothing's happened to me. It's the United States something has happened to."

"That's why I'm here, Adolph—to explain. You got in the way of the inevitable. It's either America or communism. One of them must live and one of them must die. They cannot both exist. Some of us have spent our lives trying to strangle communism. We are about to succeed. We will roll it back, snuff it out. Why couldn't you see this?"

Cogswell shook his head, but said nothing.

"Adolph, action against communism must take place simultaneously all over the world. But first we must get strong friends in power . . ."

"Like Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee, General Hajn, and Fulgencio Batista?"

"Precisely. And Sarkhan is the springboard in Asia. We need Hajn in power. It is crucial."

"Do you know he is a Communist?"

Stuart hesitated. He had not known. Cogswell saw it.

"It makes no difference what he is. He is strong and he is the head of state, and we control him. A crazy neutralist like the prince—one couldn't predict his decisions."

"Jeremiah, those Navy pictures were destroyed on purpose, weren't they? They showed too much."

"Too much what?"

"You've known from the beginning there wasn't any invasion on the plateau." Cogswell's voice went flat with conviction. "You're a conspirator with the rest of them, Jeremiah. Conspiring for power under the name of patriotism."

The loudspeaker announced Cogswell's plane. He stood up.

"It won't work," he said. "A lot of people before you have tried it and failed—Hitler, Napoleon, Caesar. There is always another devil, stronger and smarter. No, Jeremiah, it is against chicanery and exploitation that these Asian nations are revolting. If we want them to join us, we will first have to convince the people that we will help them build their nation *the way they want it.*"

"Adolph, you'll never learn, will you?"

"You will go down in history, Jeremiah, as the man who turned Sarkhan over to the Communists. I pity you. Years ago you started as a patriot, but desire for power has blinded you."

Stuart's face hardened. He said, "Adolph, Coldstream sent for a list. . . ."

"Yes. It had the names of the Communists in Sarkhan—both Sarkhanese and American. Also evidence."

"Where is it?"

"I have it."

"Give it to me," said Stuart. "I am in a position to make use of it. You are not."

"It's not handy," said Cogswell, moving forward toward the ramp. He had spoken the truth. The manila envelope Taja had delivered to him that day was sewn into the lining of his coat.

"What do you intend to do with it?"

Cogswell shrugged.

"I can get that list, you know. I have the means."

"Then do it. It's also in my head. Can you get that too?"

"Don't be an old fool," said Stuart.

The two old men stared at each other. Cogswell turned and walked out of the wooden terminal and toward the plane.

A half-hour later, Adolph Cogswell was airborne, en route to Hong Kong. He was unshaven and his suit was rumpled. The inside pocket of his coat bulged with the envelope of documents that told him so much—that General Hajn was somehow a part of the Communist apparatus, that the hunchback reporter Coit was similarly involved and that he printed much of the Communist propoganda in Southeast Asia, that the fish-gutter named Tuc, employed by Coldstream, was probably the leader of the apparatus in Haidho, that Major Phong, Hajn's translator at the meeting, was top Communist in Northeast Province. . . .

Among the notes he added in his own longhand were conclusions about Jeremiah Stuart, whom he realized now saw himself as a self-appointed savior. Stuart's technique was to find a strong man and promote him in Washington; after the crisis—real or at any rate, solved—had been ended by putting in American troops, the troops would leave and the strong man would take over government. Who would remain in control? Stuart. The only flaw in this reasoning is that it won't work. The real ultimate power is with the people. It is the people we must support.

Fourteen hours after easing himself wearily into his plane seat in Haidho, he was at Dulles International Airport. There his bags were nowhere to be found. The customs and baggage people were honestly perplexed. The bags showed up three days later—"Misplaced in the terminal, sir"—with nothing missing.

In Washington, Cogswell tried many times to see the President. The President was either not in or he was busy.

Cogswell felt he was another person, one of the defeated. The telephone calls and invitations which he had had for so many years were no more. Ambassadors, congressmen, cabinet members pretended they did not know him. The stigma and disgrace of the Coldstream and McCauley affair had stained him.

Something had to be done with the manila envelope. It worried and nagged at him. He never let it out of his sight. He carried the papers in his coat pocket. At night they were under his pillow.

Finally one night, he carried them himself to the apartment of Wally DeVoto, the special assistant to the President.

Two nights later, DeVoto appeared at Cogswell's study with a letter, undated, hand written, on White House stationery.

Dear Adolph:

I would have come to you personally. But I am sure you understand that this would not be wise.

The documents you sent me I have read carefully. It was a painful experience but I learned from them.

I cannot honor your two friends. I can do nothing to repair your reputation. This I regret.

The communists can be beaten—but only with new instruments and fresh ideas such as those suggested by your two friends and yourself.

I shall ask for your anonymous help in the future, Adolph. And I know I can trust your discretion.

With thanks.

Cogswell sat back in his chair and sighed as he stared at the President's scrawly signature. He heard the riffle of pages and remembered that DeVoto was still in the room.

"Wally," Cogswell asked harshly, the old strength and assurance back in his voice, "are you waiting to see if I am going to burn this letter?"

"No, sir. The President did not instruct me to wait." He hesitated a moment. "But I thought there might be a reply."

"No reply, Wally."

DeVoto left and Cogswell read the letter again. He paused over the last sentence. "I know I can trust your discretion."

He went to the fireplace, took a big wooden match from a pewter cup, struck it and bent forward. He lit the note and let it burn until the flames were close to his fingers. Then he dropped the charred paper on the grate.

—William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick

THIS FUNNY LIFE

A rising young executive usually managed to indulge in his favorite pastime, golf, while on frequent business trips, by staying near the local golf course. Because he made a very modest salary, the young man chose his overnight accommodations carefully, shopping around for the best deal. Arriving in a large western city, he quickly located a fine golf course with several adjacent motels. At the first, he was told the room rate was a steep $25 a day. Leaving, he noticed a tray of golf balls tagged at $1 each.

At the next motel, he found the room rate a much more satisfactory $5. While registering, he said, "I'll need a couple of those golf balls," indicating a counter display. "Yes, sir!" answered the clerk. "That'll be $5 for the room and $25 each for the balls."

"You must be kidding," said the young man. "Down the street they sell for only a dollar."

"Yes, sir," smiled the clerk. "But down there they've got you by the rooms!"

William E. Brown, Jr.
Duluth, Minn.

Two inexperienced pilots, entering the New York control area for the first time, soon had air traffic snarled for miles around. Despite patiently repeated instructions from the ground, the two seemed unable to understand and follow procedures.

With tempers nearing the breaking point, both on the ground and in the air, one of the confused pilots attempted to cover his inefficiency with this sarcastic transmission: "New York Center, this is 753. If you have an experienced controller down there, please put him on the radio."

Center came back calmly and quietly, "Roger, 753, and if you have an experienced pilot up there, please put *him* on the controls!"

T. Cecilia
New York, N.Y.

Heading on a column of figures published by the Census Bureau: *Population of the United States Broken Down by Age and Sex.*

Thomas April
L.A., Calif.

My cousin's husband had left for the military service, and her 7-year-old son received all the usual lectures about being good, taking care of his mother and all that because he was the man in the family and had to act just like his father now.

No one realized how seriously he took this advice until the first time we were all out at a restaurant and a somewhat patronizing waiter addressed him directly, "And what would you like, little fellow?"

Without even looking up from the menu, the boy replied, "Bring me a Scotch on the rocks with a splash of water."

Tony Furman
New York, N.Y.

Many years ago I used to accompany an old timber cruiser on some of his timber inspection trips into the forests of Oregon. On one particular trip, during deer hunting season, we met a hunter who was attired in a red hat, red jacket and red trousers.

The old cruiser, who contended that a red hat made him conspicuous enough, looked this character over from head to toe, spit out a cud of cut plug, and drawled, "Ain't you takin' an awful chance, wearing them black shoes?"

E. E. Kay
Shell Beach, Calif.

I am a legal secretary and the lawyer for whom I work handles many malpractice suits. One particular case involved hospital records, which I realized were highly embarrassing to him when he dictated the intimate medical terms and occasional four-letter words. He squirmed through the dictation, frequently apologizing for the phrases he had to use.

Finished, he drew a sigh of relief. Then, noticing my equal look of relief, he looked at me with a mean glint in his eye and said, "Now, read that back to me."

Mrs. Roberta Leverance
Kansas City, Missouri

When the usual "Keep Off the Grass" signs failed to do much good, one company at Fort Campbell put up this sign: "Beware—Vicious First Sergeant."

E. L. Brown
Inman, So. Carolina

The 5-year-old daughter of a friend was playing in her room with a boy her own age who lives in the same apartment house. My friend overheard him ask, "Do you know how to make love?"

"Oh, sure!" The girl offered brightly. This was followed by several minutes of utter silence, which so unnerved the young mother that she literally lunged into the room to investigate.

There she found her little girl, earnestly printing L O V with crayon on a piece of paper as her challenger watched over her shoulder.

Ren Glasser
New York, N.Y.

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